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A

WESTERN PIONEER:

OR,

INCIDENTS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

REV. ALFRED BRUNSON, A. M., D. D.,

EMBRACING A PERIOD OF OVER SEVENTY YEARS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Now the things which I write unto you, behold, before God, I lie not." GALATIANS I, 20.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." PSALM LXVI, 16.

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE.

IN writing the following narrative I have aimed at the simple statement of facts, without comment, coloring, or the flourish of style. I have studied brevity, notwithstanding its length. Had every incident of my life, or incidents interlocked with it, been recorded, the work would have been greatly extended, but without equivalent profit. No two incidents precisely alike are recorded, though several contribute to illustrate the same fact or truth. The most of what is stated are but specimens of numerous other similar occurrences, but are sufficient to illustrate the point in hand. Some few are alone, of course. In speaking of my trials, the greatest similarity appears, yet no two cases are precisely alike, though bearing upon the same general subject.

I have written in the first person singular, because I wrote of myself. This may not suit the tastes of the would-be modest, or the verbose and circumlocutive; but it saves space, and the reader will probably understand my meaning as well as, or better, than if otherwise written.

The detail of my sore and unequaled trials, or the repeated allusions to them, under the different phases

DUP.EXCH. 27 MAR. 1961
DREW THEOL. SEM.

in which they appear, may not suit the present taste of readers as well as glowing accounts of prosperity, and unequaled triumphs; but I write for the truth of history, and to do good to others who may be similarly situated; who may be encouraged to bear up under their trials, and trust in God, who, being no respecter of persons, will be as gracious and merciful to them as to me.

I never knew, or read, of any one who was called to pass through such ordeals as I have; nor does history present us with but one Job; yet we may have afflictions and trials which involve similar *principles*, and require a similar exercise of patience and faith as that of the man of Uz; and so it may possibly be with some readers of this narrative, who may derive some comfort from a less prominent subject.

We are apt to think our trials peculiar to ourselves, and be tempted to despondency, if not despair, on account of them. But when we see in others trials similar, or even greater than our own, we feel a measure of relief; and if the more afflicted has found grace to sustain him, we are encouraged to trust in the same God. So it may be with some who read this narrative.

If some of the incidents herein recorded conflict with some modern notions of law, discipline, or science, it is because the facts are against them; and any theory that can not stand the test of facts is based in error, and should be abandoned.

Some things which I have recorded, may, to some, have an egotistic appearance; but it should be borne in mind that, like the sacred historians, I have recorded my errors, as well as my successes. This I deem proper, to guard others against falling into the same errors.

In estimating from the known number of appointments in each circuit, station, and district to which I have been appointed, I find I have preached nearly, or quite, *ten thousand* times—I can not say sermons, for many of them were often repeated, and improved by the repetition—and have been instrumental, under God, of saving at least *six thousand* souls; and though, mostly, my work has been on new and poor ground, I have aided, directly or indirectly, in building about *forty churches;* and I can but hope, after over sixty years of official connection with the Church, and nearly that number of years in the itinerancy, if not as eminent and useful as some, yet with passable acceptance, and some usefulness, that the candid reader will conclude that the oppositions, rebuffs, and extreme trials I met with in the ministry, arose from erroneous apprehensions of mistaken, though well-meaning, brethren, who "judged from appearances," and not with "righteous judgments." But I have had "the answer of a good conscience before God and man," and trust that, in the final judgment, God will make all things right.

The lessons I have learned from sad experience have been of advantage to me, and led to compassion for others in like circumstances; choosing to err on the side of mercy, rather than strict justice, if I must err, and having showed mercy to others, so I hope to obtain mercy from the God I love.

To say that I was solicited by many laymen and ministers to write this narrative, and was encouraged to do so by two bishops and a prominent editor, may be only commonplace, for, with some at least, it *might* have been mere compliment; but I confess that it had

its influence in inducing me to do so, added to a conviction that duty to God, the Church, and the world, required it of me; and such as it is, I leave it in the hands of God and the Church, hoping that it will do good.

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A

WESTERN PIONEER.

CHAPTER I.

ON the 9th day of February, 1793, according to the family record, the wheels of time rolled me into this world, in the town of Danbury, Fairfield county, State of Connecticut. My mother informed me in after years, that this, to them at least, interesting event, occurred in one of the old-fashioned New England snow-storms, the drifts of which covered the stake-and-ridered fences. But whether this storm had any influence in causing the storms of my after life, I do not know, nor have I any faith in such influences; but I do know that my whole life has been one of toil, hardship, privation, and up-hill labor.

Nor do I know or believe in the influence of planets, signs of the zodiac, or the moon on the future of one born on a certain hour, day, month, or year of the world's revolution in its orbit. If it were so, I *might* have been a great man, for *one* great man, at least, Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, was born on the same day of the month, just twenty years before me. My father being a Freemason, and that order regarding King Alfred a patron of it, gave me that name.

As to my ancestors of the Brunsonic tribe, I know but little. Nor is it of any importance, since my

genealogy has no connection whatever with any predicted future event of the world's history, bearing upon the welfare of the human race. Nor do I wish to establish a descent from royal, noble, or aristocratical families of the Old World. I am quite content to know that I descended from those who shared in the common respectability of the Puritans who first settled in the New England colonies.

I can trace my forefathers back to the year 1630, when two brothers, who bore the family name of Brownson, emigrated from England and settled, one in the Hartford, and the other in the New Haven colony, Connecticut. Some of their descendants retain the original spelling of the name, while others spell it Bronson, or Brunson. My father continued the original orthography; but at his death the administrators, in their advertisement, spelled it Brunson, following that of some others, who had descended from the New Haven family; and, concluding that names *ought* to be spelled as they were pronounced, I adopted the *u*, instead of *ow*, and thereafter wrote it Brunson.

I must have descended from the Hartford family, my father, Ira Brownson, having been born in Berlin, Hartford county, in 1771, and being the youngest of fourteen children, and by a third wife of my grandfather; the latter was probably born in the same town about the year 1720. This would leave ninety years between the settlement of the first of the family and the birth of my grandfather, whose name was Charles; but whether two or three generations intervened, I am unable to state.

My grandmother Brunson was originally Abigail Beach. She married a Cook, who was killed in the old French war. She had by him two sons, Samuel and William Cook. The Rev. J. B. Wakeley, of the New York Conference, is a grandson of Samuel Cook.

My mother's maiden name was Permelia Cozier, daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Cozier, of Danbury, where she was born in April, 1772.

The town of Danbury was one of the early settlements of Connecticut. From the traditions of the old men, in my boyhood, I learned that the Indians, who were then numerous in the country, occupied the plain and higher grounds east of the town, and would not allow the whites to settle there. This drove them upon lower grounds, called the Swamp, and required the street to be raised in some places four feet high, to have dry roads. The main street in my boyhood was one and a half miles long, and not exactly straight, having but two cross streets, with but few buildings on them.

This town obtained some degree of notoriety from being burned by the British in the Revolutionary war, and subsequently, and in my day, for the great number of hatters who lived and wrought in it.

There was in Danbury a sect of professed Christians, the followers of Robert Sandeman, a follower of John Glass, of Scotland, and were called Glassites, or Sandemanians. They were of the most rigid Calvinistic creed. They believed and taught that they were the only elect of God, coolly consigning all others to the tender mercies of the devil, as reprobates from all eternity.

One thing peculiar to them was their mode of obeying the Scriptures. They would select one passage as their guide, and follow it literally till it was stale with them, and then select another and use it in the same way; and then another, and so on.

One feature of their economy was to all sit around one table in the center of the room, while their children and the spectators, or outsiders, sat on the side-seats of the house, all facing toward the center-table. The first member who came in took his or her seat; the next one

on coming in would kiss the first, and be seated; the third, fourth, and so on, to the hundredth—for they had about that number—on coming in, would kiss every one at the table before being seated. This gave them the cognomen of *kissers*. This practice they observed in their social intercourse whenever and wherever they met, whether casually, or by appointment, at one of their houses for a social visit; and, being rather clannish, their sociability was principally confined to their own membership, and it was thought that some of them were more fond of these socialities than was prudent or virtuous, on account of the kissing. One of their number, the father of twenty-two children, eighteen of them twins in nine pairs, was in the habit of *calling* at every place where any of the sisters had assembled for a social interview, so as to kiss them all; but the Church deeming his motives impure, he was expelled.

Another feature of their economy was, at their Sabbath meetings, to have a common meal for dinner, at the close of which each one would announce what part he would bring for the ensuing Sabbath dinner. After the parents had eaten, the children and strangers were invited to the table. A poor widow was usually selected to cook, the fragments being hers, which often supplied her family for the ensuing week.

They had no regular pastor after the death of Sandeman in 1772, but they had several elders who took the lead in worship. Their mode was for an elder to arise and give out a psalm in Rouse's version, sing and pray, and then, each one having a Bible, any one, as he or she felt moved, would cite a passage and comment on it. This usually led to remarks from others, and sometimes lengthy discussions of not a harmonious character, and at length led to disruptions and divisions.

My maternal grandfather joined them soon after Mr. Sandeman came to the town, which was about the

year 1766, or one year after his landing in America, my grandfather being eighteen years of age. Ten years after, when the Revolutionary war had got fairly under way, these people had for their text, Romans xiii, 1, 2: "Let every one be subject unto the higher powers. . . . The powers that be are ordained of God. . . . And they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation," etc. And though my grandfather was a Whig in sentiment and feeling, and wished for the freedom of his country, yet he dared not take up arms against the king, supposing, if he did, he should resist the ordinance of God, and receive damnation to his soul. He believed that all things whatsoever that came to pass were fore-ordained of God, and that consequently he had ordained that King George should rule over this country. But it seems that it did not occur to them that resistance to the king had come to pass, as well as the crowning, and if the one was fore-ordained so the other must have been.

In this state of his religious belief he was drafted to serve in the militia, but refused upon conscientious principles, based upon the above-named text. He was, therefore, treated as a *Tory*, and was taken to the camp at Peekskill on the Hudson River, court martialed, and sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes on the bare back, on one day, and be offered his gun and accouterments the next day, and if he took his place in the ranks, well, if not, to receive twenty-five lashes, as before, the day following, and so on, alternately, till whipped to death.

He decided to die for conscience, sake, and took the first twenty-five lashes, which he said were well laid on, causing the blood to flow, and the day following, when the arms were offered him, he refused to take them. But Major Ezra Starr, a fellow-townsman, knowing his good character at home for honesty and

industry, and believing his refusal to bear arms was not from opposition to the cause of American freedom, but a religious fanaticism, hired a substitute for him, who took his place, and he was released and sent home. I have often heard my grandfather say that he worked for the Major to the amount of a year, in day's work, and felt thankful at that; and, as a further mark of respect for the Major, he named a son for him, Ezra Starr Cozier. This son was, in after life, Mayor of the city of Utica, New York, and died there of the cholera in 1832. But before that war closed the Glassites dropped that text, and took up another one, which allowed them to fight in the cause of freedom, and they did so with a will.

At another time they took up the passage, "Sell that thou hast and give alms to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," etc. Under this rule my grandfather sold all the property he had, about four thousand dollars' worth, and gave it to the poor, and began the world anew. They afterward changed to another text, requiring industry and economy, and he accumulated about two thousand dollars' worth more, when they returned to the same text, and he sold out all again, and gave it away. But, notwithstanding all this devotion to this erroneous creed, he died an atheist, into which he was run by the absurdities of the Calvinian decrees.

My father, being left heir to a thousand dollars, which, in those times, was considerable of a start in the world for a young man, rather outlived his income. He was not of bad habits, but fond of good living, and the higher class of society. This ran through with his property, and in 1800 he moved to Sing Sing, on the Hudson River, N. Y., and opened a public-house, a brick-yard, and kept the ferry from the Upper, or Delavan's, Dock, to Perry's Landing and Haverstraw.

In the brick-yard, and on the ferry-boat, I participated in the labors, as far as my age and strength would admit of, in the Summers, and in the Winters attended school. In ferrying I became a boatman, and the risks of life I passed in the business cause my blood to chill often, when I think of them, to this day. Yet what I learned of boating in that period of my life was of great use to me in after years, when in the army, and in my missionary toils on the Western lakes and rivers. Indeed, if it had not been for the nautical skill I attained before I was thirteen years of age, I should, with a wife and five children, and a score of others, most likely, have found a watery grave in Lake Erie, notice of which will be hereafter taken.

While residing at Sing Sing I learned many interesting incidents of the Revolutionary war, that I have not seen in print. This town was within what was called the *lines*, between the British, while they occupied New York city, and the Americans, in the country. At my father's public-house, and in the town, the Whigs and Tories of the Revolution often met, and when rum was in, and wit out, they often recited the scenes of "those days that tried men's souls," in words that ended in bloody noses and bruised faces. But the sober details of those scenes, by those who participated in them, made a deep and lasting impression on my youthful mind, and are vividly before me at this writing.

On the spot where the State-Prison now stands I have often played, fished, and, at low tide, ate oysters from the rocks on which they grew. Near the Point, just above the site of the prison, was a silver mine, said to have been wrought previous to the Revolution, under the direction, and for the special benefit of the British Crown. On my first visit to the place, in the year 1800, I was shown what was said to be the remains of the pump used to raise the water from the shaft. It

stood just above high-water mark, and near the rocks which bind the coast of the river at that place. The shaft was said to have been thirty or forty feet, perpendicular, and then run on a level, under the bed of the river, some distance. When the Revolution broke out, the miners left, and, at the time I speak of, the shaft was filled up by the wash from the hill, and the pump was nearly decayed, it being twenty-five years, at least, since it was placed there. In 1817 it was stated in the papers that an attempt was made to reopen the mine, but I believe it proved a failure.

From the brow of the river bank, back some thirty or forty rods, was a beautifully inclined plain, thickly covered with small pitch-pine trees, the foliage of which so intermingled with each other as to exclude the rays of the sun from the ground, and give the place a very somber appearance. A single foot-path passed through it from the Lower Dock to Sparta. But as ignorance and superstition attached to this grove the idea of ghosts and hobgoblins, it required more than ordinary nerve in a boy, and most men, to pass through it alone in the day-time, without fearful apprehensions; and it was so horribly dark in the night that but few attempted to pass it, and then only in cases of extreme necessity, and with company, and lights to guide them.

The bank of the river, at this point, was, probably, twenty feet high above the beach. In the channel of the river, opposite, lay a British guard-ship, in the Revolutionary war; and to this point, and in the shades of this grove, the "Cow Boys," that is, the Tories, who stole their neighbors' cattle, would drive their stolen herds, and signal the ship, the captain of which would send a boat to take on the cattle and their drivers, and convey them to the ship.

This being discovered by the Whigs, a party of them

went to the spot, and dug a trench, so as to form a breast-work, and kindled the signal-fire, whereupon two large ships' yawls were manned and sent ashore. As the boats struck the shore, the sailors, as is their custom, rose to their feet, when a deadly fire was opened upon them, and most of them fell, dead or wounded. Those who escaped shoved off the boats, and went back to the ship. In the mean time, those on board, hearing the firing, opened their big guns on the tricky Yankees, but aimed so high, in order not to hit their own men, that they entirely overshot their mark. The Yankees then took the back track, and soon found and dispersed the Tories, and the owners of the cattle recovered them. This was said to break up this contraband trade at that place. But I have heard some of the elderly ladies of that time tell of going down to the beach in the day-time, with chickens, eggs, butter, or vegetables, and raising a white handkerchief on a pole, and thus calling the boat, and procuring some *tea* by the trade; they were in so much want of the article, and none was otherwise to be obtained.

This grove was somewhat famous on another account. Its gloomy appearance attached to it the idea of a suitable place for the pirate Kidd to deposit his ill-gotten gains upon the high seas; and at the east side of the grove was a ledge of rocks, running parallel with the river, at the foot of which some one's imagination placed the money, and from some appearances, fancied that he had found the spot. But, as it was said that Kidd, when he buried his money, also killed and buried a man with it, to watch it, and whose ghost was to guard it, it was expected that a contest would occur when an attempt was made to exhume it, and it was, therefore, deemed prudent and necessary to have help; and from fear of discovery, and the owner of the lands claiming the treasure, if found, the digging must be

done in the night. Under these circumstances but few had nerve enough to undertake the hazardous business. In this case, those who wished to dig sought for company and help from one who had no faith in the adventure; but being fond of fun, let on to do so, and at the same time arranged to have others present, who should act the part of the ghosts, and prepared masks, made of blue sugar-loaf paper. One had a wheel-barrow, to which was attached numerous small pieces of tin, so arranged as to jingle loudly; another had a horse-fiddle, the noise of which resembled the braying of an ass, nearer than any thing else; another had a tin horn, with a goose-quill squeaker in it, the noise of which equaled the fiddle; others had cow-bells, and other frightfully noisy implements; all being armed with fire-arms. In this plight they repaired to the spot, or near it, and hid themselves in the woods, ready for action.

The diggers came in due time, very still, of course, and with every necessary precaution to prevent discovery; but they had but just begun to dig when fearful noises were heard, which the diggers—except the *traitor*—supposed to be from the ghost of Kidd's murdered man. This, of course, settled the question with them, as to the locality of the treasure they were in pursuit of, and they plied the shovel and spade with a will. But the noises increased, and the supposed ghost approached, with torches lighted, fire-arms roaring in the dense grove; and, on turning to see who and what was coming, the diggers, to their consternation, instead of seeing ghosts, clad in white, as they are generally supposed to be, saw devils, as black as Tophet, with great ears and horns sticking out, and they concluded that the bad place had broken loose, and the demons were after them in earnest! This was too much for flesh to bear or withstand, and they took to their heels,

for dear life; and the wheel-barrow, the horn, the bells, and one man with a tom-cat in a bag, whose tail he bit till the cat raised a terrible caterwaul, all after the diggers, and followed them so close that it was said some of them fainted, and came near to dying from the fright.

There was one other spot in the neighborhood which had a similar adventure. There was then, and probably is yet, a large, round, granite rock, a mile or so above the Upper or Delavan's Dock, and at the south of "Osser's Fishing Beach." At high tide, this rock was nearly covered with water. At low tide it was nearly bare, and the sand-beach connected it with the shore, making it a point projecting from the shore into the river. Almost at the water's edge, at low tide, there were two pairs of parallel marks, about three-fourths of an inch wide, resembling the half of a three-quarter-inch auger-hole. Each pair was parallel, and the two pairs verged a little toward each other at their south-east ends, so as to bring their lines together at about half a mile's distance, at the foot of a hill, and at the mouth of a small run of water. It was supposed that Kidd had buried some of his money near to where these two lines came to a point. And Mr. Osser, the owner of the land, had dug in the hill for it, but found none.

In 1804 the yellow fever drove most of the people out of the city of New York, who found residences in the country wherever they could, and Sing Sing was crowded to overflowing. Every kind of tenement, capable of holding human beings in warm weather, was occupied to its utmost capacity—some living on their money, and others brought their goods and opened stores, and mechanics opened their shops, while others found employ as day-laborers. Among the rest were a company of silversmiths, who wrought at silver-plate; and among this great crowd were many who

delighted in fun of some kind, and their wits were strained to their utmost tension to devise and execute schemes for sport.

About this time an old Juke supposed that he had found the spot, the very spot in the valley of the little run above described, where Kidd had deposited his money, and to which these singular marks on the rock pointed. But, presuming that the coin was now out of date and would not pass as money, he made a confidant of one of the silversmiths, and proposed a partnership in the enterprise, with the agreement that the smith should take all the old coin to work up in his shop, and give the old man the half of the value thereof in current money, and the time was fixed upon for the digging to be done—in the night, of course, or Mr. Osser would claim the treasure, it being on his land.

In the mean time, the smith made known the plan of operations to all his spree-loving friends, and due preparations were made to have a time of it. Each one was supplied with a black mask, and cap with long ears and horns; and each one had in each hand torches made of oakum saturated with spirits of turpentine. An inveterate smoker, who could light a new cigar from the stub of an old one, and thus keep up fire to any length of time he pleased—lucifer matches were not then known—climbed a tree, over the spot selected for the digging, while the others hid themselves in the woods.

As soon as the digging commenced, the man in the tree-top cried out, in the most sepulchral voice he could assume: "Stop digging! stop digging! That 's my money! that 's my money!" The old man thought that surely he had hit upon the right spot, and that Kidd's walking ghost was aroused, and he dug away with a will. But soon the same words came down as from the clouds, warning the diggers to cease, with

more assumed authority than before. But the old man urged on the spade with still more force, the smith, meanwhile, pretending to be encouraged with the prospect before them.

At this juncture, the man in the tree-top ignited his torch, which was placed upon a small board, wired up some distance, and then connected to a string, and let the blazing torch run down to the ground, like a ball of fire from a thunder-cloud, when all the pretended demons of the woods ran up and touched their torches to the lighted one, and in a moment they were dancing round the diggers, the woods being nearly as light as day. By this time the smith had backed out, and hid behind a tree to see the sport, and the old man was left to defend his own cause as best he could. But, seeing so many devils around him, he ceased digging, and stood leaning on the spade-handle, when the demons approached him so near as to flirt the burning fluid into his face. This, he thought, was a little too much like a hotter place he had heard of, and, fearing the devils, as he supposed them to be, would lay violent hands on him, and drag him into it, he fled for a safer place. One of the New Yorkers, who was a witness of the scene, declared that the devil sprung his net, and, if it had not caught in the top of a white-oak-tree, he would have got every one of them. This ended the digging for that kind of money in that region in my time.

But, some forty years later, the papers stated that a company was formed in New York with a view to recover some of Kidd's money, supposed to have been in a ship sunk in a cove a little above Peekskill, and opposite to Dunder Barrack, but which, like all other such foolish attempts, proved a total failure.

Why, or how, this wild delusion ever obtained the currency it did is a mystery. I never could learn, from

the life of Kidd, or any other authentic history, that the pirate was ever on the American coast. In his day there was no inducement for a free-booter to hover on this coast. There was then but little trade, and that not in money or rich goods, which such men are generally in pursuit of. And further, there was a sufficient settlement in New York, and the neighboring coast, to prevent his seeking harbors of repose in that vicinity. His life shows that the scenes of his depredations were on the track of ships to and from England and the Indies, and that he made but few captures even there before he was taken and hung.

There is, nearly opposite Sing Sing, about midway of the river, a singular narrow strip of land, which runs up and down the river, and, in very high tides, is an island. It is about three miles long, though but a few rods wide, except where it connects with the main land by a salt marsh. The southern point of it, called Tellows' Point, forms the western side of Croton Cove. Near this southern point, in the Revolution, lay one of the British guard-ships. But the Whigs, not liking such neighbors, conveyed an eighteen-pounder cannon to the Point, in the night, dug a trench, planted the gun, and as daylight appeared, and the tide being on the turn, and no wind to fill the sails, Jonathan let loose his war-dog upon the vessel, aiming so as to hit her between wind and water. In this they were successful, and opened a passage for the water into her hold, and came very near sinking her. The ship opened her batteries, and scattered grape and canister shot over the assailants, and sent out two boats, one each side of the Point, filled with armed men, to cut off the retreat of these daring Yankees; but, seeing their danger, they spiked their gun, and retreated in safety. But the ship slipped her cable, and the tide beginning to fall, she drifted away, and they covered

the holes made in her side with tarpaulins, or canvas saturated with tar and paint, to prevent her from sinking till she could be repaired. In my boyhood I was in that intrenchment, and saw canister and grape-shot that were turned up by the plow, and supposed to be of those used at this time.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE residing at Sing Sing I first saw and heard of the Methodists. Barney Matthias was the first minister of this order that I ever saw or heard. There was a small class in the place, and more in the country near at hand. My father was opposed to them, in common with others of a worldly cast of mind; and, like other children, I imbibed his prejudices. There was, however, one man of this class, Samuel Wandal, for whom my father had such an attachment that he gave the name to his youngest son.

In 1804, I think it was, the Methodists held a camping in Stevenstown, afterward called Sommers, about twenty miles from Sing Sing, which was said to be the first meeting of the kind ever held in that region of country. I recollect of large companies, of what I then supposed to be deluded mortals, who came from New York city and other parts, by water, to our landing, and took passage in wagons to the camp-ground.

Of this meeting all manner of evil was said, and a stranger would think, from the representations made, that pandemonium had broken loose, and these Methodists were nothing but demons incarnate. But as some of our neighbors, who attended the meeting out of mere curiosity, came home changed in their natures, habits,

and characters the more candid and reflective were staggered in their former unfavorable opinions, doubting whether incarnate demons could or would do such good.

In 1805 a camp-meeting was held on the lands of Governor Courtland, near the Croton River, and four or five miles from Sing Sing. The announcement of the meeting to be held on the old Governor's land led to many, and, as its enemies thought, very grave and philosophical remarks. It first struck the populace with wonder and surprise; and, as mankind are generally philosophical in their way, and presume that every effect must have a cause, and every action a motive, the *reason* for this strange act in the Governor was sought for with great solicitude. Some thought that the old gentleman was in his dotage, and was led astray by the so-called fanatics. Others thought it was to add the influence of his name to the meeting, thereby to preserve good order. But the greater wonder of all was, the great multitude of attendants. They came by hundreds from the city in sloops to our docks; but from thence up to the Croton they had to be conveyed by smaller crafts, and my father made quite a raise by using his ferry-boat for this purpose; but still, when we got upon the ground we found that but a small portion of them came in that way. Boats and vessels had landed them in similar numbers at Courtlandville, while hundreds of wagons and other carriages had come loaded from the country. Such a multitude of Methodists! Where did they all come from? The world must be turning upside down, and all running after this strange people!

The meeting was so arranged as not to include a Sabbath, lest the rowdies should take advantage of the day to make disturbance, and Wednesday was fixed upon by the outsiders as the probable great day of the

feast, and for sight-seeing. Accordingly, on that day, my father went and took me with him; and I availed myself of the opportunity to see and hear all I could. It was agreed by our party to meet at a certain angle of the ground, at a given hour, preparatory to returning home, as it would be impossible to find each other in such a crowd.

On the ground there were thousands, but how many thousands I could not pretend to say. Besides the stand from which to preach to the great congregation, there were several smaller ones, or mere blocks of wood, upon which the preachers stood to exhort and gather prayer-meetings around them, in the intervals of preaching from the stand. The ground was vocal with prayer, preaching, exhortation, or singing the whole time I was on it.

I shall never forget the scenes in one prayer-ring or circle, and my thoughts upon viewing it. There was a ring of men holding hands, within which I judged there were two hundred persons, some standing, some kneeling, some sitting, some praying, some singing, and a large number lying on the ground helpless, while others were shouting the praise of God. Some were apparently in the greatest possible mental distress, while others were striving to comfort them, or were praying for them.

While I stood near this human wall that surrounded them, and was viewing the scenes within, the like of which I had never seen before—though I have seen hundreds of such since—I wondered how people could be so simple as to yield to such influences; when I saw a man pluck the sleeve of a woman to get her eye, and as her eye met his, he turned his eye upon the scene before them, and then their eyes met again, and they smiled as if highly pleased. In my ignorance, I thought the devil was in those people on the ground, and that

this couple was laughing in their sleeves to think how they had succeeded in the matter. In after years, however, I understood the thing better. Having obtained religion myself, on viewing such scenes, I think of the angels who rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, and if angels in heaven rejoice on such occasions, surely saints on earth may do so.

The Governor was present in his carriage, and his presence and moral influence, together with his control over the ground, seemed to deter the rowdies from gross acts of disturbance there. But they congregated at a rum-hole a mile or so west of the camp-ground, on another man's land, and took it fore and aft, rough and tumble among themselves.

In this, the devil's camp, I wandered with the multitude. This assemblage was also large, but were very differently employed from the others. Some were drunk as brutes, and others in all the stages of inebriation, from dead drunk to the first stages of merry feelings. Some were running horses, some were fighting just for the *fun* of the thing, there being no provocation. Some were eating cakes and other good things, and drinking small or spruce-beer, and passing their jokes in merry-making, while others were trading horses, watches, or other property. The contrast between the two places was so great, and this last being so vile, and bearing the unmistakable marks of the works of the devil, I could but conclude, in spite of the prejudice of my mind, that the people on the camp-ground were serving God.

As I have already stated, Sing Sing was in what was called the lines between the British and American armies in the Revolution, the scenes of which were among the chief topics of conversation, and being naturally of a military turn of mind, I took a deep interest in such matters. My plays with other boys were

of a military cast. I cast little cannons of lead, and mounted them on regular miniature carriages, and trained my playmates in the use of wooden guns, swords, etc. My father seeing this, and following the rule laid down by Dr. Rush, in selecting a boy's occupation, determined to fit me for and send me to West Point Military School; and to begin, sent me to the academy taught by Rev. Mr. Nelson.

This school was large, having many boarding students from New York city; and in our pastimes and play hours we formed two military companies. We must have *two* companies to represent the spirit of the times, and the place, and country over which the Americans and British had roamed in the deadly strife. I was chosen captain of the American corps, and George Meredith, of the city, was chosen captain of the British. We armed ourselves with wooden guns, swords, and pistols. In our drills we often had sham battles; but the prominent characteristic of my nature, never to come out second best, if possible to avoid it, showed itself in these strifes, though I was unconscious of such a passion at the time; and I would *lead* my boys pell-mell upon the representative enemy, despite sticks, and even hands and fists, and cause them to break ranks and retreat.

In after life, when a soldier in actual service, and in my ecclesiastical contests, first adopting the motto of Davy Crockett, "be sure you are right, then go ahead," I found this feeling and principle to be one of nature, and "what is bred in the bone is hard to get out of the flesh;" and nothing but an uncontrollable Providence in suffering events to occur, has ever broken my spirits, or caused me to quail in what I deemed to be duty, and right in itself.

While residing at Sing Sing, I became an orphan by the death of my father, when but thirteen years of age,

and the eldest of seven children. The time and circumstances of it were not only afflictive, but the procuring cause of it out of the ordinary course of things, and admonitory. From eighteen to twenty-one years of age he participated in the New England sports of lifting, wrestling, running foot-races, jumping, etc. He excelled in lifting and wrestling at a back-hug. It was customary for young men to assemble in the evenings and enter into these sports. Fighting at fisticuffs was deemed disgraceful. A bully was ranked with a horse-jockey, and he but little better than a horse-thief or counterfeiter. Hence, if Yankees entered into such enterprises, it was usually in places distant from home. But the gymnastics were deemed honorable, and young men were ambitious to excel in them, as were the ancients in the Olympic games.

This ambition inspired him, and he never met a man that could equal him at a dead lift, or a back-hug. I have heard him say that he would get up at midnight to lift, if called upon. And to retain his position in the gymnasium he has wrought many times, till in a high state of perspiration, and then would stand in the night air, with the dew falling, and in his shirt sleeves, or without a coat, and laugh and talk till the sweat struck in, from which he took repeated colds, and finally, at twenty-one years of age, became a partial cripple from rheumatism, which was the procuring cause of his being drowned.

As before stated, he kept the ferry, and I was his chief assistant. Usually his complaint was worse in the Winter than in warmer weather, and in January and February, 1806, he was mostly confined to the house from this cause; but as the Spring opened, and the ice in the river having disappeared, he was better and able to be out-of-doors; and, on the 6th of March, 1806, a man wishing to cross the river, and I happening to be

absent at the time, he went alone. I saw him soon after he started, and seeing that he was alone, and knowing his afflicted state, I had the strongest feelings of regret at being away from home that had ever come over me; a kind of premonition of evil of some kind as the consequence, and so expressed myself to the boys who were with me; and I started for home at once, to be ready to meet him on his return, and assist in mooring the boat.

The house we lived in was partly on the dock, and the nearest one to his place of landing, and as he neared the dock, on his return, I stood within six or eight rods of him. He had lowered the mainsail of the boat, and got upon the forecastle to lower the foresail, and as he stooped to loose the halyards his complaint took him with a stitch in the back, causing a rebound, which threw him overboard backward. The boat was a periogar, of two masts.

On seeing him fall, I ran across the dock to get a boat to go to his assistance, and jumped into a sloop's yawl, when the captain of the sloop hearing the alarm—for others saw him fall—jumped in with me and sculled round the dock, while I took a position in the bow of the yawl to catch hold of him and keep him from sinking till the captain could take hold also.

My father was thickly clothed with woolen, and had on an overcoat thickly lined, and tied around the waist with a small cord. He never could swim where he could not touch bottom with his feet; but, as he was now clad, with thick boots on, swimming was out of the question, if he had been a swimmer; and those who watched him said he sank by degrees, just like a rag of cloth thrown into the water.

As we came round the dock the top of his naked head was just visible above the water, his cap having fallen off, and the captain was so excited that he

pressed the boat so fast as to defeat our object. As we approached him, my first thought was to take the boat's bow rope in my hand and jump over into the water, and throw my legs around him below his arms, and hold on till the captain could haul us both in. But I had heard of a drowning man being saved by being caught by the hair of his head. If I had adopted the first plan I should have probably perished with him; but adopting the other, I reached down and took hold of his hair, which being short, gave me but a slight hold, and not sufficient to resist the velocity of the boat. If the boat had had less momentum, I might have held on; but she struck him, as we afterward found, on the bridge of his nose and broke my hold, and he sank to rise no more in this life.

There were, by this time, perhaps, two hundred people on the dock, many of whom were expert swimmers, and who would have dived for him if the spot of his sinking could have been designated; but the quick motion of the boat rendered this impossible. A seine was immediately thrown round the spot in a sufficient circle, it was thought, to inclose the body, and repeatedly hauled, till midnight, but the body could not be obtained. At this time all hope of resuscitating him, if found, was abandoned, and the search was discontinued. The next day the body was found some twenty rods from where he sank, and on the other or south side of the dock. When found he was on his elbows and knees, as if crawling, and some said that persons thus drowned did thus move at the bottom of the water. How this is I know not.

On leaving the yawl as she came to the dock, after he had sunk, I went to the house, which was crowded with old men, women, and children, the younger men being in search of the body, and found my mother sitting with my twin brothers. then ten months old, in

her lap, the picture of despair. She shed no tears; she could not. She said afterward, that when tears did come, it was a relief to her feelings.

The funeral was large, my father being much respected, and the circumstances of his death being exciting. The Rev. Mr. Nelson, my teacher, preached from: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Under this discourse my mother resolved to seek the salvation of her soul; and at this event I felt the first sense of my own sinfulness, and the need of a Savior, and resolved, with my mother, to seek him; but did not hold out as she did. My father, not being a professor of religion, like other worldly men indulged in sin. This circumstance gave the more pungency to our loss, and gave us the more alarm for our own safety.

In the last years of his life my father had followed stone-cutting, making tomb and other stones of the red sandstone, then quarried at Nyack, on the opposite side of the river, and having a number of tombstones on hand, not yet lettered when he died, my mother had a set of them lettered for him, and placed at his grave. But few men, if any, make their own tombstones. But thus it occurred.

Previous to the death of my father I had thought strongly of following the sea, rather than entering the army, as he contemplated; but his death, and especially the manner of it, gave me a distaste for the water; and his death cutting me off from the academy, I could not obtain the necessary preparation to enter the Military School, even if I could have found a friend to procure for me the privilege—for, in such cases, "kissing goes by favor." And, furthermore, my mind being now religiously impressed, I had no taste for that mode of life, and abandoned the idea of it for that time.

This change in our family affairs led my mother to return to Danbury with her family, to be with her

parents and relatives, and thinking the place more conducive to the moral and religious culture of her children. In this last particular I am not certain that she was right, owing to the prevalence of Calvinism; for I knew nothing of infidelity and skepticism in religion till I found myself among deists, who were made so by the absurdities of that *ism*. Methodism had, at that time, a foothold in Sing Sing that it had not in Danbury; but infidelity had a foothold in the latter that I knew nothing of in the former, and I found the morals of the two places much alike. There were, however, some things in the land of steady habits preferable to the other, as a place to raise a family at that time.

My mother applied herself to religion as fast and as faithfully as her Calvinistic notions would admit of, not believing in or looking for a divine change until after a long season of penitential sorrow, and attaching, apparently, more importance to the virtue of repentance, as if there was a merit in it, than to faith in Christ for a direct and immediate change of heart, pardon of sin, and justification. She, with her family, was a constant attendant at the Congregational *meeting*-house—the word church was, in those days, and in that country, monopolized by the Episcopalians, or the Church of England, as they were called—the Rev. Mr. Ward then being the pastor; and before Fall she met with a change, and "obtained a hope," in the vocabulary of that Church—for they applied the word *church* to the associated communicants, though not to the house they worshiped in—and became a member thereof, and continued so to the time of her death.

At this juncture a serious question arose for me to decide. It was a usage, and probably a rule of discipline among them, on receiving a member, to baptize both him, or her, and their children, if it had not pre-

viously been done; and as neither she nor her children had been thus dedicated to God, it must now be done. But my age, thirteen, raised the question whether she could properly present me as an infant. My age rather placed me among adults; but it was left to me to decide whether I would go forward in the ordinance or not, and I decided at once to do so, as I was under conviction for sin, and determined to seek for pardon, and would receive the ordinance as much on my own account as on hers; and, on her joining the Church, she presented her seven children at the font, with herself, and we were all dedicated to God at the same time and place. It was a solemn and interesting scene; one never before, and probably never since, witnessed in that church, if in any other.

On returning to Danbury I became an apprentice to my mother's brother, Ezra Starr Cozier, in the shoemaking business, and was to serve five years, or until I was eighteen years old. I had naturally a mechanical genius, and could soon learn almost any trade, and, of course, soon made proficiency in my new employment.

But the snares of vice soon encompassed me in its folds. The shop in which we wrought belonged to my grandfather, of whom I have already spoken, who, at this time, was an open and avowed skeptic. My uncle and his partner professed to be deists, or disciples of Paine, Palmer, etc. Volney's Ruins was a text-book, and Paine's Age of Reason was their book of books; and the shop being some twenty rods from the main street, and out of sight, was the Sunday resort of that class to read that kind of works, and comment thereon, and talk politics.

In the Spring of 1807, a year after my father's death, custom removed the weeds of mourning and allowed of dancing and such kind of amusements, and being invited, I went with the multitude to do evil, and my

religious purposes were deferred to a more convenient season. I intended, however, to be religious. I believed, as I was taught, and so far as I then knew, all Christians believed in Calvinism, or election and reprobation from all eternity, and, like all others I ever met with, who believed in that creed—unless in despair and ready to commit suicide—that I was one of the elect, and should be brought into the fold of Christ "in the day of his irresistible power." Upon this *hope* I rested, giving myself no further concern than to wait God's time, when the unchangeable decree would assuredly bring me in.

In my new situation I was placed in a new relation to the world, and new scenes were spread before me. Politics ran high. Newspapers fell into my hands, and my interest in the affairs of the world was greatly excited. My father was a Democrat or Republican, the terms then being synonymous, in opposition to Federalist; and, in 1801, when Mr. Jefferson took his seat as President of the United States, on the 4th of March, my father, with Samuel and William Cook, his half brothers, were three out of four men who only dared turn out and fire a national salute in Danbury, such was the overwhelming influence of Federalism, in a town of five or six hundred voters. On asking for the artillery the captain said no, but held the key of the gun-house in his hand behind him, and turned his back to them. They took the hint and the key. Some merchants and others who dared not be seen in the affair, but secretly favoring the movement, placed powder in their way, and the four patriots fired the salute.

The state of feeling may be guessed at from a few incidents. It was said that if Jefferson was elected, the Bibles would be burned and the meeting-houses pulled down, and the Christian religion be banished from the country; and, of course, the men who could

rejoice at the inauguration of such a man and such a state of things, could be but little, if any thing, less than an enemy to both God and man.

In one instance a Federalist was in a neighbor's house, berating the Democrats, and repeating the dreadful stories in circulation about Jefferson, the Bible, Churches, etc., till the people of the house wondered what kind of a savage beast of prey a Democrat must be. The man happening to look out of the window, saw one going by, and exclaimed, "There goes one of the cursed Democrats now!" At this the whole family rose at once, and rushed to the window to see; when, lo and behold! it was one of their most inoffensive neighbors.

Another Federalist, hearing the minister of the parish, while praying for all the world, "and the rest of mankind," in one of those almost interminably long prayers of that day, ask God to "bless his servant, the President of these United States," left the house in disgust, because the minister had called Jefferson a servant of God. Under my surroundings, it would be very natural for me to be a Republican of the Jeffersonian school, and politics be an absorbing study.

At this period Aaron Burr was making some treasonable efforts on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, aiming, it was said, at the severance of Louisiana from the Union, and Bonaparte was sweeping over Europe with his triumphant hosts. To be posted in all these movements at home and abroad, when I read of them in the papers, I referred to the maps, and Morse's Gazetteer, then the best geography extant, by which means I learned more of geography than by its ordinary study at school. This reading was of great use to me in a literary point of view. Those Gazetteers, which then belonged to my grandfather, are now (1872) in my possession, being eighty years old.

Roger Sherman, the shoe-maker, statesman, and the pride of the State, had been a resident of Newtown, ten miles distant; and he and Franklin, the printer statesman, were subjects of study and conversation. These, with other great men who had been mechanics, and rose to distinction, self-taught, excited my ambition to leave the world better for my having been in it. This idea became, and has continued to be, a maxim, motto, and object of my life; and, like Omar, with his head leaning against a pine-tree, I formed the project and plan of my future life. It was to study law, and, as soon as possible, enter upon its practice, and if a war occurred, which then looked probable, with England, to enter the army, and either rise to distinction or fall in the attempt.

In the mean time the Methodists had found their way into Danbury, and had preaching in the up-town school-house, the first school-house I ever entered. Once in two weeks the circuit preachers would be there, and on the intervening Sabbath a local preacher, of my own name, but no relation near enough to claim, occupied the desk. This being nearer at hand than the Congregational meeting-house, and, withal, the services being conducted with more life and animation than in the other, I frequently attended, was edified, and often deeply impressed with the necessity of religion. At night meeting, especially, when others could not notice me, my feelings were often so wrought upon that I would get half down on my knees, in time of the closing prayer. But on these occasions, such were the fascinations of young company on me, that on leaving the house I would fall into that current, and forget my serious thoughts.

From a child I had been taught to dance, and that it was an innocent and healthful exercise, of which I was passionately fond, and to accomplish myself in the art,

I attended a dancing-school to learn "to serve the devil by rule." The school was composed entirely of young men; but occasionally the young, and some married, ladies would visit the school to see what proficiency the boys made. On one such occasion we resolved to dispense with the usual drill, and have the ladies on the floor in regular reels, and it fell to me to dance with a cousin, who was a member of the Congregational Church. While on the floor it occurred to me that she was a professor of religion, and, feeling conscience-smitten on account of my own sin, I thought it was far worse for her; and such were my feelings of horror at the event, if I could have got off the floor decently, I should have left it at once; but, as it was, I determined never to dance with a professor of religion again, and never did, knowingly.

After these scenes of miscalled innocent amusement, I never rested well at night. I was often afraid to sleep, lest I should wake up in hell before morning. Under such feelings, I often resolved to quit all such practices, but the charm of young company was so great on me, that all my good purposes failed under its influence.

In my sober and reflective moments, when at my work, my convictions of sin were so great and strong, that I earnestly wished myself out of this youthful charm; and I came to the conclusion that I never could obtain religion while within its influences, and resolved on breaking it off as soon as possible, by a change of residence; but, being an apprentice, with two or three years yet to serve, I knew not how to effect it. In these sober hours it frequently occurred to me that I should yet be a Methodist, notwithstanding my prejudices, and Calvinistic notions; but how, when, or where, was all in the future, if it ever should occur.

Within the time of which I am now speaking, the

young men with whom I associated commenced playing at cards; but, having two uncles ruined by that practice, I resolved not to learn how, and never did. One of my uncles offered to teach me, but I refused, and promptly told him that it had been *his* ruin, and I would not follow his bad example. At this unexpected rebuke he turned pale, acknowledged the truth of what I said, and commended me for my purpose; and now it is a source of gratification to me to reflect that I never knew the use of any gambling device, and never gambled in any way, shape, or form, except playing pins on a hat, when quite small; and I never made but one bet in my life, and that was not intended, but by accident, when but twelve years of age, and though I won, it did me no good.

My young friends said that they would never gamble; they only played for amusement. "But," said I, "no one ever became a gambler who did not first learn to play for amusement;" and I would never expose myself to the temptation. But they soon became such adepts at it that they must try their skill, first for something to drink, and then for small sums, and finally for all they could get, till some of them were utterly ruined in soul and body, while all of them suffered, more or less, in both purse and morals.

One circumstance that favored the introduction of Methodism into this, and many other towns in the State, was their political views. In the Revelations we are told that when the great dragon poured out a flood of persecution against the woman and her man-child, that the earth opened its mouth and swallowed or absorbed the flood, and saved the woman and her child. The earth here means the men of the world who act from worldly policy, and who favor or protect the Church, not from any particular love for it, or for religion, but from motives of self-interest or policy.

The great mass, if not the entire, of the Methodist Church and her adherents were Republicans, and so were the entire infidel portion of the community, though these two classes were antipodes in all things pertaining to religion; yet, as they voted the same ticket, the infidel relaxed his opposition, and would occasionally go and hear them; and, on hearing the dogmas of Calvinism exposed as false doctrine, and not in accordance with the Bible, the infidel opened his eyes and ears with astonishment, and said, "If the Methodist views of the Bible are true, we have no objection to it." They would protect and defend, and even contribute to the support of the Methodist ministry, and occasionally hear them, from motives of policy, because every convert to Methodism, in those times, became a Republican, if he was not one before.

On the other hand, Calvinism and Federalism were yoked together, and the dominant *isms* of the State, and many, supposing that Calvinism was a Bible doctrine, rejected both; but, on learning the truth in the matter, they not only dropped their opposition to the Bible, but became converted to God, in many instances.

As I have before stated, I could see no chance for saving my soul without a change of residence—the enchantment of young company had such a control over me. I contemplated a removal to Ohio, to an uncle then residing in Cincinnati, and promised the Lord that if I ever got away from the enchantment or incubus thus hanging upon me, I would seek religion; but, being an apprentice, though not indentured but by simple agreement of my mother, I felt a sense of honor binding me to fulfill the contract, and how to effect a removal was in the dark.

But, in the Fall of 1808, an incident occurred which I deemed sufficient to justify my leaving my uncle, to whom I had felt thus bound, and go to the other uncle

in Ohio. At the September training, the company had grounded their arms for dinner, and left a boy about my own age to guard them with a pontoon; and he, feeling rather large from his high promotion, without any just cause or provocation, attempted to thrust his weapon through my foot as I stood near a line drawn round the guns. For this insult I flogged the fellow after he was released from his high command; and my uncle, being an officer of the company, took sides with the boy, and struck me. Upon this I determined to leave him at the first opportunity.

Soon after this I was out for an evening stroll, with several others, when accident rather than design brought us in front of a house of ill-fame, where we saw a man of a respectable family, and seventy years of age, in company with one of the inmates. Simultaneously, and without consultation, our indignation rose, and we stormed the house with a view to drive him away. In throwing stones at a long distance at the door, the one which I threw happened to hit the window, so as to take out the sash and four lights of glass, which fell into the room. The old man, fearing something worse, soon moved off toward home.

As soon as the excitement was off, we began to reflect on what we had done, and how far we were exposed to the operation of the law. The laws of Connecticut were rigid in such cases, and the "*night* law," so-called, requiring an accused or suspected person, if out from home after nine o'clock at night, to prove himself clear, we all took good care to be at home and in bed before that hour, and doing it so that the family should know it, and could witness to the fact if necessary.

The next day the old man and his dissolute companion were busy in the pursuit of law, and we found that we were all identified, and were to be taken for a

riot, and not under the night law, and I expected the constable after me every moment. At this juncture a fellow-apprentice said to me, "You have been talking of running away, and now is the time to go." "I would," said I, "if I had any money." "We 'll help you," was the reply. And those who were involved in the affair made up a few shillings, and that night I took French leave. It was agreed among us that if the rest of the company were arrested they should lay it all on me, and let them catch me if they could. My design was to go to Ohio, study law, and rise, if possible, with the young State to whatever distinction merit might entitle me to.

The third day brought me to New Brunswick, N. J., where I wrought at my trade two weeks. Thence I went to Trenton, where I stayed one week; and then on by Philadelphia to Carlisle, Penn., two hundred and seventy miles from home, where I ventured to make another stop. Here I happened to get into a Methodist family, and, out of respect for them, went to their meeting, where, November 27, 1808, I heard Rev. Jacob Gruber preach. He told me of all my sins, and he was so clear and definite in it that if it had been possible for any one in the town to have known me, I should have taken it for granted that some one had told him all about me. But, having been but a week in the place, and formed only a slight acquaintance out of the shop, and having kept myself in good order there, I knew that no one could have told him. But, as it was, and he telling me of some sins which I did not consider to be such at the time of committing them, I concluded that the Divine Spirit must have led him to discourse thus, and took it as a warning from God.

The Spirit of God now said to me, or impressed my mind as plainly and distinctly as ever a voice from oth-

ers did, "Now you are away from your youthful companions, who so hindered you from seeking religion, and you have not yet formed new acquaintances to keep you back, and you have repeatedly promised God that when you got away from that enchantment you would seek religion; and this is the last call you will have. If you refuse to obey this, you will never have another."

This was a solemn time; and I pondered over the matter for a week, querying whether I should then turn to God, or risk it a little longer; and every time I thus queried the same whisper or impression was made upon my mind.

On the ensuing Sabbath morning I started to meet some slight acquaintances, with whom I had agreed on that day to roam over the country at sight-seeing. On my way to the appointed rendezvous, the same whisper in my ear, but now sounding more like thunder, to my mind, said, "This is the last call you will have! this is the last call you will have!" At this I stopped on the sidewalk, hesitating whether to turn then or risk the matter longer, when the warning was repeated, with allusions to my former promises to the Lord, and I wheeled on my heels, and returned to my lodgings, and thence to the house of God, determined to seek the salvation of my soul. If I had determined otherwise, and gone another step, I have no doubt the good Spirit would have left me, never to return, and I should long since have been dead and damned. But when I turned and fixed my mind to seek God, it was with the indomitable hold-on-a-tiveness of my nature, and for life. And from that determination, by the help of God, I have never swerved, to the time of this writing, and trust I never shall.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS now fairly awakened to a sense of my sinful state, both by nature and practice; and, having started in the good way, my inquiry was, How shall or can I obtain religion? I knew I must pray, but was at a loss as to how, when, or where to do it. I believed that God would have mercy and pardon me, or he would not thus have called me, and was, therefore, saved from despair, which, in those days, was quite common with awakened sinners. In accordance with the impulse of my nature I bent all my energies to the use of such means as I had knowledge of tending to this object.

In the shop with me was a backsliden Methodist, who yet retained some of the forms of religion, but acknowledged that he had lost the power of it. Of him I inquired what to do to get religion. He said if I would pray three times a day, in secret, for three months, if I did not obtain it, he would give me ten dollars. Having fixed my purpose to seek the Lord, I did not try to hide my convictions; I had fully surrendered to God, and was willing to be saved in his way, and in his time, and I replied: "I do not care for your ten dollars; but, if I can get religion by praying three times a day, I will do it."

I had not yet retired to a secret place for prayer but, when I lay down at night and rose in the morning I would pray mentally, or *think* over a prayer for mercy and forgiveness; but on his suggestion I sought a place for retirement, and found one in a loft among some empty flour barrels. The first thing after rising in the morning, at twilight in the evening, and before

retiring to rest at night, I repaired to my closet and prayed.

I was naturally of a lively and jocose turn, and, in the shop, I would indulge in light conversation, crack jokes, tell yarns, debate questions, and endeavor to play my part in the good-humor of the company; but this I found to be injurious to devotional feelings; for, after such indulgence, on retiring for prayer, I found great deadness of feeling, and my prayers seemed to be of no use; they did not rise higher than my head. Discovering this, I resolved to break off from it, but, before I was aware of it, I would catch the spirit of the company I might be in, and launch out in this playful pastime; and when I did so, on retiring to pray, I felt barren in mind. To remedy this I would sit down, or kneel, and meditate on my sins and sinfulness, and repent, which led to some tenderness of feeling, and then my prayers seemed to reach the mercy-seat, and be heard by the Father of Mercies.

One thing struck me with surprise, not having expected it. Every sin I ever committed, and some that I did not think were sins at the time, passed in review, one after another, before my mind. Of and for these I repented, and resolved never to do so again, if God would help me, and of this I had no doubt. This review came down to the last sin I committed before I turned to God. My sins felt like mountains on my mind, and it often seemed to me that the weight resting upon me must sink me into the earth.

While in this state of mind I sought an interview with a class-leader, who was converted in Ireland under the preaching of John Wesley. He told me I must pray in *faith;* I must expect the blessing, and *look* for it, for God had promised it. He quoted several passages of Scripture tending to this point; but these words of our Lord, "Whatsoever ye ask of the Father in my

name, *believing*, that *shall* ye receive," struck my mind with the greatest force, and made the strongest impression. He also quoted: "The broken in heart, and the contrite in spirit, he will in no wise turn away."

With this instruction I went home meditating upon faith: what is it? how obtain it? The dregs of Calvinism still hung on to my mind in some things. I thought that I had been such a great sinner I must be a long time in repenting of my sins; as if there was a kind of merit in so doing; or as if repentance would in some way—I did not know how—atone, in part at least, for my misdoings. I expected that when I had sufficiently repented, God would forgive me for the sake of Christ. The ideas of the atonement I had imbibed from the teachings of Calvinism were rather vague and indefinite. Though they taught justification by faith alone, yet they discarded the idea of short repentance and rapid conversion. A man, in their view, must be long enough in repenting, or in penance, to satisfy, in part at least, the demands of justice. From the want of better light on the subject, I could not discriminate between the merits of Christ alone and attaching something virtuous and meritorious to penitence.

The difficulty was to bring my mind to rely wholly and solely on the merits of Christ, and expect the blessing of pardon and peace for his sake alone, irrespective of my sorrow for my past sins. I did not know then, nor understand that repentance was only humbling the mind and preparing it to appreciate the pardon when it did come. Unless we *feel* our sickness we can not appreciate the remedy, nor the physician who provides and administers it.

But I came to the conclusion that faith was to rely entirely upon God, upon his word, and to expect the blessing, because he had promised it; and, accordingly,

the next morning I asked God to bless me *that day*. In this there was an error. I should have asked for the blessing *then*, at that moment; but I limited the request to that day. But the blessing did not come that day. But I had determined that if I went to hell I would go there praying; so I made the same prayer the next morning, and tried as hard as I could to look for and expect it. This was February 3, 1809.

That night I went to prayer-meeting in the church, the old stone building, out in one corner of the town of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, long since torn down, and while standing and singing the hymn beginning with—

> "My God, the spring of all my joys,
> The life of my delights,"

suddenly the burden of guilt, which for two months and seven days had borne me down like a cart beneath its sheaves, fell off my mind, and it seemed as if I bounded two feet high, like a spring released from the weight that held it down. I know I did not so bound; but such was the sudden and instantaneous change in my feelings that it *seemed* so.

At the same moment the same spirit that had whispered in my ear, warning me of my danger if I continued in sin, now said to me, "You are converted." And, notwithstanding I had prayed for the blessing to be given me *that day*, yet, such was my sense of my deep sinfulness, I thought it could not be that such a sinner as I had been should receive pardon so soon. But the whisper was repeated, "You are converted." "Well," said I, "Lord, if it is so, give me the evidence of it," and instantly a stream of peace and love, apparently as large as a pen-holder, seemed to come from heaven down into my poor heart, and to fill it up as such a stream of water would a vessel. It rose higher and higher, till my soul was full of

peace and joy. As I went home from the meeting I felt as light as a feather, and seemed to move through the air; nor could I realize then, nor since, that gravitation kept me to the ground as firmly as ever. When I reached home I could not sit still, but kept moving about. My shop-mates noticed the change, and seemed to understand it, especially the backslider. This happened six days before I was sixteen years of age, and the witness of the Spirit I then received I have never lost, but retain it to this day.

This change occurred differently from what I had anticipated; but every thing about it bore the impress of the divine influence so clearly, that to me, at least, it was a genuine and unmistakable revelation from God; his Spirit bearing witness with mine that I was a child of his. And, in all the conversions that I have since witnessed, amounting to thousands, I have noticed this same peculiarity. God does his own work, in his own way, and in such a manner that the recipient can clearly see the finger of God in it, and as clearly that it was not himself that did it, but God. I have never seen a person yet who was converted just as he anticipated; nor have I ever seen or known two persons to be converted exactly alike in every particular. The work of regeneration, like generation, has such an infinite variety in it, that the infinity of its Author is visible; and yet there is such a general resemblance, as in the human race, as to show clearly the species. Many who have experienced the pardon of sin have doubted it, because it did not occur, or was not accompanied, with the same incidents or circumstances that others experienced whom they had seen, or of whom they had heard. But such variances are no evidence that the work is not of God. If we have the essentials, a removal of guilt and peace of mind, accompanied by the witness of the Spirit, it is sufficient; we need not,

we should not, all look for every minute particular to be alike, any more than for every human being to look as if cast in the same mold, in order to their being of the same species.

I had but an imperfect idea of the warfare of the Christian's life, or of the trials of his faith; but I soon began to take lessons in it from experience. Some two weeks passed in unalloyed peace and comfort of soul, when temptations to unbelief were thrust upon my mind, relief from which I found in prayer and reflecting upon what I knew that God had done for me, of which I could no more doubt than of my existence.

In about a month I had a singular dream, warning me of approaching danger; and, however people may scoff at the idea, my experience has confirmed me in the belief that God, in mercy to us, does often warn of dangers, or of goodness that is approaching. The philosophy of Solomon, that dreams come from the multitude of thoughts which occupy the mind, is admitted as a common occurrence; but this does not exclude God from the control of our thoughts when asleep, when he sees fit to do so. Even the devil may do this at times. We have ample proof of this in dreams of which, or of any thing like them, we had no thoughts beforehand.

In my dream I was traveling over ground, the like of which I never saw before or since. In crossing a plain, or meadow, I saw numerous mats of grass, under which rattlesnakes were coiled in great numbers, and I had to use great caution to avoid being bitten by them as they thrust out their heads at me. At length I came to the foot of a high and steep hill, up which my path led. At this moment the scene was changed from warm weather and bare ground to Winter, with snow about two feet deep. Just before me was a brother of the Church with whom I was acquainted,

who made a path in the snow in which I was to follow him; but suddenly, as I had ascended about two hundred feet, the hill became so steep as to hang over above me. My friend appeared to have got over this overhanging place, and was going out of my sight, leaving his trail in the snow plainly to be seen; but it seemed to be impossible for me to follow him.

At this juncture a voice from the plain below me called, and informed me of a road that went round the hill, and ascended by an easier grade, and advised me to descend to the plain and take the easier path. But the difficulty now was to descend without falling; but concluding to try it, and to guard against slipping down the now perpendicular hill too fast, I took hold of the top of a white-oak-tree, apparently a foot and a half through at the butt, and a hundred feet long, and shoved it down before me in the snow, the spreading roots of which grated hard upon the ground and impeded the descent. But at the foot of the hill the roots of the tree struck a glade of ice and flew out, and I fell on the ice and frozen ground with such violence as to kill me. I seemed to stand by and look upon my dead body for a while, when my eldest sister, afterward the wife of Rev. B. Weed, and myself took up the corpse and laid it in a coffin, and then placed the coffin on a wagon, when it seemed to be my father.

I told the dream to the Irish class-leader, who said, with great concern, "You are going to have some severe trials, and are in great danger of falling from your present state in grace; you must watch and pray."

Some time previous to my conversion, I had an argument with my backslidden shop-mate on the possibility of falling from grace, I arguing as a Calvinist and he as a Methodist. Among other arguments he used was a story of a young man who had embraced

religion, of whom it was prophesied by his old associates, that he would n't stand it long, but would soon be back with them in sin, as bad as ever. This so affected him, and fearing that it might be so, he went before God, and prayed that if it would be so, if he lived, that he might then die, when he felt that it would be well with him, and he immediately died.

I know nothing of the truth or falsity of the story; but at this time, and in connection with my dream, it made a deep impression upon my mind, and I feared the consequences; and what gave it the more weight with me at that time, was the fact that some of the dregs of Calvinism were yet hanging about me. I could not then discriminate between foreknowledge and fore-ordination; or, at least, if God foresaw a thing, it must be because it *would* be so. I did not then, as now, understand that God not only foresaw what *would* be, but what *might* be; and that in human events, conditions are appended, the observance or non-observance of which would entirely change the thing. It would be so under one state of circumstances, but not so under a different state of the case. I might, and probably should, fall and die, spiritually, if I did not watch and pray; but should not thus fall if I did watch and pray.

But not then so understanding the matter, I thought if God foresaw my fall, so as to warn me of it in a dream, it was because it *would* be so, and I determined to pray, as did the young man, and told the leader that I would rather die then than backslide. I did not declare to him my design, but thought if I should be found dead in my closet, he might infer the cause of it.

In this state of mind, and under these feelings, I went home, and into my closet, and kneeled down by an empty flour-barrel, laying my arms across the top, which was headless, and then and there prayed earnestly, if ever I did, and with perfect submission to the

Divine will, that if he foresaw that I should fall from grace, if I lived, that he would then and there take me to himself, when I felt that it would be well with me; and I prayed for an answer, in patriarchal style, and paused to receive it. I felt something rising in me like a choice to live, provided I should not backslide, but a preference to die then rather than to fall. While waiting for an answer, a whisper, as loud to me as ordinary whispering of persons, one to another, came into my face, as from the inside of the barrel, "I would rather stay here;" and immediately followed, in the same manner, the words, "Stay here, and preach the Gospel!" In both cases I felt the air move in my face, as when persons have spoken to me in close proximity. I remained in the position some time, wondering if such a feeble being had to preach, and prayed, if it was so, for grace to help me, and qualify me for the work. I had not then, and never have since had, the least disposition to be disobedient to this heavenly vision; but felt then, as I have ever since, that my whole dependence for this, as well as any other good work, was in God. Never till now had the thought of preaching entered my mind.

I rose from my knees very happy, and went to bed, pondering in my mind what all this could mean. As I awoke in the morning I found myself lying, flat and square, on my back, with my head stretched back over the pillow, and every particle of me, inside the skin, seemed to be on fire, and I seemed to be so full of it as to be swollen to the extent of my outer muscle. This apparent, or real fire, gave me no pain, but made me as happy as I could well be in this life, and the first thought I had was, "I, indeed, baptize you with water, but there cometh one after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop and unloose. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with *fire*." As

it struck me that the fire that was in me was that which was alluded to by John the Baptist. As I moved this feeling gradually subsided, till I felt natural.

This was, without doubt, out of the ordinary course of experience in such cases; and in riper years I would hardly dare to offer such a prayer; but then, in the child-like simplicity, and honest sincerity of my soul, I did so, and the result was as above related. This happened on the night of the 6th, and morning of the 7th day of March, 1809, in Carlisle, Penn., just one month and three days after my conversion to God. In after life, when the storms and tempests, hereinafter detailed, bore down upon me, about preaching, I have often thought that if only an ordinary call to the ministry had fallen to me, I should have yielded to despondency, and given it up, and it has often occurred to me that God gave me this extraordinary call to refer to, in my extreme trials, as a sheet anchor, to prevent my being driven away by the storms.

The trials of which I had been warned soon came upon me. First, as if among poisonous reptiles, I was assailed by temptations. My mind was borne down by a heavy load, an indescribable burden, not of guilt, such as I had felt before being pardoned, but a weight, pressing me down, and away from God, by discouragements. In my mind my condition was pictured as if in something in the shape of a hopper of a mill, having slid through the opening, and hanging by my arms. I could get no foot-hold to shove myself back, nor reach any thing with my hands to pull myself up. My strength was failing, and my arms must soon give way, when I must slide through, and fall, I knew not where. In this extremity I lost all hope of saving myself, and threw myself upon the preserving arm of God, and he brought me out of the danger.

Soon after this the attempt was made to induce me

to go round the hill, or attempt to get to heaven in an easier way than by the Cross. The enemy of my soul suggested that, by trimming between the world and religion, I could avoid the persecutions then liberally poured upon the Methodists. A young man of my acquaintance, who belonged to the Church, was pointed to as an example for me to follow. But, thought I, in reply, that young man has not religion enough to carry him safe through the vale of death. I never heard him, in class, speak of the joys of sins forgiven; all I ever heard him say was, that he had a *desire* for religion, and to serve God. This was not enough for me. I wanted religion enough to make me happy in life, and triumphant in death.

"That is true," said Satan—by suggestions to my mind as plain and distinct as if by an audible voice—"but he will repent on his death-bed of his unfaithfulness, and obtain forgiveness from God, and will get to heaven; and though he gets but just inside of the gate, while more faithful ones will rise higher, and get nearer the throne, yet he will have had the respect of the world, and escaped all the persecutions and trials incident to faithful ones." And he pointed my thoughts to a young lady who had recently died, who repented on her death-bed, and obtained peace with God, and died happy, through the prayers and advice of her father's slave.

"But, suppose I should die suddenly, or by some casualty, and have no time to repent on a death-bed, then I should be lost."

"That *might* be so; but you should hope for the best, and trust in the mercy of God for it."

The scheme looked so plausible that I concluded to try it; but just then a preacher appeared in the pulpit, rather young, but pale and emaciated, having broken down in the itinerancy, in five years. His name was

Steel. His text was, "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer afflictions with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of reward." By the time the text was read I was pretty well cured; and the discourse effectually fixed my purpose to make no compromises with the devil, let come what would, which purpose I have kept, by the grace of God, to this day.

Feeling now that I was called to preach, I gave up all my early projects for the law, and military glory, and devoted my studies to a preparation for the work before me. I bought a Pocket Bible, and commenced reading it by course. I first went twice through the New Testament, and then began with the Old, and have since read the Holy Book, by course, probably fifty times, besides my occasional, and family and Church readings. In my early readings I noted, in a little book kept for that purpose, all the passages I found bearing upon the disputed doctrines of the day. These texts were of great use to me in controversies, in after years, and saved me a great amount of labor in looking them up.

On the second day of April, 1809, I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Carlisle, Penn., under Rev. Robert Birch. Soon after I joined, the sacrament of the Lord's-Supper was administered, and I felt it to be my duty, as well as privilege, to seal my vows of loyalty to the Savior by a consecration of myself at his altar. But I thought it becoming a youth to be preceded by older ones, so I waited to see my leader go forward, intending to follow him. But he did not go, and the service closed and I was cut off. This left me in deep sorrow. I knew not the cause of his not going

forward. I thought that every Christian ought to acknowledge his Lord, by doing this, in remembrance of him. But by waiting, out of deference to and respect for age, I was deprived from doing what I felt to be a duty and a privilege.

My distress of mind was great; I did not feel condemned, for I had intended no wrong, but to do right. But yet I was distressed in mind. And in this state I went to my boarding-house; and it occurred to my mind, I know not from what source, if it was not a good one—as the sequel proved it to be—to take a bit of bread and eat it as an emblem of the broken body of Christ, and in remembrance of his death and suffering. And then I took a sup of water, in remembrance of his shed blood; and though the bread and water had not been consecrated in sacerdotal form, nor did the water resemble his blood, as wine would, yet, as the *motive* qualifies the act, this simple substitute, under the circumstances, was acceptable to God, and he blessed my soul with peace, removing the distress of mind, and I felt approved of God in so doing.

When I met my leader, I inquired of him why he did not partake of the sacrament, and informed him of the consequence to me. He said that he had an unreconciled difficulty with a brother in the Church; and the Savior said, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." I learned, afterward, that the difficulty was, that the brother and the leader's daughter wished to unite their fortunes by marriage, but he was opposed to it, and hardness of feeling had grown out of the affair. But, as in most such cases, the couple were married.

This led me to reflect on the text he had quoted; the plain meaning of which is, "if thou hast *given cause*

of complaint; if *you* have done wrong; if *you* have been angry without a cause; if *you* have used opprobrious or unchristian epithets, or given wrong names, then it is for *you* to go and be reconciled before your gift will be accepted. But if any have ever so much against you without just cause, if you are not in fault, it is no reason why you should not offer your gift. If because our enemies, who are such without cause, have ill-will toward us, is a reason why we should not offer our gift, then our Lord himself should have stayed away. If *we* do right we shall be accepted of God, however much others may have against us." My leader had taken the popular but erroneous view of the text.

Having now fairly and fully enlisted in the good cause, I devoted myself, soul and body, to God and his Church. I heard my leader speak of a "second blessing," and inquired what he meant by it. He explained the nature of sanctification, and placed in my hands the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then containing the Doctrinal Tracts, and pointed me particularly to Wesley's tract on Christian perfection.

I thought if there was a second or a third, or a thousand more blessings for the Christian than I had attained, I wanted them. I had never before heard of this doctrine. I had been taught that the Christian's *first* love was the strongest, but not of long duration, and that the love first obtained would most likely be hid or buried till the close of life, when being once in grace, it must be always there, and the little spark would be rekindled by the cold winds of death, so that the soul would depart in *hope* of future happiness. But I desired to *live* while I did live, and to have religion enough to make and keep me happy. The idea of having just religion enough to make one miserable—that is, enough to know our duty and feel the lash of a guilty conscience for not doing it, enough to be a *servant*, but

not enough to be a *son*—did not suit my views of propriety or safety, nor the nature of regeneration.

By reading the Doctrinal Tracts I was effectually cured of the errors of Calvinism. They cast a new and brilliant light upon the Bible, and being in accordance with my experience of the Divine favor, which was testified to by the Spirit of God, I was strengthened and confirmed in the doctrines of Methodism.

Mr. Wesley's tract on Christian perfection was, to me, of the greatest practical importance. I found in me the very imperfections therein described, by the light of it, and I also found the remedy, and that their removal was possible by the grace of God, and that the remedy—simple faith in Christ—was attainable; and that it was not only a privilege to attain to it, but a duty to seek it. And having devoted myself to God, for time and eternity, and being resolved to gain all attainable grace, I resolved to seek it at once.

Though I felt that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven my sins, yet my nature was contaminated both by the fall of Adam and by my former sinful practices. Though my sins had been torn out by the roots, and "separated from me as far as the East is from the West," yet something like the prongs of those roots seemed to remain; for I felt pride, anger, the love of the world, and such like "roots of bitterness" springing up within and marring my peace. And though I loved God, that love did not appear to be perfect. And learning from this tract, and the Scriptures therein quoted, that it was the "will of God, even my sanctification," this became the object of my pursuit.

Among my besetting sins, and perhaps the hardest one to grapple with, was passion, or anger, connected with an impetuosity of nature, which often led me into hasty acts or words, for which I was afterward sorry. When this occurred it marred my peace of mind, nor

could I recover this until I had repented of it, and obtained forgiveness from God. When a mere child, my mother, noticing this characteristic in me, often said she feared this quickness of temper would lead me into serious trouble in after life; and, if it had not been cured, or brought under the control of the grace of God, I am fearful it would have been the case. With this sin I had a severe contest, which lasted three weeks; but I was finally victorious, and for three years did not have my passions ruffled under any ever so trying circumstances.

My nature was not changed, as to its impetuosity, but that being in subjection to the grace of God, it was under control from angry passions. It has often betrayed me into too fast action or words, and hence imprudences, though actuated by the purest of motives. But over my passions I have, by the grace of God, had such control as not to notice even an intended insult, till it was too far in the past to notice, and let it go to the moles and the bats.

While at Carlisle I had an opportunity of witnessing the "power," upon the bodies of persons under religious influence, which led me to examine the case closely, philosophically, physiologically, and religiously. The first instance was in class-meeting. A young lady of feeble physical frame, but of undoubted piety, rose to relate the state of her mind, in answer to the inquiry of the leader, and while speaking fell like a log set up on one end, striking her head on the iron foot of an old-fashioned ten-plate stove. There was no excitement in the room, further than a good calm state of religious feeling; and no other one was exercised as she was.

When I saw her fall upon the iron my flesh cringed, and my breath suspended for a moment, for I thought her skull must be broken, and if so, that death must

ensue. Every joint and muscle in her frame appeared to have lost all elasticity, and assumed a rigidity, to me, unaccountable. A cold chill passed over my whole frame; and if I had not been sitting I should have sunk down upon my seat.

I have seen men fall from being shot, and have stepped over the dead on the field of battle; but the idea of such a fall, and as I thought for a moment, a death in the house of God, and connected with his worship, gave me such feelings as I never had before or since. But they were momentary, for the good sisters present, who understood the matter, immediately raised her up, and the rigid state of her frame was gone and she went on with her sweet story of love to God and his cause, and of the peace and joy she felt in her soul. And when the meeting was out she walked off as sprightly as if nothing of the kind had occurred. I inquired, afterward, if her head was not hurt, and was assured that not even a bump was raised.

Soon after this I went with this young lady and several other persons of both sexes, six miles on foot, to hear brother Birch preach, at one of his country appointments. At the close of the class-meeting, which followed preaching, this young lady took a regular jumping shout. Four young ladies, each of them larger and stouter than herself, attempted to hold her, but in vain. Their united strength was apparently no more than that of a child. She would spring from them, sometimes across the room, and repeatedly leap some two feet high and fall to the floor, her head often striking on the end of a table or chest which stood in the room, and then upon the uncarpeted floor. This was continued for an hour or more, in which time she must have taken twenty or more such falls. At first my feelings again cringed; but recollecting the occurrence in the church, and seeing that she received no injury

now, my fears subsided, and I sat with astonishment and wonder, viewing the scene before me, being now satisfied that her excitement and superhuman strength were produced in some mysterious way, to me unknown, by the influence of the Divine Spirit upon her constitutional temperament. I was also satisfied that no person could receive injury, in such an exercise, when it was from the divine influence; for God never did, and never will hurt any body.

On our way home, near midnight, after thus traveling twelve miles on foot, and taking an hour's jumping and thumping on the table, chest, and floor, she made no complaint of weariness, but said she felt better in body and mind than when she went out to the meeting.

Feeling disposed to obey God in all things, and believing that he would not have called me to the ministry, but with a design to assist and bless and make me useful in it, I devoted my leisure moments to reading, prayer, hearing the Word, and, as opportunity occurred, to converse with and exhort others to seek the pearl of great price; and I had the satisfaction of seeing one converted who attributed her awakening to my conversation and exhortation in the social circle, before I left Carlisle. Such was my thirst for knowledge, and that kind too that would qualify me for the work to which I felt myself to be called, that when I could not get lights in the house, I have sat for hours out-of-doors and read by moonlight, when that orb was at or near its full, and no clouds intervening.

In the Fall of that year, (1809,) I attended a camp-meeting about six miles from Carlisle, but with very different views and feelings from those I had at Croton, N. Y., in 1805. About a dozen of us, male and female, not belonging to families who had tents, nor having friends on the ground who had tents to invite

us to, associated to form a tent. The ladies furnished bedding, and sheets of which to make the tents, and the cooking and table apparatus, while the men made up a purse to purchase the provisions, and procure a team to convey the ladies and baggage to and from the encampment, the men going on foot. We pitched our tent near the preachers' stand, and from prudential motives, invited an elderly married man to tent with and preside over us.

This meeting, to me, was the nearest heaven of any place I had ever been in; and I felt that if other duties of life would admit of it, I should like to live and die on that sacred spot. It was, indeed, "the house of God and the gate of heaven" to me, and hundreds of others.

I suppose there was the usual amount of rowdyism outside the camp, for, as in the days of Job, "when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them," so it has been since, but I saw none of it, for I went not among them. A powerful work of God was going on in the tents, and at the altar, and scores, and probably a hundred or more precious souls were converted to God. I never wept more freely than when I left the ground, which to me, and to many others, was holy ground.

At this meeting I witnessed more of the shouting and jumping exercise, under circumstances that proved the protection of God from any and all harm. The seats in the altar were made of thick oak slabs, having sharp edges, but slightly trimmed. The jumpers were mostly ladies' who leaped high and fell upon the edges of the seats with such force that under ordinary circumstances must have broken limbs and ribs. But no one was injured.

I saw some who fell, when awakened to a sense of their lost estate, male and female, who lay for hours as

if dead, having no appearance of life, except a regular pulse and occasional breathing; some lay as limpsy as a rag, their joints as loose as those of a skeleton hung together by wires, while others were so stiff and rigid in their joints that apparently a bone would break as soon as a joint would bend. In all these cases when the person came to, it was with a shout of glory to God for pardoning mercy. I saw, also, several, who had previously obtained religion, thus lie, and in general they came out of such spells with a shout, but some came to as if out of a sleep; but all were as happy, apparently, as they could be in the body.

When under awakening, and during my penitent state, the sin of leaving my widowed mother, as I did, was among the heaviest that troubled me; and to make the best amends I could, as I was then situated, I wrote to her, informing her of my whereabouts, and the state of my mind. I soon received an answer that the storm under which I had left home had blown over. The boys were arrested, but all were acquitted but one, who was, indeed, the instigator of the affair by leading the rest of us to the place, for the purpose, as it turned out, of getting us into a quarrel on *his* account, and my mother urged me to return. This caused me to abandon my Ohio intentions and turn my feet toward my native State.

On my way I spent a week in Columbia, on the Susquehanna River, going thence to a camp-meeting about six miles from Lancaster, Penn., in the neighborhood of the Boehms. Here I had another precious time in waiting upon God in the tented grove; here I saw and heard Thomas Birch and Thomas Boring, of Philadelphia, and here I parted with Robert Birch, who received me into the Church and seemed to me as a father.

In one of brother Boring's discourses, he took his

text from Psa. lxxx, 8, etc.: "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it," etc. In applying this to the Church and the spread of pure religion, he said: "God took a branch of this vine and planted it in Oxford, in England. It spread all over that kingdom, and over the Atlantic to our shores, where it took root and is spreading over this land. Though there was a time when all the Methodists in America could have been put into a corn-crib, now all the corn-cribs Joseph had in Egypt could not hold them." Such a remark now would not be so appreciated as then, when Methodists were comparatively few, and were subject to all manner of indignities.

I met at this meeting a young lady, who the year before, at Columbia, had the most remarkable vision of the spirit world of any person I ever saw. She lost her strength in church at a quarterly-meeting, and was carried home Sabbath afternoon. She continued in this state, lying on the bed till Monday morning, when she seemed to awake. She told her friends she should go again and remain in that state till Friday at 3 o'clock, P. M., and charged them to give her nothing to eat or drink, or suffer any person to touch her, and especially not to feel her pulse. The people in town became much excited, and all manner of remarks were made about the case, good, bad, and indifferent. The house was filled with goers and comers from each morning till a late hour at night.

On Wednesday a lady approached her by stealth and felt of her pulse, when she rose up and said: "Why did you suffer this woman to touch me, when I charged you not to? I fell like a dead body from heaven, the moment she did so. I shall go again and remain till Friday, as I told you. But be sure and let no one touch me, or offer me any thing to eat or drink." This incident raised the excitement among outsiders still

higher, and on Thursday another attempt was made to feel her pulse, but was prevented.

On Friday the house was filled with an anxious people to see the rising up. As 3 o'clock approached some misgivings of her friends occurred, lest, being so long without food, she should not come to. But at the moment she sat up in bed, as if an unseen hand had raised her. She upbraided the woman who had made the attempt to touch her the day before, and told her that if she had succeeded she would have been struck dead that moment. She pointed to several in the room, and told them what they had said about her, not in her presence, so that she could not have heard it herself. These revelations prepared the people to believe what she had to say about the spirit world, but which can not be here related.

CHAPTER IV.

ON my way home I went through Philadelphia, Burlington, and South Amboy, to New York. Here I took passage in a sloop bound to Bridgeport, Conn. I had long had a desire to see this place, and took this opportunity to visit it. On our passage up Long Island Sound, in the night, we were struck by a sudden storm, and the vessel being without ballast, and the sailors being rather tardy in getting down the sails, the vessel was thrown upon her beam ends, and the table and chairs in the cabin fell to the lee side in great confusion, and to appearance, for a moment, she must fill with water, and perhaps sink to the bottom of the Sound.

I stood in the cabin door, braced against the sides of it, the only passenger on board, and seeing her go

down gunwales under, I looked, expecting to see the mast and sails in the water, in a moment more. But I was never more calm in mind in my life. I felt assured, if the vessel were lost, I should get ashore in some way, if it was on an oar or plank. This assurance grew out of the fact of my call to the ministry, for I thought that if God designed me for that work, he would preserve me to do it.

During the careening of the vessel, the men held on to the rigging and were quite still, without a profane word. But as soon as she righted up they began their wonted profanity. The captain said he "guessed the passenger was badly scared." But if he had known my thoughts and feelings, he would have guessed otherwise. But I guessed that *they* were badly scared, for they held up from profanity till the danger was passed.

In Bridgeport I obtained work, and wrote to my mother and uncle, who came to see me, and we arranged to buy my time, paid him for it, and thus I became my own master at sixteen years of age. While at Carlisle I took a course of instructions in my trade, from the best workman in that town, and was now qualified to do the best work in my new residence. Bridgeport was then but a small borough, though quite an ancient seaport, and it being better for my trade than Danbury, and but twenty miles from my mother, whom I could visit and transmit my earnings to as they came in, I concluded to stay there.

As soon as I had secured work I made inquiry for Methodists; of these I found but one in the place, and she was a servant girl. But a mile or so out west, in "Mutton Lane," I learned there was a class and preaching-place, at "Father Wells's." His wife with two of her sisters constituted the first class of Methodists formed in New England by Jesse Lee; who said "the

first success he met with in New England was in that he caught those ewe lambs in Mutton Lane."

This name was attached to the street which constituted the line between the towns of Stratford and Fairfield. The parish church, which then stood on it, was called Stratfield, partaking of the names of both towns, as it embraced territory in each.

This street ran down upon a point of land into Long Island Sound, between Bridgeport and Black Rock harbors, and in the Revolutionary war, when the British occupied Long Island, the Tories and Cowboys, who stole the sheep and cattle of the Whigs, and conveyed them to the British, took them down this street, called a lane, though of ample width, and shipped them to the Island. This gave the street the name of Mutton Lane. It was on this street that the famous Barnum, the prince of humbugs, built his splendid residence that was afterward burned.

On the morning of the first Sabbath after I reached Bridgeport, I wended my way to Father Wells's, in quest of a Methodist meeting—for "birds of a feather will flock together"—and on entering the house, and before I had time to introduce myself, Mother Wells met me with a smiling countenance and outstretched hand, saying, "This, I presume, is our young brother of whom we have heard in Bridgeport." Of course, I received a hearty welcome.

I went with them that day to prayer and class-meeting, held in a private house, and the next night being preaching night, I presented my certificate to Billy Hibbard, then in charge of Old Reading circuit, and thus became attached to the first Methodist class formed in New England. This was about the 10th of September, 1809.

In October I visited my mother in Danbury, and on Sabbath, the 29th, attended Methodist meeting in

the old school-house, the first time I had met that class since I embraced religion. I found that several young persons, of my former associates, had embraced religion, and belonged to the class. But, had it been otherwise, I now had strength enough to withstand the charms of youthful company. I heard a local preacher of my name, but not near enough related to claim any connection with him, except in the Lord.

From the time I was enlightened on the subject of sanctification I had been in earnest pursuit of it, by fasting every Friday, and by continued meditation and prayer, and faith. My faith was: 1. That the blessing was attainable. I should no more have sought this blessing if I had not believed it attainable, than I should have sought justification without faith in its attainability. 2. I believed that it was "the *will of God*, even my sanctification;" and if so, it was not only a privilege, but a duty to seek and enjoy it. And, further, that "if I confessed my sins"—as I did—"he was faithful and just to forgive my sins, and to cleanse me from all unrighteousness." 3. I believed that without it I should lack a fitness for heaven, for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord" in peace. 4. I believed that in the enjoyment of this blessing I should be happier than in a mere justified state; for the holier a person is the more he is like God, and, of course, the happier; and happiness, both on earth and finally in heaven, was the great object of my pursuit.

While I was listening to the Word preached on this day a strange feeling came over me. I seemed to be on the banks of Jordan, in sight of the promised land I then viewed the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, as typical of conversion; their journey through the wilderness, as typical of the justified state; and crossing Jordan, as typical of sanctification. This accounts for the train of thought and feeling. In an

instant a change came over me, as sensibly as when I was converted, which gave me a higher and purer peace than that of justification, and the same kind of whisper in my ear, as I had experienced when awakened and converted, said, "You are sanctified."

But, thought I, this is impossible for one so young, and in so short a time after conversion; while the Israelites were forty years in the wilderness, in what I then deemed to be a type of the justified state, and many, now on their way, had been ten, twenty, and even forty years in that state, and yet not sanctified. But the whisper was repeated, "You *are* sanctified." "Then," said I, "Lord, if it is so, give me the evidence of it;" and the evidence came in a similar manner to that of justification, except that the peace I now felt was as much superior to that of justification, as the latter is superior to the peace of a mind not disturbed by a consciousness of sin.

I had had a conviction of the necessity of being cleansed from inbred sin, as clear as were my convictions of sin, and the necessity of pardon; but with this difference: Before justification a heavy sense of sin and burden of guilt lay upon my conscience, but after pardon, and before sanctification, I had no sense of guilt. I could not, of course, feel guilty of sin for which I had been pardoned—but I felt a sense of want of conformity to the divine image; a hungering and thirsting to be made clean, to have my love to God made perfect.

But now my peace of mind and love to God seemed to be perfect. It flowed like the *river*, not like a brook over falls and rapids, and then in a smoother current, but deep, constant, and uniform. And to preserve this state of mind, one means I adopted was not to do any thing that I would not be willing to die in the act; and when any thing presented itself to be done, or if solicited or tempted to do any thing, I first

looked inwardly and to God, to see whether my conscience approved or disapproved, and whether I would be willing to die in the act and go before my judge. If so, I went on; if not, I desisted, no difference what, when, or where, or what would be the consequences, the persecutions, opprobriums, or contempt it might subject me to. And this is still the motto of my life, and a safeguard.

I have often erred in judgment as to what was right or wrong, and from that cause erred in action, but still feeling no reproof of conscience. I acted as I did with a willingness to die in the deed, if God should see fit to call me then, and trusted to his mercy to overlook and wipe out the unavoidable infirmities of my nature. In short, however I may have erred in judgment, and, consequently, therefrom erred in action, it has been only in such matters as do not involve a violation of the moral law, and, of course, not a matter of approval or disapproval by an enlightened conscience, but such matters as are left to human judgment, or such things as we may do or not do, without involving guilt before God. In all such matters, if shown my error, it gives me more pleasure to be corrected, than it would to triumph in the error in debate on the question.

I found that I was not exempt from temptation, but rather temptations were heavier than before; but they had less effect, there being no foe within to reciprocate or aid the outward enemy. The nearer one lives to God, the more the devil will hate him, and, of course, try him; and the higher one rises in the favor of God, and the higher the profession of it, the farther he must fall, if he falls at all, and the more harm it will do to the cause of God. This furnishes another and a strong reason for Satanic attack. And, finally, I have found that grace being according to our day, not only implies that grace will be given to meet any emergency, but it

implies that grace will not be given when and where there is no use for it. It must be used, like any other talent, to grow. Hence, whatever grace we may have, it will be tried to its utmost power of resistance, but not beyond what we are able to bear.

I found, further, that the human heart is like a fort; when attacked from without, if there is an enemy within who will open the gates, or weaken the defenses, there is more danger of its falling than if there were no such enemies within. And so with temptation; if there is within the heart what will reciprocate or affiliate with what is without, the defenses are weakened, and it is harder to resist. If there is disease in the body, there is not that strength to resist disease that there would be if perfect health and strength reigned within.

In the course of the ensuing week, after receiving this blessing, I returned to Bridgeport, and on Saturday night, while full of peace and joy, was contemplating the morrow's meeting, and the telling of my class-mates what great things God had done for me. Just then Satan made an assault on a new tack. "Now," said he, "that will be very foolish in you, for you are so young, and of so short experience that no one will believe you. There are old and pious members of the class, who have lived as holy as you, and yet have not attained to this grace. You will only injure the cause, by bringing this doctrine into disrepute and contempt. For the good of the cause, therefore, you ought to keep this matter to yourself. Enjoy it as well as you can, to yourself, but do not expose this great and holy doctrine, and yourself, to contempt, and thereby prevent others from seeking it."

It must be admitted that this is a very specious and plausible argument, and being so clothed, as "an angel of light," I was not aware, at first, that it was the devil who suggested this to my mind. As I loved the cause

of truth, and was unwilling to injure it in any way, I yielded to the suggestion, and instantly a painful darkness came over my mind, and I felt reproved for concluding not to let the light, which God had marvelously given me, shine before others, and thereby encourage them to glorify God by seeking it also. I saw at once that it was the devil who presented this specious argument, and who had taken advantage of my youth and inexperience, and thus led me, unwittingly, to grieve the Good Spirit. Had I known the author of the suggestion, I should have rejected him, and his argument, at once; but, having "transformed himself into an angel of light," he deceived me. But the finale of the matter was to his disadvantage, for I learned by it some of his wiles, and how to resist him in the future.

I spent the night in regret, in sorrow, and in prayer, and promised God that if he would restore the blessing, I *would* declare it; and whether he did or not, I determined to declare what he *had* done for me, and how the enemy had cheated me out of it; and warn all, in case they obtained like favor, not to be thus misled. Toward morning the blessing returned, but not as clear and unclouded as before. There seemed to be a drawback to it, as if to chastise me for my want of faith in God, to acknowledge him before men, and leave consequences with him.

The next day I met the class, and told the whole story, and how I then felt. In doing so the evidence was brightened, and my class-mates, instead of doing as Satan intimated they would, rejoiced, and magnified the grace and mercy of God, and took courage to seek it for themselves. It was not long before several of the members of the class professed to have attained the same great blessing to their own souls.

In the first year of my Christian life, once in about

two weeks, I had a regular set-to with the enemy, and every trial I came through, being always eventually victorious, I felt as if I had passed through a refining furnace, and came out, like the silver or gold, purer than before, and could see with my mind's eye the dross that was left behind; and this, too, after, as well as before, sanctification. I also perceived that the enemy grew weaker and weaker, after every repulse, and I grew stronger.

But what he failed in strength he tried to make up in strategy. He suggested to me that he had tried his last mode of attack, having varied his mode in every trial, every time trying some new tack, till he was exhausted, and could not attack in any new form, but must come, if at all, in one of the old modes. This was done to throw me off my guard; for I soon found that when such a thought occurred, some new mode of attack would soon follow, and felt the full force of the declaration of the Lord, that the devil is a liar and the father of lies, and is not to be trusted; and that my only safety was in living near to God, and resisting the devil, in whatever shape or form he might come. If I attempted to reason with him he always got the better of the argument; and well he might, for he is of a higher order of intelligence, and has had six thousand, or more, years of experience in sophistry and deception. The only way, therefore, is to resist him at once, that he may flee from us, and do as Michael did, when contending with him about the body of Moses, pray God to rebuke him. We *can* pray, and

> "The devil trembles, when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees!"

Even our Divine Lord and Master, with all his wisdom, did not attempt to reason with the devil, in the temptation, but repulsed him, by quoting the Word

of God, and by a direct rejection, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

In Bridgeport I began to make my first efforts at exhortation and public prayer—a small affair, of course. In my first efforts in the prayer-meetings, it seemed as if my breast was as large as a half-bushel, and I could not only feel my heart beat, but hear its throbs in my ears; and sometimes it seemed, or really was the case, that my heart, or something else, rose into my throat, so as to prevent my utterance, and I would have to desist. But my brethren bore with my weakness in the day of small things, and recommended me for license to exhort, and on the 10th of March, 1810, I was so licensed by the quarterly-meeting conference, and I commenced making regular appointments, and held prayer-meetings, and exhorted.

My acquaintance with Mother Wells gave me an opportunity to hear much of Jesse Lee, and from her I learned many interesting anecdotes of him, which I have not seen in print. Mrs. Wells lived opposite Mrs. Wheeler, at whose house Lee first called, on coming to the place. Mrs. Wells was one of the company of ladies who were at Mrs. Wheeler's at the time of the call.

It has been stated that Mrs. Wheeler joined the class first formed by Mr. Lee, but this is a mistake. She very cordially received him to her house, and heard him with much pleasure and profit; and, in my time, was very friendly, and often attended preaching, prayer and class meetings, but never joined the Methodists. The first class consisted of three sisters, of the Hall family, who resided on the same street, about three miles distant. They were Mary Wells, Ruth Hall, who was never married, and a married sister, who died in the Lord before my time there, and whose name is gone from me. Mrs. Wheeler was a member of the Congregational Church.

The Hall family thus becoming identified with the Church, their house was the preaching and stopping place for Mr. Lee, in that neighborhood, at that time.

At one of his appointments here, while preaching, a child cried, and its mother started to leave the room with it, when a rowdy shoved out his foot to trip her, and cause her to fall to the floor with the child. Lee saw this, and stopped in his discourse, and looking the man full and sternly in the face, said, "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, *Satan* came also among them." At this the eyes of the congregation, most of whom had noticed his meanness, turned upon him, and as Lee resumed his discourse, the man slunk away, in shame and disgrace, and never troubled them again.

At one time, when Lee was standing at the door of the Hall house, it being on elevated ground, and looking over the beautiful landscape between him and the Sound, he noticed the Stratfield meeting-house, and said, "The Methodists will yet own and occupy that house." Mother Wells often repeated the prediction to me, when there was no more prospect of its becoming true than of any other improbable thing; but she believed that the Good Spirit suggested the thought to him, and that it would be so. And, as Bridgeport grew in population and business, a new meeting-house was built there for the parish, and the old one, in 1815, fell into the hands of the Methodists. This old building had then stood there one hundred and thirty years, and the steeple to it ninety years. Whitefield preached from the door-step of it, and I saw in the neighborhood an old lady who was converted under his preaching when young.

Not far from this old Stratfield meeting-house, to the south-east of it, in the corner of a field, and on a rise of ground, in my time, there was a large granite

rock, with an oval surface, and covering several square rods. On the top of this rock were some of the most remarkable prints of human limbs that I ever saw, and that greatly stagger the theories of modern geologists. They were near an inch in depth, and apparently made by a man of large size, who faced the East, and fell upon his knees, and then his hands, as if worshiping the sun at its rising. The feet, knees, and hands were naked. The prints had no appearance of being the work of chisels, or other tools, but plainly the impress of the naked natural feet, knees, and hands of a man—being too large to have been of a woman—and much resembling impressions I have seen made in brick-mortar, or soft brick, upon the yard.

As far as I could learn they were there when the whites first settled that country near two hundred years before; but no one had any tradition from the Indians as to their cause, or when first discovered. That rock must have been in a soft state since there were men upon this continent, and hardened since. I have been told by miners from California that there are granite bowlders in that country in all stages of hardness, from those that will easily crumble under the hammer to those too hard for the drill or chisel; and I have been told by a miner from Cornwall, England, that he has wrought in granite crevice mines in that country, in which one side of the crevice was so hard that when struck by the pick the fire would fly, while on the other side the wall, though as pure granite as its opposite, was so soft that it required planking to prevent its caving in upon the workmen. The persons giving me this information were men of intelligence and moral integrity. Allowing what they said to be true, and I believed them, it goes to confirm the idea that this granite rock, near Bridgeport, Conn., was once soft enough to receive the imprints I saw in them.

In 1852, having occasion to use the fact of those imprints, I wrote to a friend at Bridgeport to examine them, and give me a description thereof; but he wrote back that the quarries had destroyed the surface of the rock, and they could not be found.

Being now authorized to hold meetings I was not idle, but made appointments in different places, some of them several miles distant, to and from which I traveled on foot. No storms prevented me from meeting my appointments; and, to encourage me in facing the storms, Mother Wells frequently told me how the little zealous flock of early Methodists used to travel on foot for miles to meet their praying friends, and sometimes their long red cloaks—the fashion of those times—would be so thickly covered with sleet and frozen rain that they would stand upright on the floor after the wearers had got out of them.

One of my appointments was at Green's farms, six miles out, on Saturday night, and then to brother Osbon's, at Greenfield, two and a half miles, on Sabbath. The class belonged at Osbon's, and the meeting the night before was an extra one. On Sabbath we held morning and afternoon service, meeting class in the interval. This was New England custom. From Osbon's I returned home on Sabbath evening, in time for night meeting. These journeys I performed on foot, about fifteen miles, once in two weeks.

One day, at Osbon's, a young lady stayed in class from motives of curiosity, which had become quite common in those days. In going round I asked her if she enjoyed religion? She said "No." "Have you not a desire for it?" "No," was the prompt reply. From such an answer I took it for granted that she was a hardened sinner, and exhorted her accordingly, which took effect, and she was awakened, and sought and found peace with God. As soon as she became peni-

tent she acknowledged that in class she *did* desire religion, but answered as she did because she feared that she should do as others had done, forget it as soon as she got out-of-doors, and thought she would answer me as her conduct would probably be in the sequel.

But there was an unexpected trouble to meet her in seeking the Savior. She was engaged to be married. As soon as her lover knew that she was seeking religion among the Methodists—which, in most cases, in those times was equivalent to joining the Church—he peremptorily demanded of her to leave the Methodists, or he would leave her. To this she promptly replied, "If that is all you care about me, the sooner you leave the better; for I will save my soul, husband or no husband."

This took him all aback; for he thought her love for him would induce her to leave any thing for his sake, not then understanding the depth of the concern of an awakened soul. Finding her so resolute, as he afterward told me, he regretted his demand, and would have given all he had in the world if he had not said it; but, having said it, the pride of his heart would not let him then take it back, and he left her for a season.

But such was his attachment to her he could not be content without seeing her as often as possible; and, to have this privilege, he attended Methodist meetings regularly, where she was sure to be, not only on Sundays, but also on week-night prayer-meetings. This brought him in contact with the awakening instrumentalities of the Gospel; and, hearing her pray in public, after her conversion, he, also, was awakened, and at once approached his loved one, and asked her to forgive him, and allow him to renew his visits—which, of course, she did, and prayed for him; and he was converted in about a month after she was. They were soon afterward married, having both joined the

Church; and he often thanked God, and his wife, too, for her integrity, which had been the means of saving both of them; while, if she had given way to his unreasonable and ungentlemanly demand, probably both would have perished together.

In 1810, on a visit to my mother, she expressed a wish that I would get Betsy, my oldest sister, converted. I replied that I could not convert her; I could only use the means.

"I know that," she said, "but I wish you would use the means."

"I will," said I. "But, mother, would you be willing for her to be a Methodist?"

"I don't care what she is if she will only become a *Christian*."

"Well, there is to be a camp-meeting in September, at Paulding's, seventeen miles from here, and if you will prepare us some provisions I will secure a conveyance, and a place in a tent, and take her along, if she will go."

But the thought of a camp-meeting—which was associated in her mind with all the dismal and slanderous stories she had ever heard of them—caused her to shudder.

"But, mother, are you afraid to trust Betsy anywhere?"

"No," said she; "but such dreadful stories are told of them, I fear some bad report; but, if you will see to her she may go."

Betsy was one of those lively and moving spirits that gave life to the company she was in, and, without her, the circle in which she moved—the first in the place—were at a loss for amusements. She took the lead in the talk, in the play, and in the dance; and this was the reason for my mother's great anxiety for her conversion to God.

As the time for the meeting approached, I dreamed

of seeing a child, a mere infant, whose hands and fingers were tinged with gold, very bright, and it was very happy, lifting its hands and saying glory, though apparently too young to talk. This encouraged me greatly to hope and pray for my sister's conversion. But it was the most distant thought in *her* mind. She had not heard the conversation between me and my mother upon the subject. But being of a romantic turn of mind, when I proposed to her to accompany me to the meeting, she at once consented, laughingly, expecting a romantic time of it, including the ride in the country and the scenery in the woods.

The people with whom we tented were of acknowledged respectability, which allayed the fears of both mother and sister. As soon as we were on the ground I introduced her to some sisters of deep piety, intelligent, and zealous for the salvation of souls; informing them of the desire of myself and mother. As I and my history had become somewhat known among them, there was an additional motive to prompt them to diligence in the matter. And on the Sabbath she was powerfully convicted and convinced of sin, so that she went into the prayer circle and wept and prayed. But she did not then and there find peace, but became fixed in her determination to abandon the pleasures of sin, and seek for pardoning mercy.

On reaching my mother's on Monday, an unexpected storm broke down upon us. Some persons who were at the meeting on Sabbath and saw my sister in the prayer ring, saw, also, a girl of doubtful reputation in the same ring containing probably two hundred persons, though on the opposite side of it, and in no wise connected with her. But on reaching town they reported that Betsy was down with Phene B. among the Methodists. This roused my mother. She thought Betsy was ruined. She forgot that the Savior had

compassion on a Magdalene, as well as on Martha and Mary, and was fairly frantic to think that Betsy had so disgraced herself, in her imagination.

In this state of things I attempted to reason the case with her, but to no purpose. I finally said, "Mother, did you not desire me to get Betsy converted?"

"Yes, but I did n't think you would."

"Why, did n't you mean what you said?"

"Yes, but I do n't want her to be a Methodist."

"But you consented that she might be, if she would only be a Christian."

"I know I did; but she so disgraced herself by being down on the ground with that girl."

"But, mother, there were probably two hundred people in the ring, and Betsy was on the opposite side of it from her, and had no connection, whatever, with her, more than she and you have often had, by sitting in the church where she was. And, further, she was not on the ground otherwise than by standing and kneeling. She did not fall and lie helpless."

"O! I thought she did."

"But, mother, do you not believe that God fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass?"

"Yes; certainly I do."

"Well, do you believe that God would fore-ordain or decree any thing to be, contrary to his will?"

"No; certainly not."

"Well, it has come to pass that I and Betsy are Methodists, and according to your views, it was so fore-ordained or decreed, and in accordance with the Divine will. Now, will you oppose the will of God?"

"Well, I know," said she, "that I am not submissive enough to the will of God. I would rather it had been otherwise, but if it must be so, it must; and I'll try to submit to it, the best I can." And she did so, leaving us

to enjoy ourselves as best we could. I have reason to believe she was thankful that it was so, before she died.

But there was another trial for Betsy to come off that night. A rally was made by the *elite* and jolly youths, her former associates, to make a desperate effort to get her to play her old part in the amusements of the circle. They gathered at my mother's to accomplish their design, knowing that if they could succeed, it would cure her of what they thought and called gloomy Methodism. But they failed in the attempt.

She received the company with her usual courtesy, and treated them with politeness, but without a smile. Her spirit was too deeply wounded to trifle, and especially at such a critical moment, for she felt that her eternal interests hung upon the events of that hour.

They proposed different plays, such as she formerly delighted in, and in which she used to take an active lead, but to no purpose. To help her in this critical moment, I commenced and carried on a religious conversation, rather in the form of an exhortation. To ward off this, some of them began to controvert my doctrine, and rather than fail in thwarting their purpose, I argued the points with them.

At an early hour they all left, and as they were passing through the front yard to the gate, I heard one of them say, "Well, Betsy's gone; Alfred has got her fast enough." This ended all their efforts to pervert her from the service of God. Those very persons, some of whom were afterward converted to God, commended her, after the first excitement was over, for her integrity, and averred that her faithfulness in her religious course was an honor to her and the cause of God, and contributed greatly to assuage their prejudices, and lead them to seek religion.

She, also, was betrothed at the time, and was

threatened with abandonment, as was the young lady at Osbon's, but she gave the same answer, which was followed by similar regrets on his part, and similar attendance at meeting to gratify his eyes by a sight of her. But as he did not embrace religion, as did the other, she would never countenance him afterward. She said that "a tyrant at the threshold would be a devil in the house, and she would keep clear of trouble while she was out of it, if she could."

In November following, 1810, Betsy was yet groaning to be set free from her sins. She had endured all the persecutions and opprobrium then lavished upon Methodists, for over two months, without the comforts of religion. She was impelled forward only by a sense of her guilt and danger. But I wrote her to meet me at Reading at the quarterly-meeting, and she did so.

The meeting was held in the old town-house, our place of worship at this time, in that town. On Sunday morning in the love-feast, she rose and related the state of her mind and the distress of her soul on account of unpardoned sin, and asked the prayers of God's people in her behalf. It was so unusual then for a penitent thus to speak in love-feast, that it attracted general attention, and all eyes were turned toward her, and all hearts and many voices were raised to heaven in her behalf. Before she had done speaking the answer came; and she fell back into a good sister's arms, and in a few moments was happy in God.

She subsequently married Bartholomew Weed, who was afterward a member of the Philadelphia Conference, and afterward removed to Wisconsin, and settled in Plattville, where she died in peace, in 1841. Brother Weed is now a member of the Newark Conference.

Reading circuit in those days extended from Stamford to Stratford along the Sound, and back into the country to Reading, Danbury, Ridgefield, New Canaan,

etc., with all the intermediate places where they would receive Methodist preaching. At Canaan we had a small church on a side-hill. The front door was near the level of the ground, while the back or pulpit end was several feet high, standing on columns. In those days some people thought it smart in them to get into our love-feasts or class-meetings by stealth or force, to see what was going on, believing from reports that it was some devilment, of course, to make Methodists so rapidly as they were increasing in the country; and the idea of a meeting with doors closed against outsiders, seemed to confirm this vain imagination.

At a quarterly-meeting held in this place, as was usual, three good stout men were placed at the door to keep the rowdies out of the love-feast. But one bravado declared to his comrades his intention to go in and see what was done, if he had to fight for it; so he forced his way past the door-keepers, who, seeing the devil in him, yielded, rather than have a fight.

This rowdy went to the pulpit end and took a seat by an open window, his comrades outside watching to see what would be the result. The people gathered in thick and fast, and he was soon hemmed in on both sides by the devout worshipers, and shortly the house was full, the door was closed and barred inside, and the three men stood with their backs against it.

In the mean time the exercises began with singing and prayer. Great power was manifested from the throne above, and some were shouting and clapping their hands, some were jumping, and others falling to the floor. This rowdy had never seen or heard the like before, and he became alarmed. Strange feelings came over him, and he began to think of an escape. He looked at the door, but there was the bar, and the three men; he looked out of the window, and the ground seemed fearfully distant. But his fright

increased as the inside of the house grew warmer, and the falling and shouting more frequent, and he became frantic. At that moment one of the jumpers fell across his lap, and he rose, and with one bound went head foremost out of the window, leaving his hat behind, and lighting on the ground some ten or twelve feet from the window. When the rowdies outside saw him falling to the ground, they exclaimed, "There, they 've cast out the devil." Some one threw his hat out to him, which he took up, and made tracks for what was to his idea, a safer place.

In my case a grave question arose, or rather some made so much of it as to give it that character, as to the rights, powers, privileges, and prerogatives of an exhorter, and the line of demarkation between exhorting and preaching. I could not exhort without some foundation to base my remarks upon; and hence, would directly or indirectly get in a text. This, by some, was called preaching, which I had no right to do without license.

To talk without something to talk about, or something to start an idea or thought from, appeared to me like building a pigeon house on a pole. I was told that I had the whole Bible before me to talk from. This was true. But to talk helter-skelter on all the topics in the Bible, was too much like some preaching I have heard, beginning in the middle and leaving off at each end. To take up and explain any one topic or point found in the Bible, is to take a text. To aim at every thing in general, but nothing in particular, did not suit my taste; and if exhorting is a stepping-stone to preaching, or if the Church must have some evidence of *gift* for preaching in a candidate, before it can approve of him as being called to that work, how is he to evince this but by using a text in some way in his exhortations?

My gifts, whatever they may be, are for textual preaching—to take a text, and explain it. Topical preaching and exhortation are so nearly allied as to be inseparable. After much discussion with preachers and people, the grave conclusion was, that an exhorter might *steal* a text. That is, he had no right to sing and pray and take a text, giving book, chapter, and verse: but might, after singing and prayer, begin to introduce a subject, and bring in a text that he wished to explain, but not tell where it could be found. He must not divide it into heads and points, but might, topical fashion, take up one at a time, till he gets through the heads and points of it. This looked like "whipping the devil round the stump;" but it being the law, I had to abide by it.

CHAPTER V.

IN reading the Bible, and the history of the old prophets and patriarchs, no one seemed to excite my sympathy so much as Jeremiah. My soul seemed to enter deeply into his sufferings and trials; and in contemplating them, I thought of the great reward that awaited him in heaven. As a child, in the simplicity of my soul, and without weighing or thinking of the consequences, but, like Moses, "having respect to the recompense of reward," I thought I would rather be like him in suffering and trials, than any other of his class that I read of, so that I might receive the reward that I presumed he must have attained to. But I little thought that I should come so near him as I have in trials of the mind. I have not been imprisoned as he was. But I could not have suffered more in mind, if I had been; and from the hinderances, discourage-

ments, repulses, and bluffing off, that I have met with, I deem it not arrogance to think and say that my experience places me, in a low scale, in the class to which that prophet belongs. And when I get to heaven, as I expect to do, I think I shall look up Jeremiah, and join him in praising God for sustaining grace in the trials of this life.

I had by this time learned that most of our preachers had been once or more backslidden from God because they disobeyed, like Jonah, the call of God to the ministry. And when I heard them tell of the risks which they ran of utter ruin; of the heavy chastening providences that fell upon them before they would yield to obey God, I felt thankful that I had "never been disobedient to the heavenly vision" in this matter, but yielded at once to do what God had enjoined upon me.

But this willingness to do my duty was construed into forwardness and the offspring of self-conceit; this, too, by those very men who had been rebellious, had been chastised for it, and now professed great regrets that they had not, like Paul, obeyed "the heavenly vision." Alas, for poor human nature; to condemn one for doing just what they *ought* to have done, and what they now profess deeply to regret that they did not do! But they felt it to be their duty to check and curb me, lest, as they thought, I should run too fast. I do not say that there was no danger of too fast running, in one of my natural temperament. But I think there is a difference between gently curbing the spirited steed, and knocking him down; between curing and killing.

In the Fall of 1810, Nathan Emery being on the circuit, a young man by the name of Wakeman Penfield, one of our neighbors, being on a visit to Green's farms, was induced to hear Emery, on this wise, and with the following results:

Young Penfield had not been at the farms for a year or so; in which time a gracious revival of religion had occurred, and a large class of Methodists had grown up, embracing many of his old acquaintances. Not knowing of this, and expecting to meet the young people in youthful glee, on seeing a young man going past the door where he had stopped, he inquired where he was going to spend the evening.

"I am going to meeting."

"Meeting! what meeting?"

"Why, Methodist meeting."

"Well, I'll go too, for I never heard a Methodist in my life."

"Well, come along." He did so, and was awakened. This changed the tone of his feelings, and changed all his purposes of amusement. He followed the preacher the next night to Osbon's, at Greenfield, and the next day being Saturday, he went home, and Sunday morning went to Lee's Chapel, to hear Emery again, and invited him to visit his mother and family on Monday, his father being absent while on his way to Wells's for that night, where I first met with him.

Penfield had told his mother and sisters of the expected visit from the Methodist preacher on Monday, and of his own awakening, and determination to seek religion. All the family treated the matter respectfully except one sister of thirteen, who rigged herself out in the most gorgeous style she could, with curls, ribbons, and ruffles, and went tiddling-diddling about the house, as if possessed. And every time she met her brother, she inquired about his Methodist priest. As soon as the preacher appeared her countenance fell; his appearance seemed to strike her under conviction; and as soon as possible, after the introduction, she slipped away to her room and laid aside her ribbons and ruffles, and combed back her curls, and returned to the

room as grave and serious as was her brother. She knew nothing of Methodism then, or of its rules and usages; but the Good Spirit that had reached her heart led her to this plainness of apparel.

Superfluities in dress were then unknown among Methodists, and they could be known by their dress as far as they could be seen, as easily as Quakers. It was a common occurrence, as in this case, for a convicted sinner to throw off all golden ornaments, ribbons and ruffles, and comb back her curls as soon as conviction of sin reached the heart. So true it is, in the language of our General Rules, after requiring the laying aside of all these things: "All these [rules] we know his Spirit writes on truly awakened hearts." The preacher talked to all the family, and prayed with them, and after dinner left them for his appointment.

That night Wakeman and his sister were at our meeting at Wells's, and made themselves known as penitents, seeking the Savior. Though they lived within three miles of our place of meeting, none of the family had ever been there, nor to a Methodist meeting anywhere, until the Thursday night previous, as above stated.

Like most true penitents of those times, young Penfield was in earnest, and sought all the helps he could to aid and strengthen him in the pursuit of salvation. To this end he invited me to visit him and the family the ensuing Saturday night. He met me on the road, and informed me that the people were up in arms at the change that had come over the family. No concern had been manifested for them while they were all going on in sin; but now there was great alarm lest they should be deceived by the Methodists. His mother had been visited by some of the sedate "standing order," as the Congregationalists were then called in New England, who told her that the Methodists

were the deceivers of the last times, and would, if possible, deceive the very elect; that they were even worse and more dangerous than the Universalists. Her mind had become so excited with alarm that she had forbid his sisters going to Methodist meetings till their father came home, when he could do as he pleased in the matter. He also informed me of the points of doctrine that had been laid to our charge, such as going to heaven by our own works, etc.

The family received me courteously, and we were soon seated and in conversation on Methodism. I explained, as well as I could, our doctrines, showing how and wherein they differed from Calvinism and Universalism, and especially repudiating the false doctrines that were laid to our charge. But I dwelt mostly on experimental religion, its nature, its necessity, its comforts and happiness, and the means instituted of God for its attainment, especially *faith*, instead of works; showing, however, that works of obedience were evidence of, and sprang from faith. Mrs. Penfield stated frankly all the points that had troubled her mind, which I was enabled so to explain as to remove all her difficulties. The next morning she consented that all, her two sons and three daughters, might go to meeting, and at night she came herself, and both she and her five children were soon converted to God and made happy in his love.

Some two or three weeks after this interview—which had been weekly renewed at their request—at our Sunday night meeting, I felt my mind drawn out particularly to exhort old gray-headed sinners. I felt the delicacy of such a course in one so young, and apologized to the aged for so doing; but assured them that I felt drawn out by the Good Spirit, and if God perfected praise by the mouths of babes and sucklings, it might be that if I held my peace the stones would cry out against me. At the close of the meeting young

Penfield introduced me to his father. At a glance I saw his gray hairs, and a tremor passed over me, as I thought of my exhortation; doubting whether or not I had given offense. But in this, as in thousands of other cases, the motto proved to be true, "Speak the truth boldly, and leave consequences with God;" for while he had yet hold of my hand, the tear starting from his eyes, he said: "I am one of those gray-headed sinners you have been talking to. I got home this morning after the children had gone to meeting, and was glad to hear what God is doing for my family, and hope I shall share with them in the blessings of the Lord. I intend to try. This is the first Methodist meeting I ever attended, and must say that I believe God is with you, for I feel it." I never had such sensations of mind; I felt humbled to think that God had made use of me for such good; and I rejoiced in my soul to see sinners coming home to God. He invited me to continue my visits to his family, and finally to appoint a meeting at his house.

The time had run on through the Winter, and a gracious work of God had added about thirty to our class; and in the Spring of 1811 brother Penfield requested me to appoint a meeting at his house. I did so. The news of this flew over the country, and some of our good Methodist brethren were alarmed lest the boy should fail to sustain the honor of Methodism at this advanced post of our Zion.

That the reason for these fears may be understood, it is proper to state that brother Penfield's house was some three miles in advance toward the old town of Fairfield, into which Methodism had not yet gained a foothold, though we were gathering round it. High prejudices existed against us there, and the brethren feared that if I made a failure, those prejudices would be stronger.

It so happened that Oliver Sykes and another preacher, on their way to Conference in New York, called for the night at a brother's in Stratford. The good brother, in his zeal for the honor of our cause, induced the two preachers, after tea, to ride seven miles to Penfield's, to preach, and if not invited to stay all night, to return, and retrace the seven miles the next morning, on their way to New York. Of course, I was glad to see them and hear them.

Brother Sykes preached an excellent sermon, and his traveling companion gave a rousing exhortation, and the people seemed to be edified, and well pleased; many of them having never heard a Methodist before. The preachers were invited to stay for the night, and the occurrence was the means of great good to the family. Brother Penfield often said to me, afterward, quoting our Lord's words to his disciples, when they went out on their first mission, "If the son of peace be there, your peace shall abide upon the house;" "and," he said, "the son of peace evidently abode upon his house from that time, and, indeed, from the beginning of this work."

The usual hue and cry was raised about Penfield's being "eaten out of house and home" by the Methodists; this, too, by persons who had made their visits to his house more expensive than the Methodists did. After about a year, I asked him what effect his embracing religion had had upon his temporal affairs. He said it had been favorable. "I have," said he, "a good deal of company, but it is less expensive than the company I had before. My situation, as you see, is beautiful; from my door I can see Long Island Sound, the beautiful landscapes on the lower lands toward the Sound, and parts of Fairfield, and Black Rock, and Bridgeport; and the gentry of those towns, and especially Fairfield, frequently rode up the hill to see me and my family, to get a view of

the scenery before us, and take tea. Scarcely a week passed without one or more such visits occurring, and the table must be spread suitably to their and my position in society. But when the Methodists came, these expensive visitors desisted; and our Methodist friends are content with our common fare, and being no more in number, but less expensive, I have made more money in the past year than in any previous one."

About this time I heard of an occurrence on Long Island, illustrative of this eating of Methodists out of house and home. A man was converted, and joined the Methodists, and opened his house for preaching, where the Methodists put up when going to and from camp or quarterly meetings—called, in those days, "a Methodist tavern." The father of this good brother often upbraided him for this course, averring that he would soon be eaten out of house and home, and would have to come back and work some part of his farm upon shares, to get a living.

The son replied, "O, no, father, I think not; I do not see any diminution of my means, but rather an increase."

Things went on in this way for a year or two, when, one Spring, the father said to the son, "I don't know what I shall do for hay, to bring my stock through to grass-time."

"Why, father, how much will you want?"

"I shall need a ton, at least."

"Well, father, I think I can spare that amount, and, it may be, more."

"Why, how is that? You have no more meadows than I have, and you have as many cattle, and, besides that, a great deal of company. How comes it that you have hay to spare?"

"Why, father, the Methodist preachers come to my house with their horses; they make manure; I put that on the land, and that makes the grass grow."

This put an end to the father's fears as to his son's coming to want on that score.

I knew, also, a good brother Hill, in Reading, who was left with a large estate, by his father, but had run through with it all but about four hundred dollars, by high living and sporting. He was converted, and became a new man and pursued a new course of life. He became industrious and economical, yet liberal in the support of the Gospel. At quarterly-meetings, his rule was to let all the other brethren take home with them as many friends as they could accommodate, and then he would say to all that were left, "Follow me." I have stayed at his house, at such meetings, when he had forty guests to care for; yet, in four years' time, he had paid off all the debts he had contracted when in sin; had added to his real estate, and had an income from his business of some eight hundred dollars per annum, over and above family expenses.

In the Spring of 1811 I felt it to be my duty to give myself entirely to the work to which God had called me. I was aware of my youth, being only eighteen years of age. I was also aware of my want of more knowledge, wisdom, and experience; but, if received, I expected to be sent to fields suitable to my case; and, having a thirst for reading, and being of studious habits, I thought I could gain in knowledge, as others had done before me. But, aside from every other consideration, there was a conviction that I should go.

In this state of feeling I had no other thought than if God called, my brethren would aid me in the matter. I applied to Nathan Emery, the preacher in charge, to take the necessary steps for me to join the Conference. But, instead of meeting with fatherly advice and counsel, if I was too fast, as alleged, I met with a positive rebuff, embraced in the word "*No.* You are too young; the Conference won't have you!"

I did suppose that willingness to do a duty enjoined was commendable, and that, though it might need the guidance of a skillful and fatherly hand, godly counsel would put the thing in a right train. But bluffing off a youth whose whole soul was devoted to God, and who had given up high and ambitious worldly projects, to lead a life of privation and toil for the sake of Christ, and the salvation of souls, was entirely unexpected, and unlooked for. Jeremiah could not have felt worse when rejected by the priests and people of Israel, nor when in prison.

The result was, that before I was aware of it, discouragement settled down in my heart; I lost the evidence of perfect love, and doubts occurred as to my call to the ministry; and had not that call been accompanied by circumstances so extraordinary, so near miraculous, I should have given it up, if not religion, too. I turned my thoughts toward the former project of life, the law, but darkness, thick darkness, rested upon it; and, as "hope deferred makes the heart sick," I was on the verge of despair.

I was told that "the spirits of the prophets were subject to the prophets." When the prophets enjoined silence upon Jeremiah, he still prophesied; and it appeared to me that the prophets should act in accordance with the Divine call, or Divine will, or such subjection should not be required; but in this case, one of us, at least, must have deviated from the Divine will; and whether it was myself or not, the weaker had to submit to the stronger, and I must give up all hope of getting into the itinerancy very soon, if I ever should.

I had not the vanity to think that I could go alone, or without the Church. Nor could I think of changing my Church relationship. I was then, and still am, a Methodist, and could be nothing else. If I preached at all, it must be as a Methodist, and must wait till the

way opened for me *in* the Church in which I was converted and called of God. But seeing no prospects of such opening for years to come, nor receiving any comfort or encouragement from the preachers, I gave up all hope in that direction, and laid my plans for business of a worldly nature. As the nature of my business, my trade, required a helpmeet, I married, August 26, 1811, Eunice Burr, daughter of Jesse and Sarah Burr, of that part of Fairfield, Conn., which fell into Stratfield parish, near Bridgeport. She was a third or fourth cousin of Aaron Burr; but owing to the course he pursued, in his treasonable enterprise, I never inquired into the exact relationship, not caring to own it. She was converted through my instrumentality, previous to our marriage.

But this step brought down the brakes upon the wheels of my car stronger than ever. Married men, in those days, received no favor in the itinerancy. No young man was allowed to marry under four years after he was received on trial in the itinerancy, without censure; and if he did so within the first two years, the term of his probation, he was discontinued without ceremony.

I entered into business to make stock-work for the New York market; but was doomed to be thwarted in this. Trouble with England had been brewing for some time, and commerce and trade on the high seas were greatly retarded by the frequent capture of our vessels, and the impressment of our seamen; and, preparatory for "the ulterior resort of kings," an embargo was laid on all shipping in the United States, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy in case of war. This was followed, June 18, 1812, by a declaration of war against Great Britain and her dependencies.

Our Lord said, "Seek first the kingdom of God and

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his righteousness, and all these things [meaning food and raiment] shall be added unto you." This promise I had understood in the literal sense, and myself and wife having sought this kingdom, we took it for granted that our industry and economy would insure the other. But the war destroyed my business, and things looked extremely gloomy, as to the means of a living. Being a sailor in my boyhood, I concluded to try the naval service in defense of my country, and was on the eve of starting to New York for that purpose.

But just then an opening appeared before me to move to the West, and I embraced it, as providential. The month of October, 1812, found me in Fowler, Trumbull county, Ohio, settled on a piece of heavily timbered land, out of which I was to procure a living. This was rather a gloomy prospect. But with a strong resolution I went to work. It was necessary for me to work at my trade part of the time, to get means to sustain me while clearing the land, and I did so.

The distance from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to the place of my settlement, was about six hundred miles. Our mode of travel was of the antiquated style; in a wagon, carrying our own clothing, bedding, and provisions, and cooking for ourselves, and spreading our beds on the floor of the tavern or other house at which we might stop for the night. We took a different route from that usually traveled, to shorten the distance, and obtain cheaper fare; but we had a worse road, the most of the way. We passed through New York city, Easton, Berwick, Youngman's Town, Blair's Gap in the Alleghanies, Kittaning, and Mercer, in Pennsylvania, entering Ohio in about six miles from our new home. We were three weeks on the journey; upset once, and stuck in the mud several times, but finally got through safe and well.

As I was about to leave Connecticut, a good sister

said to me: "You have need of a great deal of religion, in going to a new country."

"Why shall I need more there than here?" I inquired.

"Why, you will have new trials; many and great privations; less religious privileges; new scenes to attract, and new enterprises to engage your attention: all of which will so engross your thoughts and attention, that unless you watch and pray much, you will find yourself involved in cares, perplexities, and troubles, and on the background in religion, if you don't entirely backslide." All which I found to be true, not only in myself—though I did not entirely backslide as did thousands of others, who went entirely by the board, in the vast West.

In a few days after our arrival, a good brother, hearing of the arrival of a Methodist family, did as all good people *ought* to do, came to see me, and informed me of the places of preaching, and offered, on the ensuing Sabbath, to come out of his way to guide us to the place of worship. This place was six miles off, and we gladly embraced the kind offer, and went to hear the Rev. James M'Mahon, who, with his brother John, then rode the circuit; a six weeks' circuit with preaching once in three weeks at each place, by one of them. But the class to which our friend belonged, was Brookfield, six miles from us in another direction; to this we presented our certificates, and became members. We soon disposed of our horses, and had to travel this distance on foot, every Sabbath, to prayer-meetings and class, and for preaching on week-days. The next season, having a babe, we carried it in our arms, on foot, the six miles and back, and were glad thus to have the privilege of worshiping God, even in a log-cabin.

This circuit then embraced (1812) all of the Con-

necticut Western Reserve, east of the Cuyahoga River that was settled.

James M'Mahon was a man of high standing, in point of talent, an able preacher, very gentlemanly in his manner, and very much respected. But John, though of superior pulpit powers, was the exact opposite of James in all other particulars. His eccentricities though they appeared to be natural, were apparently indulged in, which led him into gross improprieties, which was an injury to our cause among the sedate and grave Yankees.

He was a hypochondriac of the deepest dye. At one time, at Hudson, on his circuit, he imagined he was dying, and wanted brother Gailord, with whom he lodged, to send across the circuit, some sixty miles, for his brother James to come and preach his funeral sermon; alleging that if the messenger did not go then, he could not possibly get James there in time, as he should not, at the farthest, live longer than the next day, and should probably die before night.

But Gailord, knowing his notions in such cases, declined to send, assuring him that he would be well enough the next day. Upon this he upbraided Gailord with being cruel and hard-hearted, unchristian and inhuman. But if he would-not do that much for him, he wished him to send for a doctor. But this, also, was declined, when another tirade of hard names came down upon him, for letting a man die in his house, and refusing even to send for a doctor.

To appease him they sent a boy for the doctor, or, at least, so alleged. In the mean time, John was walking the floor, feeling his pulse, and gazing in the glass, at his pale face. But casting his eyes out of the window, he saw the boy playing with some others on the public square, when he exclaimed, "There, that boy has gone to play, and is not going for the doctor at all,"

and feeling his indignation rise, said he would go himself, and suiting the action to the word, he took his hat and started on a run. By the time he reached the boys, his blood was in good motion, and like the boy, also, he stopped and went to play with them.

In the same year he was at Isaac Powers', in Youngstown, when a fit of this horrible disease came upon him. He could not eat, and got the good sister to spread a bed for him on the floor before the fire. In the morning when Powers got up to make a fire, he ordered John to get up, and not be lying there like a dog. He said this to rouse him, knowing that it would cure him. But John only groaned as if it was his last; and getting up he seated himself by the jamb of the big old-fashioned fire-place, and desired Powers, if he should see any body going toward Poland, the place of his next appointment, to send word that he could not be there, as he was very sick.

When breakfast was ready he had not washed, and there was no water up from the spring. Powers took the pail and handed it to John and told him to go down to the spring and wash below it, and bring up a pail of water. John turned up his eyes imploringly, when Powers put on all the austerity he could, and with a stamp of the foot said, "Go along." This roused John, and he went and did as told, and came back laughing, and said, "Brother Powers, I thank you for that," and being cured, ate his breakfast and went to his appointment.

At another time, at Cadiz, Ohio, he had a fit of the hypochondria come on him, and said he must die. He went through the usual farce of looking in the glass, and lay down, feeling his pulse, etc., when a preacher sitting by his side—every other means having failed to rouse him—seeing a marble-yard and tombstones across the way, said, "Brother John, if you are really going to die, would n't it be a good idea for you

to go across the way and select a tombstone, such as you would like to have at your grave?" The idea was so ludicrous that John burst into a hearty laugh, and sprang to his feet cured, for that time.

After traveling a poor circuit where he could get no clothes, on his way to Conference in mere rags, he called at Steubenville, where he was invited to preach. His fame as a pulpit orator having preceded him, a large crowd assembled in the court-house to hear. He commenced by acting the clown. A gentleman who became disgusted, inquired of one by his side, "Is that the great M'Mahon? If so, I have got enough of him;" and rose to leave. John seeing this, threw off the mask and said, "Stop; I have something to tell you." At this, the gentleman resumed his seat, and John gave them such a torrent of eloquence, that all were astonished and delighted. At the close, several gentlemen gathered about the door and inquired of a Methodist if those were the best clothes he had; "Yes," was the reply, "and all he has. He traveled a poor circuit on the frontier, where the people had nothing to give him."

"Would he be offended if we should give him a suit of clothes?"

"No, I think not; but would be thankful for them."

In the mean time, John, seeing the group at the door, and suspecting that he was the subject of conversation, had left the stand, and got round behind the door to listen, and on hearing the inquiry about the clothes, spoke out, "Try me, and see if I would be offended." The result was he got the new suit before he left town, and went to Conference as well dressed as his better-paid brethren.

In his freaks he was very troublesome about his food, and people made loud complaints. And sometimes when he ventured into the kitchen, interfering

with the rights and prerogatives of the cook, he would leave it with a dishcloth hanging to his coat, behind, on a crooked pin. Sometimes he would take a notion that some particular woman alone could make coffee, or mush, or some other article of food, to suit his taste, and would ride ten or twelve miles across his circuit, and out of his way, and without eating after meeting, to get that woman to prepare for him the savory meal, whatever it might be.

On one such occasion, he came to a house just at dark, and must have some mush, or Yankee hasty-pudding, made of corn meal. One of the girls went to the spring for water, and it was thought, not in the best humor, and in dipping it up, took in a little spring frog, which went into the pot, and was not discovered till after it came on to the table, with the milk, with which it was to be eaten, nor till he had about done eating.

At the next Conference a young man of some promise, but who was falling into the same kind of troublesome whims about food, was reported, in the annual examination of character, as being troublesome about his food; making people much trouble, of which they complained. At this Bishop M'Kendree said to him, "What is this I hear about you? Don't you know that you should eat such things as are set before you, asking no questions for conscience' sake?" At this John sprang to his feet. He knew that if the young man got a combing for this habit, he would have to take it next. And if he could tear down the fence far enough for the young man to escape, he could also go out of the same gap; so he exclaimed, "Conscience' sake; conscience' sake! We must eat this, and we must eat that, for conscience' sake! A good woman, the other night, set some mush before me with a frog in it; must I eat *that* for conscience' sake?"

This was too much for the risibles of the Conference, who burst into a roar of laughter, and the young man, and John with him, escaped for that time. Some years after, while traveling with John from Conference, I asked him if this story was true: "Yes," he said, and added that "it was at one of the neatest houses in the State, but it being dark, the girl did not notice it till it was on the table, at which she was as much mortified as I was disappointed in losing my mush."

There is a moral wrong in giving way to nervous prostration, which causes hypochondria to such an extent, or countenancing and cultivating the whims and notions that grow out of it. It so resulted with John. He indulged them even into ill-tempers, till we had to expel him from the ministry and the Church.

In my new home, and the surrounding country, I found ample space for a new beginner, to hold meetings among the sparse population, and I embraced the opportunity thus offered, and appointed meetings in different places; to and from which I traveled on foot, through the woods, and the mud, or snow, as the case might be, to the distance of from five to twelve miles and back. I did this from a sense of duty, and for the sake of my own enjoyment; but after all, I saw that my enjoyments were declining, as they had done from the time brother Emery bluffed me off with his gruff "*No.*"

CHAPTER VI.

I WAS now near the North-West frontier of our country, one of the seats of the war, and within a few days' march of the Indians. The surrender of Detroit, by General Hull, to the British and Indians, had thrown

the frontier open to the ravages of a savage war; and fears were entertained quite generally, by the people, that the enemy would penetrate our sparsely settled country, even as far as to where I had settled. The shore of Lake Erie, west of Cleveland, and for some distance to the south, was entirely deserted by the settlers. And I concluded, with many others, that it was better to meet the foe by the side of companions in arms, and led by skillful officers, than to meet him at my own door, single-handed, and that, perhaps, in the night.

Add to this, from the time brother Emery bluffed me off, about entering the itinerancy, with his gruff "*No*," my religious ardor was so dampened that my enjoyment was greatly lessened. Having been in the vicinity of New York when Peirce was killed by the British at Sandy Hook, and when our ship, the Chesapeake, was fired into by the Leopard, and five of my wife's brothers had been impressed into the British Navy, and never again got home, my patriotic blood was up to fighting heat. And I enlisted for a year in the Twenty-Seventh Regiment, United States Infantry, having the promise of being made a Sergeant, and being promoted as I might merit and vacancies occurred. But the first time I went to the recruiting rendezvous and saw what kind of company I was to be associated with, conviction, like a clap of thunder, struck my mind that, "this is not the company Providence designed for you."

I now saw my position in religious matters. In casting the eye of my mind back, I could see as clearly as daylight, the downward course I had taken from the time of my rebuff by the man of God, to whom I had looked for guidance and assistance. I saw that I had erred in entering the army instead of preaching. But I was in for it for a year. I felt morally bound to fulfill

my contract with the Government, and I resolved that at the end of my term of service, if spared, I would return to duty and preach the Gospel of Christ. I had no fears of death in the army, either by the sword, a bullet, or by disease; for the conviction was strongly fixed in my mind that I had to preach, and that God would preserve me to do that work.

The company was recruited in Warren, Trumbull county, Ohio; and was marched to Cleveland, where it was organized, and I was appointed Orderly Sergeant. From Cleveland we went in open Mackinaw boats loaded with corn, to Lower Sandusky, or Fort Stevenson. I had command of one of the boats, having fourteen men.

The terror of the Lake and the coast, at that time, was the Queen Charlotte, and some gun-boats bearing the British flag. Our men were building a fleet at Erie, Penn., but the vessels were not yet ready for service. The British were said to be coasting near Sandusky Bay, and of course, every sail seen on the Lake was of a suspicious character, till her flag was seen. Every American vessel on the Lake, large enough to carry a gun, was purchased for the fleet, so that we had nothing afloat on the Lake but small crafts.

On our way, our captain apprehending no danger, observed no order, but each boat went as fast as it could be propelled by the oars. It so happened that I had one of the largest and most heavily loaded boats, and, of course, fell behind, sometimes nearly out of sight of the leading ones. Off Black River a strange craft was seen making in for shore in the rear of the forward boats, and just ahead of mine. We could see no flag, and we suspected that she was an enemy, intending to cut us off from the rear of the other boats.

I at once laid my plan to take her by a desperate stratagem, and apprised my men, who all agreed to act

well their parts. She would hail us, of course, and demand a surrender, when we would pull the oars for her, as if to give up. This would put them off their guard. Our arms were loaded, bayonets fixed, and laid by our sides. I was to take my position in the bow of the boat, a man at my side was to jump on board the enemy when I did with our bow-rope, and tie our boat, while I defended him; and my other men were to follow as quick as possible, and we were to clear the deck by balls and bayonets before they could bring their big gun to bear upon us. But our bravery was not tested, for we soon saw the stars and stripes of the little schooner, which we found to be a trading craft, bound from Cleveland to Sandusky, and which accompanied us to that place.

In navigating this lake in open boats it was necessary to find a harbor every night; and there being no artificial ones at this time, the only harbors on our route were the mouths of the rivers; and whether we could get our boats into them or not, depended upon the stage of the water in the rivers. When they were low, the surf of the lake would close up their mouths with sand, and when the rivers rose so as to cause a current into the lake, the sand would be washed away. It so happened that this was a wet season, and the rivers were so high as to keep the harbors open.

While at the mouth of Huron River a gale of wind sprung up, and we were detained there several days. We were now within ten miles of the entrance of Sandusky Bay, near to which a battle had been fought with the Indians, and our men badly whipped. We were aware that another expedition from Malden was about to visit our coast; but as the captain took no measures to send out a scout to ascertain whether the coast was clear or not; and, being tired of being idle, I solicited and obtained the privilege of going with fourteen volunteers to the outlet of the bay. We found the

grave of one of Hull's men who had died on his way home, after being basely sold by that officer. This fired our blood for a fight, if we should find the enemy; but finding no signs of him, we returned.

The wind dying away in the night, we left Huron and reached the bay at daybreak. On our way we saw the moon rising out of the lake, very red, and, at first sight, having the appearance of fire. This we supposed must be on the Queen Charlotte, which we understood was on the lookout for us. Accordingly we made preparations for a hot time of it with her boats; but the fright was soon over, as the rising of that orb showed what it was. These little incidents were of small importance only, but they served to introduce men to the war, and prepare them for more serious events.

Just inside the bay we stopped to get our breakfast. Here again we had a little further introduction to soldier's fare. We drew our pork and flour, but we had no camp equipage, not having yet reached our regiment. We kindled fires of drift-wood found on the beach. We took the flour, some on pieces of bark, and some in dirty pocket handkerchiefs. If we had cups, we ladled the water from the bay into the flour, and those who had no cups lifted the water with their two hands so arranged as to form a cup. The flour thus wet, without salt, yeast, or shortening, was baked, some on pieces of bark before the fire, hoe-cake or johnny-cake fashion; and some removed the fire and put the dough into the hot sand, wrapped in leaves or paper. Our pork we cooked in the blaze of the fire, on the points of sticks. Having a good appetite, I thought the bread baked in the hot sand was very sweet, and the pork very palatable.

We reached the mouth of Sandusky River, at the head of the bay, just at night, and took supper on the first dry ground we came to. The officers thought it

safer to row all night, or till we reached the fort, eighteen miles further, than to camp and be exposed to an attack from prowling Indians. I obeyed orders, of course, but it was my opinion that we should be much more exposed in the boats, and on the river, the sound of the oars giving notice of our whereabouts, than we should in camp, where all was still, and where, with a little work, we could have thrown up some temporary defenses. The river is seldom over one hundred yards wide, and our boats must be within range of muskets and rifles, with no defenses, while the enemy on the bank, and in the woods, would have all the advantage. But we came safe to the fort about daybreak, and got our breakfasts, with some bread from the fort. We were ordered into the line of march with several other companies for Seneca, ten miles up the Sandusky River. Here, for the first time, I saw General Harrison, then the *lion* of the North-West, who marched with us to Seneca. He expected an attack on the way, and gave the necessary orders; but we escaped again. At Seneca we met our regiment, which had come in through the wilderness, and we soon got our clothing, tents, and camp cooking apparatus. Our guns and a stock of ammunition we received at Cleveland.

Our camp at Seneca was on the site of the old Indian village. In it were the Twenty-Seventh, Twenty-Eighth, and Seventeenth Regiments; also a squadron of dragoons, in all about two thousand five hundred men. It stood upon the left bank of the Sandusky River, and was fortified by log breastworks, and some earthen embankments, with three block-houses, the river side having none. The block-houses, built of heavy logs, were occupied by the guards, and were in advance of the breastworks several rods. On the north, or down-river side, was a spot clear of timber, which was our

drilling-ground, but thick heavy timber surrounded us on the other angles of the encampment.

We lay on our arms for ten nights previous to the battle at Fort Stevenson, and had more or less alarms every night, and some in the day-time. Men passing to and from our camp to others, were frequently killed or wounded by the prowling Indians.

Among the exciting scenes and alarms of these first ten days were some ludicrous ones. The sentinels were to hail once, and if no answer came, to fire. One night a sentinel on the main line, hearing a noise in the brush hailed, then fired, and the next hearing the hail and the gun, was on the alert, and hearing something in the brush, hailed and fired almost at the same instant; and so it went along the line till eight or ten guns went off in quick succession. At the sound of the first gun every man in camp sprang to his place at the breastwork, and from hearing so many guns, we expected the onslaught at once; but silence ensued, scouts scoured the ground, and the conclusion was that a deer had caused all the trouble. At another time, under similar circumstances, an ox that had strayed away from the cattle-guard was shot down by the sentinel.

But the most singular case occurred in the day-time. The sentinel fired without hailing. It was supposed the enemy must surely be in sight, and every man was instantly at his post. The drum beat to arms, and all was excitement, expecting now a fight in good earnest. But soon the word "dismiss" came round; and when the officer of the day and the General himself reached the spot, the sentinel said that he saw something black moving through and under some brush, which he thought was an Indian trying to get a shot at him, and he thought it best and safest to take the first chance himself, and so blazed away. On the Sergeant of the

guard going to the place pointed out, he found a large turkey, and wild turkeys being nearly black, the General commended the sentinel for his caution, and said he should have the turkey for his dinner. Some of the boys thought it more than likely that the sentinel could distinguish between a turkey and an Indian in broad daylight, but coveting a good dinner, took that method to obtain it, trusting to stratagem for an excuse, in which he succeeded. Allowing that it was so, it was, no doubt, better to let it pass, than to deter a sentinel from firing when there was danger, and thus expose his life and the army to a stratagem of the enemy.

While in this camp I so discharged my duties that on drill I was placed at the head of a platoon, in place of a commissioned officer; and I was so correct and full in my returns and reports as to be favorably reported to General Cass, who commanded our brigade, upon which, unsolicited, he promised me a lieutenancy. But, as the privates died off faster, in proportion, than the officers, no vacancy occurred, and I was left to serve out my time as I was.

While at Seneca, the Quarter-Master Sergeant asked me, one day, if I was not a Methodist. "Why," said I, "what makes you think so?"

"Well, you mind your own business, perform your duty punctually, but never join in the amusements of the men, nor use any of their bad language."

"Yes, I am a Methodist."

"Ah!" said he, "you will not be that long here."

"Why," I inquired, "are we not engaged in a lawful and honorable war? And why can not a man enjoy religion in the army, in such a case, as well as anywhere else?"

"That is all true," he said; "but as none, or very few, have done so, I conclude that you will do as the rest have done."

"Then," said I, "by the help of God I will make one exception; for I despise a man who will not maintain his integrity in the army, as well as any other lawful employment."

During the ensuing Winter this Sergeant was home on furlough, or the recruiting service. When he returned in the Spring to Detroit, at our first meeting, he said, "Well, Sergeant, I have made inquiry about you since my return, and am glad to find that you have kept your word, and maintained your religious integrity. It is an honor to you, and you are the more respected for it."

As I was now situated, my only opportunity for secret prayer, in form, was after all the men had retired. It was part of my duty to see that every non-commissioned officer and private soldier in the company was in his tent at tattoo, or nine o'clock, P. M.; and, as all was then still, I retired behind the breastwork, and had my formal secret devotions, being obliged to do it mentally at other hours of the day. I had my Bible with me, and read a portion of it every day; and, finding a few men who had once had some knowledge of religion, though now in a backslidden state, I conversed with them on religious subjects, as often as opportunity occurred.

As before stated, the country was infested with Indians, accompanied by British regulars, and we expected an attack every night, for ten days. General Harrison said that his spies reported five thousand regulars, and six thousand Indians, on the way for that purpose; and knowing that his army of twenty-five hundred men could not resist eleven thousand, he had made a requisition on Governor Meigs, of Ohio, for four thousand militia, who were on their march to assist us. But the spies reported that the enemy had left Fort Meigs, on the Maumee River, and were heading

toward our camp. In view of the near approach of the enemy, the General thought it prudent to fall back toward Upper Sandusky, till he met Governor Meigs, with his re-enforcement, and then return to the fight; but he could not retreat and leave Major Croghan at Fort Stevenson, with one hundred and forty-three men, where, with such a force against them, they must be cut off.

The General, therefore, sent an express to the Major to burn his fort, and every thing in it that his men could not carry on their backs, and retreat on the east side of the river, so as to be at Seneca at reveille the next morning. But it so happened—fortunately, as it turned out—that the express missed his way, got lost in the woods, and did not reach the Major till the next day, at ten o'clock, A. M.

In the mean time every thing was prepared at Seneca for a retreat at reveille that morning. All the provisions, stores, tents, and every thing that could not be carried on men's backs, were to be burned. The men were supplied with extra rations, to eat on the way, and but little sleep was had during the night. But morning came, and no troops from the little fort. It would not do to retreat, and leave them. A Council of War was called to decide what should be done. The men were restless, and discontented at the idea of a retreat; and the officers seemed to be of the same state of mind; all preferring to meet the enemy at our breast-works, and try our skill and fortune in a battle, despite the odds in numbers. At length, when General Cass was asked his opinion, he said, "General, you are in command; you must do as you think best." "But," said Harrison, "two heads are better than one, and I want your opinion." "Well, it is my opinion, then, that we would better not retreat till we see something to retreat from." This settled the question; and every

man was set at work to strengthen our defenses, and prepare for the worst.

The Major, knowing that the failure of the express to reach him in time to obey the order, would thwart the General's designs, and that he must wait for further orders; and as his own spies had reported only hundreds where the General's had reported thousands, he believed that he could defend the little fort, if attacked, before another order could be received. As he had to wait for further orders, he sent the express back, with this letter: "I have men enough, ammunition enough, and provisions enough; and d——n me if I quit the fort."

The express reached head-quarters, with this insolent letter, about sundown. The General, of course, was nettled. The Major was a pet of his; had been in service with him through the war, from Tippecanoe to this time; and to get such a letter from his pet, was rather too much for friendship to bear; and, besides, subordination must be preserved, or the army would be ruined. So, the next morning, Colonel Wells was ordered to the command of the little fort, and Colonel Ball, with his two hundred dragoons, was ordered to escort him down to it, and bring up Major Croghan under arrest. About noon the order was executed, and the little Major, only nineteen years of age, was brought into camp a prisoner.

The General was, naturally, very nervous, and excitement very much quickened his motions and his words. When the Major appeared before him he sprang to his feet, and, with vehemence, said, "Major Croghan, how came you to send me that insolent letter?"

"Why, General, did n't the express explain it?"

"Explain it! What explanation can be given to such a letter as that?"

"Why, General, did n't he tell you that he did n't get there till yesterday morning, at ten o'clock?"

"Yes, he told me that. But what has that to do with this letter?"

"Why, you know I could n't evacuate the fort, and get here by reveille of the morning previous."

"Of course not."

"Well, I knew that your plans must be thwarted, by the circumstance, and that I must wait for further orders; and, believing that I was completely invested by the enemy, and that the express and the letter would fall into his hands, I determined, if it did, to send him as bullying a one as possible. But I told the express, the d——d rascal, that if he got through with it, to explain it to you. Did n't he do it, General?"

"No, he did n't."

"Why, General, you know that I understand my business, and the duties of a subordinate, too well to send you such a letter, under *any* other circumstances."

"Why, certainly, I thought so; and that was the mystery of the case. But how could I understand it without an explanation? and with this I am satisfied." And before night the Major was restored to his command, and Colonel Wells recalled to his.

There were some speculations among the officers as to the Major's explanation. Some thought that he believed his own spies to have the correct numbers of the enemy, despite the report of the General's spies, and that with his advantages he could whip them, and that he expected the attack before the General could arrest him; if successful, the victory would place him above censure; if not, it would make no difference, as he would be either dead or a prisoner. But the most probable reason for his course was that given by himself, though he disapproved of the proposed retreat. As the matter turned out, in two days after his return, he fought the memorable battle of Fort Stevenson, having but one hundred and forty-three men to repulse eleven

hundred of the enemy. Of the British regulars, some fifty were killed in, or near, the ditch; but of the wounded no report could be made, as they retreated. But soon after the battle a British surgeon came, with a flag of truce, to attend to their wounded, expecting to find at least one hundred and fifty, as but three hundred of the five hundred that left Malden got back to it, showing a loss of two hundred, somewhere. On this information the General sent out Indian scouts to scour the woods between the little fort and the lake. They picked up and brought in about twenty, and reported a large number of dead bodies, and bones, and uniforms, indicating the death of as many, who perished in their retreat.

Among the prisoners taken at the Thames, in October after, was one who said he was in that expedition, and was sent as a spy, to ascertain if re-enforcements were approaching the little fort, and when he discovered the camp at Seneca, he entered it in the night, between two sentinels, counted the tents, and reported twenty-five hundred men to his officers. He said that the British commander had no idea of the Seneca camp; he only aimed at the little fort; and as soon as he learned of the strength of our arms at Seneca, he said that what they did must be done at once, and ordered the fatal attempt to scale the pickets, and storm the place; but they had no idea of the ditch, in which forty of them were killed by one shot from the six-pounder in the block-house.

The case of the Indians who were engaged in this fight is not known to history entire. In 1837, when I established a mission among the Sioux, a scar on the face of Little Crow, the head chief, led me to inquire where he received the wound, and he gave me this information: "Dixon, the British trader and agent, on the west of Lake Michigan, went among the Sioux, and

raised one hundred and fifty men; among the Winnebagoes, one hundred and fifty; and among the Sacs and Foxes, three hundred. Little Crow's father commanded the Sioux, and the son, then eighteen years old, accompanied him. Dixon told these Indians that the Yankees were great cowards, but rich in spoils; that one Indian could whip five Yankees, and that they would be loaded with money and goods. They traveled round the head of Lake Michigan, to Malden, where they demanded to be led at once against the Yankees. Proctor, the British General, wished to delay a little, to get ready for some grand movement, with his new allies, but they would not be detained; they had come to fight and plunder, and do it they would, or go home."

Proctor was unwilling to lose such a body of new recruits, but he dreaded to attack Fort Meigs again, where, but a few months previous, he had been so badly whipped. Presuming that the little stockade at Lower Sandusky would be full of stores, and have but few men, he determined to try his luck at that; but, to avoid suspicion, he must make a feint at Fort Meigs, thinking to draw troops from the little fort, and thus weaken it.

But Harrison understood his designs, and knowing that Meigs was safe, sent no troops to strengthen it. After a short skirmish at the old fort, Proctor sent the Indians through the Maumee Swamp, while his regulars went in boats to the mouth of Carrying River, and some around into Sandusky Bay and river, with some artillery. "But such was the defeat they met with, that the Indians became disheartened, and disgusted with the deceptions that had been played upon them, and having lost at least one hundred in killed, and a large number wounded, they left the British, refusing to go to Malden for their presents, alleging that they had been deceived once, and might be again, and took the straight course for the head of Lake Michigan, and to their respective

homes. But more than half who started for the seat of the war never returned. This was the first, and the last, time the Sioux of the River ever lifted the tomahawk against the whites." But this chief's son, in 1862, raised a great war in Minnesota.

Little Crow, in detailing the substance of the foregoing, concluded by saying, "The British are bad men, poor fighters, and deceived us; but the Americans were brave men, and fight hard." Black Hawk, the Sac chief, in his Life, makes a similar statement, of that attack upon Fort Stevenson, he being at the head of Sacs and Foxes.

While the battle was raging at Fort Stevenson, the booming of the cannon reached our ears at Seneca, and our men showed unmistakable signs of uneasiness and discontent at the thought of so many of us having no part in the fray. Some murmurings would break out, because they were not led to the scene of action, and some fears were expressed as to the fate of that little band of brave men. It was but a few hours, however, until the suspense was at an end, for a foaming steed came into camp, and the rider handed a letter to the General, giving a brief statement of the affair, and then followed a deafening roar of shouts and rejoicing.

When Commodore Perry appeared with the fleet at Sandusky Bay, he sent to General Harrison for eighty infantry, to act as marines, in the fleet. I tried to be one of them, but my Colonel refused to let me go, saying he could not spare me. One of our company, Benjamin Hall, who went to the fleet, performed a feat that would have immortalized him, if he had had friends to sound his fame.

He was placed on board the Ohio schooner, which mounted a long twenty-four-pounder pivot gun. In the action all the ramrods for the gun were shot away or otherwise destroyed but one, and in the heat of the

action, by some strange oversight, that one ramrod was left in the gun when fired, and the gun left useless for the rest of the battle. The officers and men stood looking at each other, and then at the rod some eight or ten rods from the vessel, and in the midst of the bubbles caused by the grape and canister shot of the enemy. Hall soon relieved them from the painful suspense. He stepped to the shroud rack and took down a piece of small halyards, and taking one end of it in his hand jumped overboard and swam to the rod, and seizing it with the other hand, cried out to those on board, "haul in." This was done with a will, and after taking up the rod, they hauled him aboard, and the gun was soon in use again.

The day after Perry's victory on the lake, our army at Seneca, not yet knowing of it, marched to Lower Sandusky, with a view to concentrating the whole of the army at Fort Meigs, and thence to Malden by land, to co-operate with the fleet in an attack upon that stronghold. Numerous Mackinaw boats had been provided for our troops to cross the head of the lake in, when the enemy's fleet were kept in check, but where we were to take the boats was not a settled question.

On reaching Lower Sandusky, and before we had time to pitch our tents, we saw a boat coming up the river, with all the speed oars could give her; as soon as the officer in command reached the fort on the hill—we were camping on the bottom, next to the river—we heard a tremendous shout and hurrahing, and then the booming of cannon. All eyes were turned in that direction, knowing that something glorious had occurred, what, we could not guess. But we saw a man running down the hill at a break-neck speed, who announced the victory on the lake, when the troops who had just arrived joined in the universal shout and rejoicing.

Before the shout had subsided, orders came *not* to

pitch our tents, but march at once toward the mouth of Carrying or Put-in Bay River, to receive the prisoners. We went that night to Whitaker's, three miles, and the next day to the place appointed. In passing over the prairie, where I could get no drink, I became faint from the want of water, and gave out. I never knew before that a man could go longer without food than without water. But this proved it. An officer on horseback seeing me in the grass, and learning the cause, gave me his horse to ride, and on the way from the head of Sandusky Bay across the portage to the lake, we came to a swale in which water stood in the grass, but could not run for the grass and yellow sediment; such as it was, the men drank it with eagerness. A soldier handed me two pint cups full of it, so thick that I could not see the bottom of the cup, but it was the sweetest water I ever tasted. But I paid for it before Winter, in the bile it caused in my system.

The next day, being the third after the victory, Commodore Perry and General Harrison met at our encampment at the mouth of Carrying River, with great congratulations, and the booming of cannon from both land and water. The arrangements were made to land the prisoners there, and send them to Chillicothe, Ohio, under guard; and for the troops to embark at that place, in the open boats, and on the smaller vessels, and go by the islands to Malden. The day following the prisoners were landed, with some of whom I became familiar; and especially with one midshipman, from whom I learned some facts and incidents of the war, which, though suspected and believed by many, had not seen the light through the press. But as they were corroborated by some facts within my own knowledge, and all linking into a chain with the printed facts, I deemed them to be well authenticated, and worthy of credence.

This midshipman was born in the United States, but happened to get married at Malden or Amherstburg, and was living there when the war broke out. He was a sergeant in a volunteer company previous to the war, but intended to escape to the States, if war should occur. Hull was accused of sending word to the British that war was declared, before the news of it reached Detroit; and this man said it was the fact; that before he knew of it, he was warned out of bed, and pressed into the service, and so closely watched he could not make his escape. Being a sergeant, he took his turn in being orderly for General Brock, and was so when he landed at Spring Wells, three miles below Detroit. This brought him in close proximity with Brock.

He said that while Brock was waiting behind the sand hills, at the Wells, he sent his aid out three times to see if Hull had raised the white flag. When the aid returned the second time with the word "no flag yet, General," Brock's knees so trembled that they fairly smote together, and he said, "D——n me, I'm afraid the old dog will trick me yet." But when the aid returned the third time with word that the flag was out, Brock's countenance changed, and he ordered a forward movement, to take possession of the city. When they came to the west gate of the city and saw the cannon planted so as to rake down the road, with lighted matches by them, he, with others, felt and looked pale at the thought of what would have been the consequence if they had been let loose upon them. And when they saw the rage of the Americans at being thus sold, and without a chance to defend themselves, Brock said it would have been hard taking those men.

"Then," said I, "Hull *sold* his men, did he?"

"O, yes, that was understood, or Brock would not have ventured over the river with a force so much less than that of the Americans."

"Well, what did Hull get for them."

"Why, he was to have sixteen dollars a head for the men, and pay for the provisions, guns, ammunition, etc.; but when Hull lay in Sandwich he sent General M'Arthur up the St. Clair River to Selkirk's settlement, and took eight hundred merino sheep, which were valued at from twelve to fourteen hundred dollars a head at that time, and butchered them for his army. When Brock had him a prisoner in Montreal, and settled with him, he said, 'You stole those sheep after you had made the bargain, and shall pay for them;' and thus brought Hull in debt, and served him right."

As the sergeant told this story in the presence of his fellow-prisoners, one of them rebuked him for "telling tales out of school."

"Why, it is true," said the sergeant.

"I know that," said the other, "but the truth is not to be told at all times."

"O, well, I 'm a prisoner, and I do n't know as I shall ever get back again."

The sergeant said that after the British got possession of Detroit, with the artillery, etc., they built the ship Detroit, and armed her with the guns taken in the city, and, to man her, the company to which he belonged was transferred to her, and he was made a midshipman, in which capacity he was taken, and then a prisoner.

This story of the sergeant reminded me of an incident that occurred in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the morning of the 17th of August, 1812, the next morning after Hull's surrender, which took place on the 16th of that month.

There were in Bridgeport and the neighboring towns men who were Tories, and in the British service in the Revolutionary war, and who, down to this time,

were drawing half-pay from the British treasury, and of course were now Federalists—the political party which favored England, and were opposed to the war. Among them was a Major who, by common consent, was their leader, and his residence in Stratford was called "head-quarters" of this Tory gang.

On the morning of the 17th of August, 1812, as before stated, the day after Hull's surrender, I happened to be in company with some of this Tory gang, who seemed not to regard my presence, as I was but a youth, and who were conversing freely about the war, when one of them, who was said to have been an Ensign in the British service, and now on half-pay, said, "Hull has surrendered;" and spoke as if the matter was so understood by them all as to be expected.

"How do you know?" said another.

"Why, I got it at head-quarters, yesterday."

This answer seemed to settle all questions as to its being so with the others, and all seemed to chuckle over it as something good in their estimation. I turned away in disgust at their treachery to the country, not believing the report; but in ten days after the mails brought a confirmation of it. This raised the query, as to how it was known at the Tory head-quarters on the very day of the surrender.

This, in turn, led me back in the history of the country, when a Captain Henry in the British service was prowling through New England to effect a division of the Union, by the Hudson River, and Lakes George and Champlain. As my memory serves me, it was in 1807, 8, and 9, and continued down to the war of 1812. The design was to attach or annex that portion of the Union which lies east of the line indicated to England, and make it a Vice-Royalty, the capital of which should be Boston.

John Quincy Adams, who was elected a Senator

from Massachusetts to the Congress of the United States, in 1803, as a Federalist, but too much of a patriot to join in the conspiracy, learning of its existence in his party in 1808, went that Fall to Washington with a heavy heart. When he met Mr. Jefferson, then the President, *he* saw in Adams's countenance that he was in trouble, and rallied him upon it. Adams evaded it, at first, not knowing how to broach the subject to the best advantage. But the two being personal friends, though differing politically down to that time, Jefferson insisted upon knowing the cause of his trouble, believing it was of a public nature.

Upon this Adams said: "Mr. Jefferson, you are President of the United States, and I am sworn to support its Constitution, and it is proper that you should know the cause of my trouble;" and in a confidential interview gave him all the information he had obtained on the subject, and added, "I can not go with my party. If that is Federalism, I am done with it."

In the course of that Winter Mr. Pickering, the other Senator from Massachusetts, wrote a long letter to a friend in Boston, assuming to show that the Administration at Washington was under French influence. This was intended, and was printed and circulated extensively in New England for political effect. A copy of it was sent to Mr. Adams, who answered it so overwhelmingly that the party cast him off, and the Republicans, of course, felt proud of such an acquisition. Mr. Adams, knowing that he could not be re-elected to the Senate, declined being a candidate; and it was said that Mr. Jefferson, or Mr. Madison, who succeeded him in the Presidency, found means, by an agent, to purchase of Captain Henry the correspondence he then had for $50,000 out of the secret service money. Subsequently the correspondence was published to the world.

The design to divide the Union, however, was not abandoned. As the war was expected for some years before it occurred, the measures to divide the Union were still in progress of preparation, and never fully exploded, till after the infamous Hartford Convention in 1814.

In the mean time Hull was Governor of Michigan, and was expected to have the command of the army in that region in case of war. Brock was Governor and commanding General in Upper Canada, just across the river from Detroit, and the two had opportunities for private interviews and correspondence, whatever it might be.

In the Winter of 1811 and '12 Hull was in Washington, when and where the plan of operations was adopted. From thence, before going to Ohio to take command of the two regiments of volunteers raised there under Colonels Cass and M'Arthur, before war was declared, he went through New England, when he had ample time and opportunity to arrange matters for future operations. The plan, as it leaked out, was for him to surrender Detroit, which, it was supposed, would draw General Dearborn, with all the regulars, from New England to the North-West. A British fleet and army were to hover on the coast; the Governors of the States were to refuse—as some of them did—to call out the militia at the proclamation of the Government, and the people were to rise *en masse* and declare for a separation from the Union, and for annexation to England; and that the matter should be sure, by a simultaneous action, the day for the surrender of Detroit was fixed upon. I can account for its being known at the Tory "head-quarters" in Connecticut, on the day of its occurrence, upon no other principle.

Nor is it possible to account for all of Hull's movements previous to the surrender, without the

admission of these facts substantially, if not in detail, namely:

1. Before he reached Detroit with his army, say, while at the River Raisin, the news of the declaration of war reached him, and this was known in Malden before it was known at Detroit. The court-martial that tried him seemed to be satisfied that he sent the news to Malden, as my sergeant affirmed he did.

2. He neglected to take Malden when he could have done it with ease, either before he reached Detroit, or while he lay in Sandwich.

3. He retreated from Sandwich to Detroit before there was any danger of an attack, or any force of the enemy sufficient to annoy him was in the country.

4. He sent Colonels Cass and M'Arthur with their commands away on a fool's errand, just in time to have them out of the way when Brock was to, and did, come.

5. He refused to let his men fire, though the guns were in position, loaded, and the matches lighted by them, and could have defeated the enemy with ease. Had the fight begun, Cass and M'Arthur were near enough to have cut off the enemy's retreat.

6. The very manner in which Brock marched his troops up to Detroit showed that he expected no resistance, doing so in column and in the road, in the face of guns enough to have blown him and his army to flinders.

Now, taking all these things into view, the two incidents, the one in Bridgeport and that given by the sergeant, link in with the chain of events known to history, so as to show the truth of them.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT the time of the landing of the prisoners at Carrying River, Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, arrived with his mounted volunteers. They were intended for a land march. But the taking of the fleet, clearing the lake of the enemy, changed the order of march, and boats being provided, a water march was decided on, as easiest and quickest. Their horses were turned out on the peninsula, and a fence made of fallen trees across the portage, to keep them there; except Colonel Johnson's regiment, which went round the head of the lake by land.

The first move was to Put-in-Bay Island. The boat I went in was an old Mackinaw trading-boat, of less size than the new ones. Twenty-seven of us got into it and started. The wind soon rose to a gale, dead ahead. The sail vessels, which were full of men, were obliged to come to anchor, and all the open boats, except ours, turned back. Ours was so heavily loaded, that to turn in the troughs of the seas would have been to founder, when most likely all would have been drowned.

I sat at the helm, and apprised the officer in command of the danger we were in, and that our only safety was in keeping the boat in the wind's eye, and to double-man the oars, keeping one or two to bail out the water that dashed over the sides. The top of the boat was not more than one foot above the water when in a calm, and of course most of the swells would throw the spray over her sides. I sat at the helm for eleven hours without any change, to go about twelve miles. The officer in command soon discovered my nautical

skill, and executed my directions as if I had been in command. He afterward was heard to say that he did not believe there was a man in the brigade that could manage a boat as well as I could. So much for what I learned when a boy, on the Hudson River.

While the wind had full sweep upon us, we moved but slowly, and sometimes could hardly see any headway. But as we came under the lee of the island the wind had less effect, the water became smoother, and finally, when close in shore, a calm, when we made better headway.

As we rounded the island and came in along-side of the shipping, we saw evidence of the havoc of battle. The Detroit had not a spar left standing. The masts, bowsprit, and the davits were all shot away. Her side next to our guns in the battle was so full of balls, shot, and holes made by heavy shot, that it seemed to me that a man's hat, laid on her at any place, would touch more or less of them. The balls sticking in her sides, while the Lawrence was bored through and through, showed the difference in the effects produced by long and short guns. The Detroit was armed with the long guns, sold by Hull, while the Lawrence and Niagara were armed with carronades. The few shot that went through the sides of the British wooden-walls, were from the long guns on our gun-boats.

On reaching the beach, to land, we saw a twelve-pounder gun with the muzzle blown off in the action. It was supposed that a ball from the enemy entered the muzzle of the gun, at the instant of firing it, and about a foot of it was blown off, which rendered it useless for battle.

We learned from the prisoners that Commodore Barkley had two pet bears on board of his vessel, and took also two Indians, whom he placed in the round tops, with rifles, to shoot Commodore Perry, and other

American officers. But the thunder of the first broadside so frightened them that they left their positions and went below decks, and coiled themselves away in the cable tier; and the bears following the example of their brethren of the forest, did the same thing, and the whole four were found there in a heap after the action. I saw the Indians among the prisoners, the pictures of despair; they were delivered over to our Indians. But the bears, I believe, were claimed by the sailors, as belonging to the ship.

While on this island, the water of the lake being rather too warm to be palatable for drinking, and hearing of a cave somewhere in the island in which cool water could be obtained, I went for it, and soon found a large string of men going to and returning from it with canteens and camp-kettles. The mouth of the cave was rather low, so that we had to crawl in and out, and so much water had been spilled there, it was quite muddy and slippery. We had to use candles or torches. There was, inside, a large room, the arch overhead being perhaps ten feet high. The water was on one side of it; and the motion of the water, and the presence of fish, proved that there was a communication with the lake. The water was evidently lake water, but was cooler than that which was daily under the influence of the sun and the warm air. But the atmosphere in the cave was oppressive, probably more so than common, from the great number of heated human bodies, and their breath, that were constantly going in and out. I soon grew tired of this subterranean abode, and got out as soon as possible, with no desire to visit caves any more, at least such ones.

While on this island, a deserter for the fourth time was tried, condemned, and shot. This thing of shooting men judicially is very serious business. The army is formed into a hollow square on ground rising from

the center each way, if to be had, so that all can see to advantage. The condemned man is placed on his knees in the center, and twelve men are detailed to do the work of death. Their guns are loaded by the officers, one of which is left without a ball, but the men know not which it is, so that each one hopes it is his. The prisoner is blindfolded and shot at the word of command, "ready, aim, fire." If he is not killed at the first shot, the guns are reloaded and the firing repeated as soon as possible. No one feels like deserting after such a sight.

One such scene, of an impressive character, occurred at Seneca, except the shooting. A sentinel was found asleep on his post, and condemned to be shot. All things were prepared as usual—the army in a hollow square; the man upon his knees and hoodwinked; the guard in position with their guns loaded. The word, "ready," was given, when the poor fellow turned pale, and expected to hear the other words, "aim, fire," and to fall dead and appear before the Judge of all men. But that instant the General stepped up and said, "As you were." This brought the guns to a shoulder of arms, and the pardon was granted, accompanied with a lecture to the troops on the importance of a sentinel's keeping awake on his post; because the lives of the whole army might, possibly, be lost as the consequence of such sleep.

As soon as the poor fellow could get the chance, he went to the General and fell on his knees, and thanked him for the pardon; declaring that he not only saved his body from death, but his soul from hell. "For," said he, "I am not prepared to die. I have neglected my soul's salvation, and I expected to be in hell before this time. And now, if God spares me, I will be a good soldier, and seek for his mercy and pardon." The General is said to have wept, and sent him away with

his blessing. This man got through the war safe, got home, obtained religion, married and raised a family.

I have often, since, thought of that man, and compared his case with that of Adam. If he had died, his sin-born posterity must have died in and with him, as they seminally existed in him, at the time he was condemned to die; they were in him, in the same sense, when he was pardoned; and in consequence of that pardon he was enabled to propagate his species. But who, with any traits of humanity or kindness about him, would think of taking up his children and executing them for the sin of their father, and that for which he was pardoned before they were born? And who, with any degree of Christianity about him, could imagine that God would send infants to hell for the sin of Adam, for which he was pardoned long before they were born?

The army moved from Put-in-Bay, in open boats, accompanied by the shipping that had not been crippled in the battle, unto the middle sister island. Here the troops under General M'Arthur, from Fort Meigs, met us. That little island was alive with men; said to number fifteen thousand. We had not been long on it before some one discovered *leeks*, a kind of wild onion; and we having been so long without any vegetable of the root kind, were all eager for something besides bread and meat. As soon as the discovery was made, the news of it spread like wild-fire, and every man that could was scratching and digging with his fingers, scalping-knife, or a stick, and probably in fifteen or twenty minutes the whole island was dug over. I got about half a dozen, which I relished with a zest.

From this island we moved in the same way, in open boats, for the Canada shore, each boat carrying from fifty to one hundred men. The boats moved abreast, about as far apart as the men on board, when

in line, two deep, would fill the space. The line, when landed, stretched about a mile and a half. The place of landing was on the beach of the lake, three miles below Malden. In two minutes from the time the first boat struck the beach, the whole line was formed, ready for action. Before reaching the shore I saw the inhabitants about the house in front of us, and said there was no fighting to be done there, for the enemy would not leave their own people between us and them; and so it proved. Every drum and fife was playing "Yankee Doodle" till we struck the beach, and then all was silent. I sprang from the boat to the beach at the same moment General Harrison did, and within six or eight rods of him, and had my company in line as soon as any other.

On landing, and seeing no enemy, Harrison and suite went up to the house, the inmates of which had now retreated within doors; but, being assured that they would not be hurt, they opened the door, and informed the General that the fort at Malden was burned, and the enemy had retreated up the Detroit River. Upon this a scout was sent to the woods, in the rear of the farm, and the army faced to the left, and marched to Malden, and took possession of the smoldering ruins.

In crossing the lake we were supplied with jerked beef and hard bread, which we carried in our knapsacks—haversacks not then being known to military science. We had neither tents nor blankets. The boats were too much crowded with men to carry any thing else. The shipping followed, with provisions and baggage, as fast as they could; but, having no steam vessels then, our fleet depended upon the wind, which being light, they were behind us some distance. Some half a dozen large Mackinaws had six, nine, and twelve-pounder guns, on field-carriages, on board, on our left,

and being propelled by oars, kept pace with us, but we had no use for them.

That night we camped in and about the ruins of the old fort, in the open air. It rained on us, but we had to take it. It was reported that the Indians intended to attack us in the night, or at day-break, which was their usual time of attack; and our lines were formed for defense, and we lay on our arms, as a precaution. But the idea of their burning their fort, and retreating, and then attacking us in the open field, was so absurd that little faith was placed in the report. Still, "as caution is the mother of safety," we were arranged for the worst, if it did come.

I lay down on a piece of board, before the camp fire, to keep out of the mud, having no covering, with my cartridge-box under my head, and my gun-lock between my thighs, so as to keep it dry. In the night I awoke, and found my right, or upper, ear full of water, and my right, or upper, side wet to the skin, and turned over to let the water drain out of my ear. In the morning I found some men worse off than I was, for they lay in ponds of water.

My company was soon placed in a vacant house, out of the rain, and finding wood, we had rousing fires to dry by. As some of the vessels came up, with flour and pork, the bakers were set to work, and by eleven o'clock we had bread and pork to eat. We had no cooking apparatus with us, but necessity is the mother of invention, and we got small sticks and rods, sharpened, and stuck the slices of pork on them, and held them in the blaze of the fire till cooked. This, on bread, tasted good to hungry men, and I thought, if ever I got home, I would try it again; but at home, and in the absence of the appetite, it was not so sweet.

We marched from Malden to Sandwich in line, ready for battle at any moment. Colonel Johnson's mounted

men, at the same time, moved up the right bank of the river to Detroit, and found the fort there also burned. Some of our baggage coming up on the vessels, one hundred and sixty of us, of the Twenty-Seventh Regiment United States Infantry, were detailed to accompany the volunteers in the pursuit of Proctor and Tecumseh. The rest of the regulars remained under General M'Arthur, to protect Detroit against Indians, who refused to follow the British any further, and who were said to have threatened to burn and plunder the city. But finding the place protected, they sent in a flag, and surrendered.

In the mean time, Colonel Johnson's men were ferried across the river, and the army, consisting now of Governor Shelby's volunteers, on foot, Colonel Johnson's mounted infantry, and one hundred and sixty regulars, moved up the St. Clair Lake and the River Thames. General Cass and Commodore Perry accompanied General Harrison as volunteer aids.

On the second night we encamped at a farm, I think it was Dawson's, and the chief officers lodged in the house. The woman, being a rampant Briton, gave Harrison, and the others, a terrible tongue-lashing for coming there, calling them thieves and robbers; and if she only had the Forty-Eighth British Regiment—the one then fleeing before us—she would drive the whole army away. Among other lamentations, she said she should not have a bee-hive left till morning. The General replied, "Madam, I will put a guard over the bees," and gave the necessary orders. But the word got out among the men of the abuse the woman had given the officers, and the placing of the sentinel showed where the bees were. If she had held her peace it would not have been known, their location was such, that she had bees. But the abuse preparing the men for revenge, and the sentinels having no objection,

they would be so long walking one way that a man would slip in behind them, and carry off a hive before they turned to walk back, and, when relieved, they would help eat the honey. By this means every hive disappeared before morning; and the General told the Quarter-Master General to pay for them.

In retreating the British had taken some small vessels, loaded with stores and provisions. This point was as high up the river as they could be got, and finding us still after them, they set fire to their vessels, carrying their supplies in small boats. Our friend, Benjamin Hall, who swam for the ramrod, on the lake, having returned to his company, and now being with us, found a sloop burned to the water's edge, and resting on the mud so that she could not sink. While the fire was raging in one part of her, and shells were frequently exploding, he found a barrel of pork, and, getting some help, rolled it up the bank, knocked in the head, and it was soon distributed among his friends, and was quite a relief from jerked beef.

The next day we had to cross the river. Some did so behind the horsemen, some in canoes, or other small craft, and some forded it on foot, the water being about waist high. Before crossing, some Indians were seen on the right bank of the river, at whom some cannon-balls, shot from a six-pounder, were sent. Colonel Whitley, "fighting on his own hook," shot two of them, and swam his horse across, and scalped them. But more of him hereafter.

On our march, after crossing the river, and before the battle, we passed a large farm, with buildings corresponding, having about sixty bee-hives in the garden, within a paled fence. One of our men had been through the country before the war, and knew the reported history of the family, which he made known, and the Kentuckians concluded to have some honey.

Their history, as reported, was this: While men were being hung, in the State of New York, for horse-stealing, this man was convicted of this crime, and condemned to be hung, at Batavia. Two days before the execution was to have taken place, his wife was permitted to visit him in his cell, and remained some time. When she, as was supposed, left, her veil was drawn down, and her head hung in sorrow, with hands over her face, crying bitterly at the last parting. Of course the jailer made no very particular examination as to identity; but the fact was, they had changed clothes, and he left the prison in her apparel, and that night stole a horse, and put for Canada.

On the day fixed for the execution, a large concourse—for that country, being then new—assembled to see it. But on bringing the prisoner out, she declared her sex, which a slight observation proved, and of course, as she had not been condemned, nor could be executed for her husband's offense, she was discharged; that night she, also, stole a horse and put for Canada, where they soon met; and as there was then no treaty stipulations for pursuing criminals over the line, they were now safe.

At that time the King was giving 400 acres of land to each new settler; and supposing the Thames to be so far out of the world that the New York authorities could never find them, they selected this as their future home, having a pair of horses to begin with, and out of this, the King's bounty, as it was called, they had made their present farm and improvements, and raised a large family, which, as I afterward learned, were respectable.

The army was under strict orders not to molest the inhabitants not in arms against us, or take their property unpaid for. But in this case, as well as in that of Mrs. Dawson the night before, the Kentuckians

thought they might take a little honey for their stomach's sake, and, accordingly, the fence was thrown down, the bee-hives were turned up, the scalping-knives introduced, and piece after piece of the comb, and hive after hive were taken, till all but six of the sixty were emptied, leaving the maddened bees flying round in wild confusion. The six saved were taken by the owner into the cellar. It was amusing to see how the fellows worked it. Each had his gun to hold under his arm while he turned up the hive with one hand, and introduced the other into the honey-comb. Then they ran to get their places in the line, meantime fighting off the bees which followed them. The regulars had no hand in the affair.

I went into the house to get a drink, where the Quartermaster-General was taking an inventory of some property which the enemy had left there in store, and heard him tell the man that he had orders to pay the inhabitants for the damage the volunteers might do, as they were uncontrollable.

Our regulars were kept as a reserve, and when the enemy was discovered in line, ready to receive us, and our men arranged for the attack, the General rode back to us and said, "I don't know how these volunteers will act. If they give way, my whole dependence is on you, and if you fail me, I'll bury my head in sorrow and disgrace to-day." But he had no occasion for that. The impetuosity of the Kentuckians was such that the enemy's regulars broke and fled at the first fire, followed by a charge, and were soon secured as prisoners, except about forty dragoons, who fled with Proctor and Elliott, the Colonel, who had command of the Indians, both here and at the massacre at the River Raisin the previous Winter. Some of Colonel Johnson's mounted men followed the fugitives some distance. Elliott's horse stumbled and threw his rider, and our

men were too close to allow him to remount. He took to the woods in a wind-fall, where the brush and old logs were too thick for horses to travel, and he made his escape, and our men returned.

Colonel Johnson engaged the Indians under Tecumseh; but when they saw that the British regulars had surrendered, they fled into a swamp, where the horsemen could not go, and made their escape. The prisoners were placed under guard of the regulars, in the center of the general encampment. In the night we were all aroused and ordered to our arms, at the loud outcry of a volunteer. He exclaimed: "O Lord! O Lord! Indians, Indians!" We thought for a moment that they had attacked our lines. But it turned out that the man was asleep and dreaming of an attack.

Among the wounded prisoners was the interpreter and aid-de-camp of Brigadier-General Tecumseh, who was a half-breed. He lay at the root of a tree close by my company, and the next morning when the British surgeons, with ours, visited this man, I stepped up to see and hear. The man had fifteen buck-shot in him. Our cartridges had one ball and three buck-shot, or fifteen buck-shot, in them; of course he had one whole charge in him. The surgeons all agreed that he must die, and they could do no more for him. He was bandaged from his neck to his knees, including his arms.

While standing by the dying man, knowing that he was aid and interpreter to Tecumseh, the conversation between the surgeons naturally turned upon the report of the death of that chief. The Americans insisted that he was dead; while the British thought that he was such a wily old dog that he had made his escape.

At this, the interpreter spoke and said, "He *is* dead, he fell when I did," and then related as follows: "Tecumseh swore that if Harrison was in that battle,

he would kill him or lose his life; for he had owed him great hatred since the battle of Tippecanoe. Seeing a man on a fine horse, with a cocked hat on, and a wide wampum belt over his shoulder to which his powder-horn and bullet-pouch were hung, and being thus distinguished from every other man in the army, he supposed that it must be Harrison, and advanced from the line of the Indians to get a shot at him. In his advance he was followed by other Indians in the form of a harrow or triangle.

"At the same time the white chief seeing this movement, having dismounted with the others, moved forward to meet him, being followed by *his* men in the same form. They both leveled their rifles at the same moment, but Tecumseh got the first fire and the white chief fell. At this Tecumseh rushed up to get the scalp, followed by this interpreter, and a number of other Indians, when a volley from the white men brought the chief himself, and many others, to the ground. Tecumseh being still intent upon securing the scalp rallied again, though badly wounded, when a youth who had discharged his musket, drew a pistol from his belt and shot the chief dead." In half an hour after relating this the aid and interpreter died.

This settled the question with the surgeons as to the death of the old chief, who had been for many years the great terror of the North-West frontier, and it settled the question in the camp, at the time, as to who killed him; that is, a young man of Colonel Johnson's regiment. But no one thought or said, so far as was known, that Col. Johnson himself was the fortunate man. But on reaching Detroit, the General's letter to the Secretary of War, came to us in the papers, in which he gave the credit of the deed to Colonel R. M. Johnson. This news surprised the army of the Thames. No one doubted the courage or bravery of the Colonel,

and no one doubted that he would have killed him if he could have got the chance. And, further, no one doubted that the Colonel did kill a bold chief who rushed upon him while hampered by his fallen horse, and being himself wounded; but the chief he killed was not Tecumseh. We believed the General was misled by some one; and feeling disposed to honor the Colonel for his distinguished services in that campaign, he had taken it for granted without sufficient inquiry as to the facts of the case.

Since that time so many have questioned whether the Colonel or somebody else killed that chief, that it has been a subject of newspaper and historical controversy, and myself as well as others have been drawn into it. I care nothing about it, only for the truth of history, and for that alone I will give further evidence of the truth of my statements.

In 1848, in conversation with Colonel James Gentry, of Belmont, Wisconsin, who was a personal and political friend of Colonel Johnson's, when I related the statement of the interpreter and aid of Tecumseh, Colonel Gentry said he believed it, for it corroborated the story told by the adjutant of Colonel Johnson's regiment when he returned from the battle on the Thames. Gentry was born, and then lived in Kentucky, in the county in which the adjutant resided. He was twelve years old; too young to be a soldier, or he would have been one of them. But like all Kentuckians at that time, he took a deep interest in the affairs of the war, and noticed and remembered every thing that was said about it. This adjutant said when he returned home, that young King, of Captain Anderson's company, shot Tecumseh with a pistol.

Since then I have seen it stated that Captain Anderson, who for many years was State Treasurer of Kentucky, still says that young King killed Tecumseh; and

in the Spring of 1861 I met with John Booth, Esq., of Avoca, Wisconsin, who was in Colonel Johnson's regiment, and in the battle of the Thames, and knew young King, and heard him tell where he was when he fired through a bush or fallen tree, and where he hit him; and, on examining the dead body, and a certain fork of a fallen tree through which he fired, he found all the marks as King had stated, and no one in the regiment doubted that King was the killer of the great chief. Booth, like Gentry, was a personal and political friend of Johnson's, but could not sacrifice truth to honor their friend.

The white chief who fell by the fire of Tecumseh was recognized at once, by the Americans, as being Colonel Whitley. The Colonel could, it was said, have commanded a regiment under Governor Shelby, but he declined, preferring to "fight on his own hook," and he was permitted to go when and where he pleased. If he heard a gun on either wing, front or rear of the army, his fleet horse was put upon the run to see what it meant, and if a fight, to share in it. He was clad in Kentucky jeans, hunting-shirt and pants. He had on his left shoulder a wide wampum-belt, which held his powder and bullet-pouch, as above described; a leather girdle round his waist, to which was attached a tomahawk and scalping-knife. His rifle was long and highly mounted with silver. His horse was a tall bay, slim legged, and looked like a racer. On the day of the battle, and before it, as previously stated, he shot two Indians across the river, and swam his horse over, climbed the bank, scalped them, and returned. I saw him come up the bank, on his return from one of these feats. He was a brave and daring warrior from his youth, and his death was greatly lamented as a public calamity.

On our return to Detroit we met a gale of wind

and heavy rain, and the boats conveying the chief officers' baggage were driven into the mouth of a little stream that empties into Lake St. Clair, some twenty or twenty-five miles from Detroit. Here we camped without tents, shelter, or supper; but we found wood and made large fires. In some way, I never knew how, some of the men being wet, cold, and hungry, were in quest of something to eat, when they found in a boat a keg of brandy, from which they drew large rations. Others got possession of the secret, and drew also till the keg was emptied. When the officers sought for a little of the creature comfort, the keg proved to have leaked it all out. Of course, they suspected the soldiers, but they might as well have looked for a needle in a haymow as for the man or men who had tapped the Governor's stores. If they had visited the camp-fires near by them they could have found a number who were much the worse for liquor; but what liquor, or where it came from, would have been a difficult question to be answered, except by the men themselves.

On reaching Detroit the volunteers left for their homes, taking the prisoners with them as far as Chillicothe, Ohio, and General Harrison took some of the regulars on board the fleet and went down the lake, leaving a part of the regulars, including my regiment, to guard the city, and the Canada shore, Sandwich and Malden.

To prepare for Winter we had a heavy job before us. The British had burned the fort, leaving nothing but the heavy earthworks. They left nothing combustible, not a board or stick of timber, and we were compelled to go to the woods, from one to three miles distant, or to the islands, still further, to get logs and poles with which to build huts to winter in. Until these could be got ready, we occupied tents and vacant houses in the city. Here began and ended a great

mortality among the soldiers, which carried off about eight hundred men, more than all the loss in this campaign by the casualties of war on this frontier. The surgeons treated their patients as for common bilious attacks, but they died as many as six or eight a day. The surgeons had been careless, and more intent upon their own comforts than those of the sick, until they became alarmed for their reputation and office, when, by a post-mortem examination, they discovered the nature of the disease, and then soon put a stop to it. I was attacked among others, as I supposed, with bilious fever, in part, if not in whole, from the foul water I drank while crossing the portage from Sandusky Bay to the mouth of Carrying River.

I was taken with vomiting and diarrhea in the night, which continued till there seemed to be nothing left in me for the disease to work upon. I took a paper from the shelf containing tartar emetic and calomel, left for a sick soldier, but which he refused to take, and I swallowed the whole of it. It was designed for two or three potions, and its operations were very severe. Indeed, I have often since wondered that it had not killed me at once. Its effects were such that I could neither stand nor sit up, but had to lie down on the floor helpless, and could only roll over and let the green bile run out of my mouth, as thick as jelly. Having an iron constitution, by the blessing of God I weathered the storm, and having a paper of Peruvian bark, which was picked up while following the British up the Thames, which, among other things, they threw away to expedite their retreat, I used of it freely, and had exceedingly good health the balance of my time in the army.

Our regiment and one company of artillery occupied the fort. My company was detailed for artillery service, it requiring the two companies to man the guns

mounted on the platforms. Two of these were assigned to me to drill on, and handle in case of action, with a complement of men to man them. Such was the skill and activity with which our company handled the guns, we took the palm off the other company, though they were regular artillerists.

We spent the Winter as best we could. We had to procure our own wood, at least to send men to the woods to chop it, while the public teams hauled it. When not engaged in this, or in drill or police duty, the men amused themselves as the men of the world usually do, frequently in sinful amusements. My office, and the extra duties I performed in it, kept me pretty well employed; for, in fact, I not only did my own duty, but much that belonged to the Captain and other officers of the company to do. As is usual, the willing horse is apt to be overloaded or hard pressed; so it was with me. The officers found that I could do much that belonged to them, and they left it for me to do.

Still I found considerable leisure time, and not feeling disposed to amuse myself as most did, I read my Bible, and such other books as I could get hold of. In the pursuit of the enemy up the Thames many books, among them some religious books, that were thrown away were picked up by our men. In the lot were some Methodist books, indicating that there were some of that sort among the British soldiers, and those who had them not having a taste for such reading, and knowing me to be a Methodist, gave them to me, which I gladly accepted and read.

While on the march I had seldom the opportunity—though I sometimes succeeded in it—of formal, secret prayer; but in the fort, where regular camp duty had to be performed, it was my duty to see that every man was in his quarters at tattoo, 9 o'clock, P. M., after which I retired behind the huts, and at the breech of a

cannon had a time and place for secret prayer. There my soul was often greatly refreshed from the presence of the Lord.

As the Spring of 1814 opened, new scenes of warlike life occurred. Reports were rife that General Drummond was coming to retake Detroit and Malden, if he could, and every preparation for defense was made; but among the real there were some ludicrous events connected with this alarm and preparations for defense, and some that proved the truth of the old adage, that "there is policy in war."

The British were gathering, in force, on the head of the Thames, threatening a descent upon us at Detroit. A flag-officer came to our head-quarters on some business, real or pretended, and while there, a regiment of Pennsylvania Militia, whose term of six months' service had expired, demanded their discharge. No arguments or patriotic persuasions could induce them to remain till another regiment that was to relieve them should arrive. Their time was out, and go they must, and go they would, and go they did. Means were taken to have them leave the place by a back way, and not to pass by the window where the flag-officer was quartered—being head-quarters—but no, they were free men now, and they would go where they pleased, and the whole regiment went by, and in sight of the officer, in an unarmed and helter-skelter manner.

This must be counteracted, or the officer might make such a report to his chief, as would induce an immediate attack upon us. To do this, the Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry, whose quarters were outside, and east of the fort, just about sundown shouldered their guns and knapsacks and moved stealthily round back of the fort, and down toward Spring Wells; and then marched up the road by the head-quarters, straggling along as if greatly fatigued, from a long and hard march. It was

beginning to be dark, so that they could not be seen distinctly from the window of the officer, to enable him to form an opinion of their number; but the line stretched along for half a mile, or more.

As the head of the column came up by the gate, at head-quarters, Colonel Croghan, by order of Colonel Butler, who was in command, went out to and conversed with the officer in command of the new-comers, to receive his report. After talking sometime, while the column was straggling along by, the new officer leaned against the fence, as if greatly fatigued from the long march.

In the mean time the door of the flag-officer's room was purposely left ajar, so that he could hear what was said in the hall between the two Colonels. When Colonel Croghan came in, he reported to Colonel Butler that the troops just passing were under command of Major ———; that they were the advance of General ———'s Brigade of Regulars, who would reach there the next day; that this advance had made a forced march of thirty-six miles that day, on account of the Militia's leaving, of which they had learned by the express sent them, thinking possibly they might be needed, etc.

All this reached the flag-officer's ear at nightfall. The next morning he was hoodwinked and put across the river, and led some distance—too far off to see any thing of the force or fortifications of the place—when he was let loose with a flea in his ear. But it had its desired and designed effect; for the enemy kept at a respectful distance, and made no attack.

This event raised a question in my mind, as to whether a lie was justifiable in any case. If so, certainly this is the kind of case to justify it; for it is probable that this well-concocted lie, and the admirable manner in which it was carried out, saved many lives, and possibly the place from capture.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the suspense about this expected attack, a most ludicrous scene occurred at the little fort in Sandwich, in sight of Detroit. Colonel Gratiot, the Chief Engineer, had condemned some powder, taken from the British in the previous campaign, and gave it out to the artillery to drill with, the burning of which was great sport for us. We must have fired two hundred blank cartridges or more.

On the morning of the same day, Captain Puthuff, who was in command at Sandwich, sent out a couple of men to the woods, back of the town and farms, to see if there were any signs of Indians. About noon one of them came in, in great agitation, and without hat or gun, and said the woods were full of Indians, who had fired upon them, and he supposed that his comrade was killed, as he had seen nothing of him since the firing.

This, of course, on the heels of the rumor of attack, confirmed the idea, and the little garrison was put in the best possible state of defense. The gate was barricaded; the pickets strengthened; the block-house and cannon supplied with amunition, and the men's cartridge-boxes filled, and all awaited the attack. And while thus waiting, the firing commenced at Detroit. This, of course, confirmed the idea of an attack. And as it had begun at the main fort, the lesser ones would soon share in the general melee.

We first fired eight or ten rounds on the west and south angles of the fort, and then went to the north and east angles, and fired as many more; the long eighteen-pounder on the south-east bastion keeping up fire all the time, making some twenty rounds for that

gun. There being some twenty guns in all, from six thirty-two pounders, and half of them being fired as fast as possible, at a time there was a great thundering, and clouds of smoke. The inhabitants of the town, who were not informed of the nature of the case, were also alarmed, supposing that an attack had been made.

The officers and men at Sandwich hearing the roar, and seeing the smoke, had no doubt of an attack, and when they saw the firing commence on the south and west angles, presumed that the attack was made upon that side; when the firing ceased in that direction, and began in the other, they concluded that we had repelled the enemy on that side, and was repelling them on the other; and when the firing ceased, and the smoke had blown away so that they could see our flag yet at the staff, they concluded that we were victors. Being anxious to know how the battle went, they let an officer and some men down over the pickets to cross the river and make the inquiry.

On reaching head-quarters, which was on the bank of the river, the officer inquired how the battle went?

"What battle?"

"Why, at the fort."

"We have had no battle there."

"Why, what was the firing for?"

"O, Colonel Gratiot gave out some condemned powder for the men to drill with, in blank."

The officer could hardly credit it; and yet dared not question it. He stated the report of the scout, an hour or two before, on the other side of the river. This, in turn, produced some uneasiness with the officers in command. But the messenger began to suspect that they were badly sold, and returned home in that state of mind.

Before he got home the other soldier returned from the woods, walking leisurely, and whistling some merry air. On his coming within hailing distance, every man

that could be, was on the pickets, and some were calling to him to know something of his hair-breadth escape. A ladder was let down over the pickets for him to get within on, and he expressed his surprise at the change of things since he left in the morning.

On entering the fort, the officers inquired of him about the Indians.

"I have seen no Indians nor any signs of them," was the reply.

"Were you not fired upon by Indians?"

"No, sir. There were some Frenchmen out there shooting at game, but not at me."

"Well, what became of your comrade?"

"I don't know. He disappeared soon after we got into the woods, and I have not seen him since." The coward, it seemed, was frightened at the firing of the Frenchmen, supposing them to be Indians. But he was arrested and put into the guard-house, charged with cowardice and falsehood. The gate was opened, and when the officer returned from head-quarters, and reported the nature of the firing, they all felt that they had been badly sold, by the cowardice of the frightened soldier.

As my term of service was about to expire, the officers of my regiment began to take measures to re-enlist me for the war; one was deputed to wait on me and propose that if I would re-enlist, I should be made sergeant-major of the regiment, and all the officers would sign a recommendation of me to the President, for a lieutenancy; and, further, in case of my promotion, of which they had no doubt, they would make up a purse to buy me a sword and suit of uniform.

I informed the officer that I had been disappointed once, and might be again; I had expected that merit would be rewarded in the army. My merit had been acknowledged and promotion promised, but it had not

come, and I should trust to uncertainties no longer. If I had been promoted when it was promised, or even then, if a commission were tendered to me, I might accept it, and continue during the war, if I lived. But as it was, I could do without Uncle Sam as long as he could without me; and if he wanted me, it must not be under officers whose abilities were greatly inferior to my own, as I had been. This was admitted, and also, that I ought to have had precedence of any officer in the company in which I came out, all of whom had now left and gone home.

But I had reasons for going home that I did not state. I had promised God, if he would spare me to the end of my term, I would return home and give myself to the work to which he had called me. I thought, probably, He had controlled, and prevented my promotion, lest if it had occurred, the inducement to remain in the service might be too strong for resistance; as it was, I took my discharge and went home.

I took passage for Cleveland on a small schooner of some twenty tons, with a dozen other discharged soldiers. She had no loading, nor ballast, except the passengers. The captain was an old salt-water sailor, who, though American born, had been pressed into the British navy, and had been there fourteen years. When the war broke out he was in London, and went to his British captain and said that he could not fight against his country, and surrendered himself a prisoner of war. This the captain said he could not accept; he had been too good a sailor. "But," said he, "take a furlough for fourteen days, and go ashore and rest yourself." This was understood to be a hint to clear himself. Being then in London, he went at once to the American Consul, and was received as a prisoner, and thus found his way home. He, not returning at the end of the fourteen days, was, of course, put down

a deserter. On this account he dared not enter the army or navy, lest, if the fortune of war should place him in the hands of the British, he should be hung or shot for desertion. He, therefore, was in the merchant service, and on Lake Erie, where there was no danger of being captured by his old masters.

We left Malden at nightfall. The wind blew a stiff gale from the west, which was a little abaft of the beam, and kept the little bark in the troughs of the seas, and made her roll heavily. This made the only hand and all the passengers, except myself, sea-sick, and the captain and myself had to run the vessel alone; we ran from Malden to Cleveland in twenty-two hours, the shortest passage that then had ever been made. My sailorship attracted the attention of the captain, and he offered me forty dollars a month to go as his mate on a larger vessel that was then being built for him, and would soon be ready. This was something of a temptation; but the convictions of duty, in another direction, prevented my acceptance of the offer.

I left my trunk and clothing at Cleveland, and went home on foot, where I got a horse, and returned for my baggage, conveying it in bags, after selling my trunk. Wheels in that country were then out of the question out of town, except for road wagons with heavy teams.

On the first Sabbath after my return, I sought the house of God and his place of worship, and met my brethren in a prayer and class meeting, and attended the circuit preaching, which was now moved, so as to be about eight miles from home, which I had to travel on foot.

I had now to meet another trouble. I had been to the war, and some thought that fighting and praying were incompatible with each other. The views then entertained on this subject were very different from those now prevalent. Most people seemed to think

that no man could be a Christian and be a soldier. Probably one great reason why such views obtained was, that the Federal party was then numerous, and opposed the war, and so thought badly of those engaged in it.

I met the objections against me by referring to the wars of the Israelites, which were entered into by command of God, and their victories were regarded as a Divine favor and proof of Divine approbation. I referred also to the Revolutionary war; to Washington's praying at Valley Forge, when friend Pitts found him on his knees, and advised them never to thank God for giving us freedom and then oppose the means he blessed for that purpose.

When asked how I could pray for my enemies, and then shoot them, I related the anecdote of the deacon in Connecticut, in 1813, when the British were marching up to burn the shipping at Middletown. The militia was called out *en masse*, the deacon among the rest, to defend their property and their homes. He cleaned up his old musket, and marched with others to the field. They were drawn up in line behind a stone fence or wall, and when the enemy came within range, and the word was given to fire, he leveled his gun and took deliberate aim, and prayed, "God have mercy on your souls, while I kill your bodies!" and fired upon those who were aiming to kill him. The result was, the enemy was defeated, and returned to their shipping without doing the intended damage.

Some of my enemies tried to make good their predictions that I would backslide in the army, as many others had done, and sought for the evidence from my neighbors, who were messmates with me in the army. But in this they failed, and not only failed, but met with very rough repulses from them for attempting to injure an innocent man because he had defended his

country, and them with it. It had to be admitted that I had sustained my Christian character unsullied, and came home unscathed by the corruptions of the camp.

My license to exhort, which had not been renewed while I was in the army, the quarterly conference not knowing what the result would be, was now renewed, and I pursued my wonted course in holding religious meetings. But when I spoke of license to preach, some, and especially those of the Federal party in politics, renewed the objection that I had been to the war, and, as they thought, it must be that I had been, like most others in the army, wicked. Some objected that I had not been to college, nor had a liberal education. Such Methodists were half Congregationalist, or Presbyterian—the dominant sects at that time, in that country.

After returning home, and re-entering upon religious duties, I was again convicted of the necessity of sanctification, the evidence of which I had lost, in Connecticut, when brother Emery bluffed me off about preaching. I now felt the necessity of regaining that evidence, and sought it as before. In October, 1814, God, in mercy, bestowed it upon me. I now felt stronger to bear up under my trials and the oppositions I met with.

In December of that year, I was recommended by my class for license to preach; but not being able, from the distance, to attend the quarterly conference to pass an examination, the matter was laid over till the next quarterly-meeting, which was to meet within six miles of my residence. Accordingly, on the 15th of April, 1815, I attended the quarterly-meeting, where Jacob Young was presiding elder. I went with a forlorn hope. If I was rejected again it seemed to me that I must die, that I could not hold up any longer, but must sink and give up in despair.

What added to my fear was, that a brother Jones, a

steward, and an influential man in the conference, having a Presbyterian wife, and greatly influenced by her in his views about an educated ministry, was opposed to me. But, as a good Providence would have it, he was called away from home on that day to a regimental training, he being an officer in the militia. If he had been at home, when the meeting was held, he would have opposed me, as he afterward told me, and if he had done so, the conference would not have licensed me. I knew, also, that the presiding elder was opposed to me because, as he thought, I was too fast in asking for license. He thought that young men should wait till they were called, or rather dragged out, and not be so forward as to offer themselves for the work.

But why my mind should be so deeply and irrevocably impressed that it was my duty to preach, and be so intimately blended with my religious enjoyment, and yet Providence not opening the way for me to do it, when I was willing and desired to do so, because I felt it to be my duty, was a mystery too deep for me to solve.

I went before the conference, and brother Young put me through so thoroughly, and I answered him so much better than he anticipated, that his opposition partially dropped. Some of my friends in the conference urged the matter so strongly that I was licensed to preach the Gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I trust that neither the Church nor the world is any the worse for it, but, allowing others to judge, the better.

This quarterly-meeting was held in Hartford, at the Burg, so called, near the line of Vernon, Trumbull county, Ohio, where I had some warm friends, and who invited me to preach for them, which I did frequently, with profit to myself and apparent benefit to them. Brother Jones heard me sometimes; but, hav-

ing agreed to accompany his wife to her meeting half the time, he was not a constant hearer, as were the other brethren.

It so happened on one of my visits to that class, in September, 1815, five months after I was licensed, that a good sister died in peace, on the day I was there. Her connections were mostly Presbyterians, and were numerous and respectable, though her husband was a Methodist; yet, to gratify her connections, a Presbyterian minister was preferred to preach her funeral sermon. Possibly, if one of our circuit ministers had been at command, he might have been invited to do it. But neither the circuit minister nor the Presbyterian minister was to be had. It was "Hobson's choice," me or none; and I remained in the place till the next day, for that purpose.

The Methodists had their fears for the result, and I suppose prayed the more earnestly. The Presbyterians, who were the dominant sect, at the time, seemed to think that a sermon on such an occasion from one of *their* ministers, would be of great advantage to the departed spirit, and appeared to have worse forebodings. I could but view it as providential, myself, and prayed for divine aid, and a blessing upon the people, that they might be satisfied that I was called of God to the work.

The effort proved a successful one. One of my best friends, a brother in the Church, told me afterward, that he trembled with fear, and wished one of the circuit preachers had been there, for the sake of our cause, the character of which was in some measure at stake with outsiders. But when I was fairly under way, he said his fears subsided, and before I had finished he said he would not have exchanged me for either of the others. This, of course, was as balm to my afflicted soul; and this, with the apparent satisfac-

tion of the audience, who listened with a death-like stillness and attention, gave me great encouragement.

But all this fell below the gratification I felt when brother Jones, who had opposed me so long, took me by the arm as we left the grave, and said I must go home with him, and declared his satisfaction at my being licensed, and tendered me his house, as a home, when in that region. From that time forward, he was my fast and faithful friend, while I remained in that country.

In February, 1816, I had business that called me to Connecticut. Not having a horse, or the means to buy one, I traveled the distance, between six and seven hundred miles, on foot; the roads being in the worst possible condition, being either muddy or frozen into rough points and knobs. On my way I spent a Sabbath in Carlisle, the place of my conversion, and preached in their newly built church, the old one, so dear to me, having been sold and demolished, or converted into a dwelling-house.

From thence I went through Harrisburg and Reading, to Easton, on the Delaware River, and up it to Milford, Pike county, Penn., to visit my oldest sister, the wife of Rev. B. Weed, then a local preacher at that place. Here I spent a few weeks pleasantly, and formed some useful acquaintances, and learned some incidents characteristic of early Methodism.

A brother Doolittle gave me an account of his conversion in this wise: He was born and raised in the Dutch Reformed Church. He was a blacksmith by trade; married and settled on the Jersey side of the river; but his wife proved to be an intolerable scold. To avoid the continual clatter of her tongue, after leaving his work at night, he resorted to the tavern, where others spent their evenings, some to avoid a similar calamity, and others from social inclinations.

To occupy the room, and consume the fuel without spending any thing, seemed to be ungentlemanly, and, of course, the drink must be called for; not to be churlish, each one on each night must call for his share, and to consume all this, soon made regular topers and then drunkards of them all. When he went home under these circumstances, the storm became doubly fierce, and to avoid it he often stayed out all night. He was thus on the high road to ruin, and going it with rapid strides; all because his wife was a scold. This is but a sample of thousands of like cases. I presume more men have been ruined in this way, by the scolding of wives, than from any other one cause.

But death appeared in his family, and took away a lovely and beloved child. This aroused his reflections; and he became awakened to a sense of his lost and ruined condition, and resolved to flee from the wrath to come, by the mercy and help of God. He forsook the tavern; but home afforded him no comfort. He would not, he dared not return to the tavern, for he saw nothing but death to soul and body awaiting him there. Desiring religious instruction, he went to the elder of his Church, to know what he should do to be saved. The elder told him that some years previous he had lost a child, and becoming serious, he went to the Dominie—as the minister was called—and related his feelings. The Dominie put down his name on the Church records, and not long afterward they elected and consecrated him elder.

"Is this all of your experience?"

"Yes."

"Have you not been pardoned for your sins?"

"I don't know, but I hope so."

"Have you no evidence that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you?"

"No; we don't believe in that doctrine."

"Well, that won't do for me; I must have forgiveness for my sin, or die and go to hell." And leaving the elder to his thoughts upon this subject, he wandered about mourning and disconsolate. He had heard of the Methodists, but his prejudices, in common with others, who formed their opinion from hearsay, and not from actual acquaintance, prevented his going to hear them. He had heard his own minister, but received no light or comfort to his troubled soul. He read his Bible, which cut him to the quick; but how to claim and apply the promises, he knew not.

In this state of mind one Sunday morning, he preferred to retire to some lonely place for meditation and prayer, rather than go to hear one whom he now thought to be "the blind leading the blind." After reaching a rather by-place, on his way to the woods, he heard singing that seemed to charm and draw him to the spot, which he found to be a Methodist meeting. As he could find no relief in his own Church, and had heard of the conversion of sinners among the Methodists, and being now out of sight of his Dutch Reformed brethren, who he supposed would ridicule him if they saw him at such a meeting; and withal being on the borders of despair, he was ready to do any thing if thereby he could obtain relief. So he concluded that it could not make his case any worse, and possibly it might do him good. To stay where he was he *must* die; to go in and hear them he *could* but die, and he entered the house and took a seat.

The first hymn that was sung began: "Come ye sinners, poor and needy," etc. This struck him with mingled surprise and comfort. He thought within himself: "How did they know the state of my mind?" He had never heard it before. "Did they make it to suit the occasion?" Be that as it may, it suited his case exactly, and pointed him to a remedy so befitting

the circumstances of his case, that a feeble hope began to rise in his heart that there was mercy for him yet.

The prayer that followed was of the same cast, and he queried again in his mind, "How do they know who I am, and how I feel? Who could have told them?" But as the preacher went on in his prayer for poor disconsolate sinners, for mourning penitents, and for the laboring and heavy laden, he got his head down and wept, but dared not get on his knees, as the others did, lest he should break over the order of his Church at home.

After the prayer, they struck up from memory, no books appearing,

> "O, how happy are they
> Who their Savior obey," etc.

This hymn expressed what he supposed a pardoned sinner would feel, to which views he must have been led by the Word and Spirit of God, for his Dominie never taught such things in his preaching. When the text was announced, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," he could hardly control himself. He never had read it, or heard it in his Church; or, if he had, he had never noticed it; it had never struck his attention as it did now. He would have suspected that it was made, or selected from some book, for the occasion, if he had not seen that it was read from the Bible. But the discourse was the climax of his astonishment; that the preacher should so exactly know, and describe, his feelings; and when he pointed the trembling penitent to Christ, he saw hope in his case. He had, by this time, lost his prejudices, and almost thought the preacher was inspired; at least he concluded that God was with this people, and in them.

At the close of the public service, class-meeting was announced. This was a new kind of meeting to him;

but he thought if it was of the same kind as the others, he wanted to have a part in it. He queried whether it was a public or private meeting, but was soon relieved from suspense by a cordial invitation for those who were seeking religion to stay. The speaking went on as usual, one and another telling how they were awakened, and how they felt when under conviction of sin, and how happy they were when forgiven, and were still happy in striving to serve God, in which sweet employment they intended to live and die.

All this so completely described his feelings then, and his desires for the future, that he could no longer contain himself, but broke out, in the anguish of his soul, and said, "I am that very sinner you have sung to, prayed for, and preached to, and I want to feel as you do. How you knew the state of my case I do not know, but you have described it exactly; and now I want you to pray for me, that I may be as happy as you are." This, of course, they did, and he was soon converted, and made happy in the love of God.

From this he went home, happy in God, and not in the least ashamed to own that he had been to Methodist meeting, and that God had forgiven his numerous and great sins. He was assailed by his Dutch Reformed brethren for turning Methodist, and leaving the Church of his fathers; but he repelled them by stating the facts of the case, and assuring them that while with them he was on the way to hell, and that, unless they sought and found peace with God, they would all go to hell together, Dominie and all. His conversion was the means of awakening his wife, who soon found pardon, and was effectually cured of her scolding, and they were a happy family. She now met him with a smile, and home was sweet to him.

While here I was informed of another characteristic incident, which occurred not far off. A preacher, in

discoursing upon sin, so described the case of a man in the audience, that he became very angry. He said, on retiring, "Some one has told that man all that I ever did in my life, and here he has been twitting me of it, before all the people," and he would n't go to hear him again. Some tried to convince him that no one told the preacher; that he had only guessed at it. "No," said the man, "he could n't guess so straight as that;" and, as the preacher was not acquainted with him, he knew that some one must have told him. But, finally, after much persuasion, he agreed to go once more, and see if he could guess so well again. The next discourse was upon sin, as the other was, with the addition that some were ashamed of their sins, and would be angry if they were told of or reproved for them. "There," said the man to his friend, "I told you so; some one has told him not only the first, but the last; and I won't go to hear him any more;" and so left it, that the informant, whoever he might be, might tell the preacher that he would not be in attendance; but he intended to be there secretly, and see if he could then tell so exactly about him. Accordingly, he went early, it being at night, and hid himself behind the door, so as not to be seen. The congregation gathered; the service commenced, and went on as usual. The text that night was, "Woe to them that cover themselves with a covering, but not of my Spirit, that they may add sin to sin." The preacher described the sins of men; how ashamed they were of them; how angry they would be if told of or reproved for them; and to avoid an exposure, would hide, and skulk round, under some covering, but not of the Lord; they would make pretenses to goodness, be hypocritical, and dissemble their true characters. After thus explaining the text, he exhorted the sinner to abandon such pretenses, and repent before God, and not vainly try to cover his

sins in such a way; and, finally, exclaimed, "Sinner, come out from behind your lurking place, for God will find you out, and bring you to judgment." At this the man sprang out from behind the door, and smiting his fists together, said, "You are a devil; I know you are, or you would n't have known that I was here."

This took both preacher and people all aback, for they had heard nothing of the man; only the few that he had spoken to. The preacher assured the man that he knew nothing of him. "Ah, but some one has told you all about me, and you have exposed me before all the people; or else you are a devil, and know these things." "No," said the preacher, "neither the one nor the other; but the Spirit of God is enlightening your mind as to your sins;" and pointed him to Christ as his Savior. The man, becoming satisfied of the truth of this exposition, yielded to his convictions, and sought and found peace with God.

From Milford I went to a quarterly-meeting at Sugar-Loaf; and thence, by Haverstraw, to Sing Sing, to visit the tomb of my father, after an absence of ten years. Another day brought me to Danbury, to see my mother. Great changes had occurred among the people. The young had changed more than the old. The older people looked more natural than the younger ones. I could not have supposed that the youth, in three and a half years, could have so changed that I scarcely knew them. But what struck me as the most singular, and yet impressive and suggestive, was the fact, that when I left that place for the West they seemed to have given me up, as if gone to the spirit world; and on meeting me now, would ask a few questions about New Connecticut, as they would of an apparition from the spirit world, and then pass on, as if I had been dead, and only casually came back for a short visit. It was a fact that when we parted before, we did

not expect to meet again in this world; and this, I suppose, caused the apparent feeling above described. No one but my mother and brothers seemed to be glad to see me, or acted as if I was yet an inhabitant of this world.

From Danbury I went to Bridgeport to see my wife's relations, and found that the business that had called me to the place was a failure, and I had my long journey and back for nothing. While at Bridgeport and vicinity I preached a few times to my old classmates, friends, and outsiders. The Methodists had just got possession of the old Stratfield meeting-house, of which I have spoken before, and in it I preached to the people of the place. Leaving this I returned home to Ohio, by nearly the same route by which I went East.

In the class to which I belonged in Ohio was a brother who emigrated from the Susquehanna River, near the line between Pennsylvania and New York, who told me of an incident that occurred in that region at the introduction of Methodism there.

"The wonderful and fearful stories that frightened many in those days, were repeated with additions to suit the tastes of the reporters. The word went out that 'the Methodists have come, and they tell the people all they ever did in their lives; and not only so, but they throw people down and convert them, whether they want to be converted or not.' There was in the place a Quaker couple, who had no children, but a good deal of money, so that one or the other had to stay at home to prevent a robbery. The woman had heard these stories about the Methodists, and believed them. She had a strong desire to go and hear for herself, but feared the throwing down and conversion, and therefore wished her husband to accompany her for a protection from such a calamity.

"The husband would not believe the reports; but

the wife insisted that it must be so, for such and such women had told her that the preacher had told them of all their sins, and told them of sins that they were confident no mortal but themselves knew any thing about; and, further, they had seen people fall down as if dead, and when they came to, were converted and professed to be exceedingly happy. And she believed them and wanted to go and see and hear for herself, but dared not go alone for fear of conversion.

"The husband not believing the story, declined going; but she insisted, and urged till he finally consented. Now another difficulty occurred; what should they do with their money? Where should they hide it so that no one should rob them while gone? After consultation, they put it in an old earthen pot and placed it in the cellar among some rubbish, where no one would think of looking for money, and went to hear the strange preacher.

"The text was the parable of the feast, 'Come, for all things are now ready; and they all began, with one accord, to make excuse,' etc. After explaining the feast, and the invitation to sinners to come and partake of it, he spoke of the excuses named in the parable, and enlarged by enumerating other excuses made by the sinner; and finally said, 'And some people have so much money they dare not go to meeting, for fear somebody may rob them while they are gone. Even if they do go, they will hide it in some place where they think no one will be likely to find it; it may be down cellar, in an old earthen-pot or something.'

"At this the woman sprang to her feet, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, 'Good God, did you ever hear the like of that!' and, pointing to her husband, said, 'Didn't I tell you so?' She thought surely he knew all about it, and where the money was, and

all they had to do was to watch him, lest, if disposed, he might go and get it. But this, like all other such cases, proved to be the beginning of their awakening, which ended in their conversion."

I continued my reading and preaching. One of the best books I had then found, except the Bible, was Benson's Sermons. This I read and studied effectually. It contains a good body of divinity in itself, and was of great use to me. My daily labor was necessary to my subsistence, and having appointments most of the time on Sunday, from six to nine miles from home, and having these distances to travel on foot, through the mud or snow, to go and come, and preach twice and meet class on the same day—which was the custom among Yankees—I had only evenings to read, and not always having candles, I made light wood fires to read by. Friends increased, and I felt encouraged.

In the Summer of 1816, at the last quarterly-meeting before the Ohio Annual Conference for that year, I offered myself to the presiding elder, Jacob Young, for the itinerancy, but was again rejected; not, however, in the bluff manner of brother Emery, but in a tender and fatherly manner. The reasons he assigned were, that having a family I could not get a support on any circuit in my reach, and would be compelled to locate in a few years poorer than I then was, and probably in debt, and he could not think of calling men into the work under such circumstances, and therefore advised me to remain awhile till times got better; in the mean time to continue my reading and preaching, and be thus prepared for greater usefulness when the way for me did open.

At this my heart sunk again; but as he was kind and affectionate in his manner, and the reasons he gave were of some force, I rallied as well as I could; but not without some strong temptations to give up the itin-

erancy and fall back upon my original plan of life, and study and practice law, and preach as I could as a local preacher. I had obtained some law books, and had read some in them, and was almost ready now to enter upon the study for a life business; but my mind was so strongly led to the itinerancy, and something within whispered so loudly that I *must* itinerate, that I could not possibly content myself in any thing else. At other times in my gloom I thought of my trade, of opening a shop and taking apprentices, etc. But the same inward whisper would say, "You *must* travel, and before you can teach apprentices, so as to be of any profit to you, you will have to leave them, and lose all your time and pains in their instruction, board," etc.

In my intercourse with the membership the question was often put to me: "Why don't you travel the circuit?" expressing the opinion that I had gifts to be useful in that way. This, of course, led to an explanation of my case, and an expression of a willingness to do so whenever the way was opened for me. When told of the objection raised by brother Young, they demurred, and said they would receive me on that circuit—the one on which I lived—and give me a support; adding, that so far they had only had single men, and contributed for their support accordingly, but if they had married men, they would enlarge their means of support according to the increase demanded. Four years after, when two of us, and both married, were on that circuit, we actually received a better support than the single men did, pro rata, though in that time two other circuits had been formed off the old one, thus proving the correctness of the position and argument of the membership.

I learned afterward that brother Young thought that my offering myself for the work was an indication of forwardness, and that it was necessary to curb the

young steed, lest he run too fast. This, to me, was strange doctrine, for most of the preachers of that day had been disobedient to the call of God, and had, as a consequence, backslid, some of them two or three times before they would yield to a sense of duty; and in many instances they would not, and did not yield to obey God in this matter, until his severe chastening providences had taken away property, health, child, and even the wife of their youth. To think then that willingness to obey God was wrong, or that rebellion was a recommendation, was to me a strange doctrine. I had supposed, and I yet believe, as in the case of St. Paul, obedience to the heavenly vision was the most acceptable to God, and profitable to the soul, to the Church, and to the world.

But things passed on in this way till midsummer, 1817. James B. Finley was now the presiding elder. I had by this time extended my acquaintance over the greater part of the circuit, which covered most of the settled portion of the Western Reserve, east of the Cuyahoga River. At the last quarterly-meeting for the year, in June, 1817, which was held in Nelson, in brother Taylor's barn, beginning on Friday, on account of much quarterly-conference business, which kept that body close for the whole of Saturday, I offered myself again, but with no better success than before. I should not probably have offered myself again, but I was pressed by the membership to do so; the same old reasons of poverty in both myself and the circuits being urged by the presiding elder.

But a little incident at the meeting, like a pebble on the iron rails, joggled the car of opposition so as to arrest the attention of the conductor. The quarterly conference being in session in the house, the preaching was done in the barn, and it fell to me to preach at 9 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday. My text was Romans viii,

28–30, on predestination. Calvinism yet retained its predominance in Yankeedom, of which this Reserve was the offspring, and, of course, all were eyes and ears to see and hear what the boy would do with the text, and the doctrines which the Calvinists drew from it. The result was favorable for both me and the cause of Methodism in that region.

In the afternoon, when my case was before the conference, the presiding elder being opposed to me, and seeking every ground he could to justify his opposition, raised the question of ability to preach. As none of the officiary on the part of the circuit nearest my residence were present—and those at this meeting being in conference did not hear me—brother Finley called in brother Taylor, who was an old Methodist from New England, a man of intelligence, and a good judge of preaching, doubtless expecting to hear some criticisms that would favor his views of opposition. On asking his opinion of the discourse that morning, the answer was favorable—that it gave general satisfaction, etc. But this answer was not such as the presiding elder wanted just then, and he pressed his inquiry as to the witness's *own* views. "Well, if that is what you want," said he, "I must say it was by far the greatest sermon we have had at this meeting, and one of the best I ever heard."

This put a sudden stop to further inquiry on that point, and the Conference was ready to vote my recommendation to the Annual Conference. But the presiding elder put in the old plea of the poverty of the circuits, and their inability to support married men, and said he could not advocate my reception at the Conference if I was recommended. At this the quarterly conference dropped the subject, as of no use to try for me.

Thus I was prostrated again, and went home trying

to be reconciled to my fate, and forget, if possible, the itinerancy, so far as to *my* connection with it. But this was in vain. It seemed as if the stronger the opposition, the stronger was the impression and conviction of duty in that direction.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was one thing in the history of our Church in that region, at that period, which has not appeared in print, and not at all to the credit of those who controlled it. But as I was a sufferer under its influence, I must, to give a faithful record of my life, be excused for stating it.

As before hinted, the Connecticut Western Reserve, or New Connecticut, lying in the north-eastern part of Ohio, and wherein I resided, was settled mostly by people from the New England States, or the descendants of such from New York, all being called Yankees. Presbyterianism had found its way here from Pennsylvania, before the Congregational ministers from New England had ventured that far from home. But when the latter took "missions to the heathen in the West," they operated mostly among their own countrymen, in the rapidly rising settlements on the Reserve. I never knew of but two, out of the scores that came with such commissions, that went far enough to see an Indian wigwam. These missions afterward took the name of "Home Missions," and served the incumbents as stepping-stones to a settlement, when *called* by the people to do so.

The Presbyterians being in the advance, and some Churches being organized under the economy of that denomination, the Eastern missionaries fell in with it;

and, rather preferring that mode of Church government as being more efficient than Congregationalism, they persuaded their people to adopt it. An arrangement was entered into between the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the General Association of the Congregational Church of Connecticut, that any of their ministers, missionaries, or others, might be installed, when *called*, as Presbyterians or Congregationalists, as the people who called them might choose. Under this arrangement the Congregational ministers from the New England States generally became Presbyterians on reaching Ohio.

Accordingly Presbyteries, and finally a Synod, was formed; and, as "new divinity" had obtained generally among them, this Synod was the first to give trouble to the General Assembly on this score. It was the first, I believe, that was severed from the Assembly on this ground, and when severed, many of the Churches fell back upon the economy of their fathers, and became Congregationalists again.

Methodism at that time, (1817,) and previous, had but little foothold on the Reserve. The people generally adhered to the forms, creed, and mode of worship of their New England forefathers. A few Methodists had emigrated from the East, and a few had come from Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania; but when all these were put together, they bore but a small proportion to the mass of the people. The Congregationalists having long been "the standing order" in New England, they felt their dignity in their new homes, and the Methodists were treated as intruders, and with much contempt. The first school-houses were built before the Ohio school system was adopted, and, of course, by subscriptions and not taxes. As the settlements were weak, a union of all parties was invoked to help build, with the promise that the houses should

not only be for schools, but be *free* to all denominations to worship God in. As soon, however, as the houses were finished, "the standing order" took possession of them whenever they came along, to the exclusion of others, and especially of the Methodists. We learned that the freedom to worship for all denominations meant that they all might do so, under the government and control of "the standing order;" and when no minister of that order was present, in *some* places the Methodists might occupy the house. In a few, and a very few, places, where we had a society and friends, we were allowed to occupy these houses as of the first right.

Under these circumstances, our circuits and districts being large, and the Churches being poor, and the support being small, they—the circuits—were supplied by young and single men, from the lower part of Ohio and from Kentucky. The prejudices of their education were so strong against the Yankees that they regarded the people as bordering upon the savage state, and, when among them, treated them accordingly. These young men, after receiving their appointments at Conference, would go home and visit their friends, and calculate to reach their fields of labor, generally, just before their first quarterly-meeting, and leave for a home visit immediately after their fourth quarterly-meeting. By this mode of service the circuits were generally without preaching for at least three months every year. Some of our young preachers from the South and West were the descendants of the Puritans, but had so imbibed the more Western feeling that they treated us with but little more respect than did the others.

One of those young men was sent to the Chatauqua circuit. He went clad in the coarsest and most shaggy of cloth, called then bear-skin. A good sister, of considerable refinement, asked him why he went thus clad?

"We wish our preachers to look decent, and thus command respect."

"Why," said he, "as my appointment was in this cold region, and among the Yankees, whom I supposed to be near related to the bears and wolves, I thought I would dress to suit the circumstances."

"O, brother, you need n't so despise the Yankees; you *may* want a Yankee wife before you leave us."

"No, indeed; I 'd as soon marry an Indian woman."

But before his second quarterly-meeting he attempted to get a Yankee wife. Being rejected, he requested the presiding elder to change him to another circuit, which was done, since his mind was so affected as to injure him and his usefulness where he was.

Under these circumstances Methodism did, and could, grow but little, until a change took place, and preachers were raised up among us, or those sent to us got married and made their homes there. When this was done, they would stay on their work till just time enough, by hard travel, to reach the seat of Conference; and, when that was over, return as quick as their horses could carry them. As soon as this state of things was inaugurated, Methodism began to rise with rapid strides. Three preachers, James M'Mahon, Ira Eddy, and Ezra Booth, who came to us in a single state, married in the country. As preachers in those days who had wives, found it both convenient and necessary to live near their wives' relations, from whom they derived a portion of their support, these brethren were fastened to the country.

I was the first *married* man who attempted to get into the itinerancy from this region, and the first one who *did* thus succeed. I had not only the plea of the poverty of the circuit to meet, but also the prejudice existing against the Yankees among the more western preachers. Truth compels me to say, that notwith-

standing the many great and excellent qualities of brothers Young and Finley, they were not altogether free from the influence of this prejudice; and from what then transpired, as well as from subsequent developments, I must say that I think this was a strong element of the opposition to me, of those otherwise excellent men of God.

On this circuit, on which I lived, then called Mahoning, after the principal water-course in it, was a local preacher, who bore the cognomen of "Deacon Crosby;" he being a deacon in our Church. He was one of the best and most pious men I ever knew. The worst thing I ever heard of him was from an outsider, who said that the deacon could not be a *good* man, for every body spoke well of him, and quoted our Lord's words, "Woe to you, when all men speak well of you."

In conversation with the deacon, one day, on the "falling exercises," so called, he related the following remarkable case. He was preaching in the town of Wayne, in a private house. A large fire had been made of sugar maple, in a large back-woods fire-place, and burned down to a large bed of live coals. There was no special excitement in the congregation; but suddenly a young woman, sitting on the back seat of three, made by laying boards on chairs—her bonnet had been laid off, as is quite common when the meeting is in a private house—sprang to her feet, and jumped and shouted; two or three jumps carried her over the two seats in front of her, and between persons sitting on them; and after a few more jumps she fell backward with her long hair, now dangling without combs, on to that bed of coals, bringing her hair in a heap under her head.

The deacon said a tremor went through his frame, and he stopped preaching, expecting to see her hair

flash into a blaze. Two or three men sprang to the girl and lifted her up, and he saw them, with his own eyes, brush the live coals from her hair, and he, with others, afterward examined her hair, and they could not discover a hair that was singed. He supposed, of course, that those to which the live coals adhered must be singed, but no mark of fire could be seen. At the time he told me this, he said there were yet living in the neighborhood of the meeting, at least twenty persons who were present at the time, and saw what he had related.

After seeing what I have heretofore recorded of such exercises, without harm, as well as from the high character of the deacon, I was prepared to credit the story. Indeed, I do not believe that any person who thus falls, under the influence of the Good Spirit, could be injured by fire or water, or by coming in contact with any other substance. Skeptics, semi-skeptics, or those "Rationalists" who reduce the works of God to their capacity and understanding, may not believe in what *they* can not comprehend; but nothing can be more reasonable and philosophical, than that persons under the divine or supernatural influence, would not, nay, could not, be hurt by it, or by any contact with other substances while their own volition is thus suspended.

After the Nelson quarterly-meeting, I tried again to relieve my mind from this strong sense of duty to travel and preach, but it was in vain. My mind was so exercised, and my feelings and spirit were so depressed that a regular nervous prostration, or hypochondria, settled down upon me, and I could neither work nor attend to other business, but was almost petrified in gloom and despair. I was sensible of my situation, but unable to shake it off.

When I attempted to work, as soon as my thoughts turned upon the subject—and that was almost con-

stantly—I believed, as firmly as I did in my existence, that I was called of God to the itinerancy; was willing to obey God in this matter, and wishing to do so; but my way was blocked up—not by the people, for they now almost unanimously favored me in this matter, but—by the ministers of God, who of all men living I loved the most; not for the want of talents, for these were accorded me, nor for any impeachment of Christian character, or conduct, but from an indescribable and indefinable prejudice, growing out of a fear lest I should go too fast—they deemed and construed my willingness as proof of forwardness and self-conceit; and, moreover, I was not born in some other part of the earth besides New England—I say, that when these thoughts came to my mind, which was almost continually, my limbs lost their power to act; work, of course, was suspended, and tears and moans gave the only relief I had, except what came from a consciousness of my love to and peace with God.

While in this unpleasant state of mind, wishing for some means by which to throw it off, I read in a newspaper a cure for the hypochondria, said to be infallible, and it proved so to me. It was this: "Take half a pint of resolution, an ounce of common sense, and a few grains of patience; mix them well together, and when a fit of this terrible disease comes on, swallow the whole, and go to work." It struck me that *resolution* was the principal ingredient in this recipe, and if so, I would try it. I did so with good success. At first it was like the man in the Gospel with the withered hand, apparently without power to stretch it forth, but with the effort came the strength to do so. Every succeeding effort seemed to have more power in it until the cure was effected, and the disease has never seriously affected me since; though I have often been accused of it by those whose eyes were affected by it.

In the midst of these trials and difficulties, it was suggested to me to try for an opening in some other Christian Church, but my feelings revolted at the idea. I was converted, called to preach, and sanctified among the Methodists. Their doctrines, usages, modes of worship were in accordance with my experience, and my views of Scripture, aided by my experience of the divine operation on the human mind. I knew of no other Church, then, who subscribed to those doctrines, usages, and such experiences; and above all, I knew of no other Church that had, and countenanced the life and power of godliness as did the Methodists. The only difficulty in my way, was in an erroneous opinion of those who managed our Church affairs, which time and the providence of God might correct. I did not doubt that there were Christians in other Churches, but the greater helps found in the economy of Methodism would have made better ones of them. God had made a Methodist of me, against the strong prejudices of my early education, and I could feel at home in no other communion, and there I resolved to live and die, by the grace of God.

At the Annual Conference of 1817, D. D. Davidson and Ezra Booth were sent to the circuit. They came earlier than was usual, and had time to go round the circuit once or twice before the first quarterly-meeting. In so doing they had learned the state of feeling in the membership in reference to me, and when brother Davidson came to my house, which was then one of his appointments, he said to me, as we were seated at the table:

"Brother, you don't look well." I suppose my countenance indicated this, from the depressed state of my mind. "I think," said he, "that traveling would agree better with you than your trade, and the confinement it requires."

"Traveling agrees with me very well, and I should like to be engaged in it, if I could."

"Well, will you take a circuit?"

"I should be glad to do so; but my brethren think I am too poor to sustain myself, and the circuits are too poor to sustain me."

"No, no," said he, "that is not so. Will you take a circuit if I 'll get one for you?"

"I will, and be glad of the opportunity to do so."

He then said, "Our people, all round the circuit, feel aggrieved at the way you have been treated in this matter, and say they will not submit to it any longer; they demand a circuit for you; and if you will take one I will get one for you."

I attended the quarterly-meeting at Youngstown, late in November. Brother Davidson had an interview with brother Finley, the presiding elder, and told him the state of feeling in my favor, and that I must be employed, or great dissatisfaction would exist on the circuit. The result was, that brother Finley gave me a few appointments in Huron county, Ohio, which were from one hundred and ten to one hundred and fifty miles from home, through an almost impassable wilderness. These appointments had been taken up just before Conference, by a local preacher who was sent out there to explore the country, and were attached to the Cuyahoga circuit. But the preacher sent to Cuyahoga declined to go to them, having, as he said, work enough without them. The prospects for a support were not flattering, and, indeed, this had but little place in my thoughts; it was the *work* I wanted, and I was willing to trust in God, and the brethren, for the rest. But having to close up my business, and procure a horse and equipments, I could not get away from home till the first week in January, 1818.

I was clad in homespun, the produce of my wife's

industry. She had spun the wool, woven the cloth, and, after the cloth came from the fullers, made my garments. My horse and equipage were of the humblest kind, though the best that I had means to procure. My journey was through a country of which I had no knowledge, mostly a dense forest. I reached what is now Medina county, by the southern tier of towns on the Reserve; but finding no road further west, I turned north, through Pittsfield, and traveled some thirty miles before I could find a road leading to the lake shore, west of Cleveland. Where Elyria now stands, there being no bridge, I crossed the river on the ice, of one or two nights' freezing, but I found it to be six inches thick, and, of course, safe. After crossing Black River, on the Ridge Road, I found a Methodist family, by the name of Smith, whose house was one of my appointments. This place was one hundred and ten miles from home, by the nearest route, but one hundred and fifty by the road I had traveled.

My circuit extended from Black River, along the Ridge Road, by where Norwalk now stands, which was laid out in the Spring of 1818, to the little town of New Haven, and from thence, by a zigzag course, to Sandusky Bay, at Venice and Portland, now Sandusky City; thence through Perkins, east along the lake shore, to the place of beginning. I soon formed a four-weeks' circuit of twenty-four appointments, with two hundred miles travel to compass it. I preached the first sermon ever preached in many places, and especially Sandusky City, then containing but some half dozen houses.

At my first visit to New Haven there were about thirty families in the village and the adjoining country. Among them all there was but one person who enjoyed religion; he was James M'Intire, a local preacher, and justice of the peace. I had sent on an appointment to be there on Friday night. There were seven prominent

men in the place who were public teachers of infidelity, two of them distinguished physicians, by the name of Powers. There had been seven lawsuits before our justice, in the week, so far, for assault and battery, growing out of the use of whisky. One of the defendants was a woman, who had whipped a man with a bridle, without just cause or provocation.

I stopped at the house of M'Intire's father, who, with his wife, *had* been Methodists, but were now without much, if any, religion. As soon as I was well seated, the old lady began to tell me the remarks that had been made by the infidels of the village, in reference to my appointment. She seemed to have some fears that I might meet with uncourteous, if not rough, treatment from them. One said, "Don't go near him, and he 'll not come again;" another said, "We 'll go, and if he is a smart fellow, we 'll stay and hear him out, but if not, we 'll leave;" another, "If he is well clad, pretty sleek, and has on a fine pair of boots, we 'll stay; if not, we 'll leave," etc. This started my caloric, commingled with pity and indignation.

I went to the log school-house that night with an awful sense of the responsibility that was resting upon me. Not only the cause of Methodism, but that of Christianity itself, was somewhat depending upon the effort to be made. I deeply felt my dependence on God, and prayed accordingly. My text was, "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." 2 Thess. i, 7–9.

The house was crowded, and Martin Kellogg, one of the infidel teachers, sat close by me. He told me afterward, that when I told them that they were worse

than the people of Sodom and Gomorrah, because they sinned against greater light, the cold streaks went up and down his back, like the ague. I learned that he and two others were awakened under that discourse, and it proved to be the beginning of a great revival for such a small place, resulting in the conversion of about fifty souls, among them three of the teachers of infidelity.

The case of Kellogg was rather remarkable. He attempted to get rid of his convictions by drinking freely of whisky, and carousing with his boon companions. He plunged deeper and deeper into this, till the ensuing Monday night, and seemed to feel worse and worse all the time. He was, naturally, a kind husband and father; but in this spree he neglected his family, and provided no wood for the night. After dark, when seated by the fire, a neighbor brought in an armful, and threw it upon the fire, before him. This seemed to rouse him from his reverie of deep thought, and, looking up, he inquired what he did that for.

"Why," said the man, "I expect you want some fire this cold night; if you do n't your family does;" and left the house.

This awoke him to a sense of what he was doing, and the shame and degradation to which he was reducing himself, to get rid of his convictions. His wife, a kind-hearted woman, said to him, kindly, "Martin, I am surprised at you; to see a man of your character, talent, and standing, throw yourself away in this manner. What does it mean? What is the cause of it? What has set you going at this course?"

At this he broke out, "I 'm a reprobate, and there is no mercy for me, and the sooner I 'm dead and damned the better for me, for I shall have the less sin to suffer for." Then giving her to understand the state of his mind, he seized a butcher-knife, and attempted to cut his throat, but his wife took the knife from him and

prevented it. He then got a rope, and attempted to hang himself. This, also, she prevented. He then said he must go and see "Jim," meaning M'Intire, the local preacher, who lived about thirty rods distant, through the woods. As he had attempted to destroy himself, his wife naturally feared to have him go alone, lest he should accomplish that purpose. She could not leave the small children to accompany him, and there being no one else to do so, she objected to his going that night, and urged him to wait till morning.

"No," said he, "I must go to-night, and have Jim pray for me, or I shall be in hell before morning;" and thus saying he broke away from her and ran at the top of his speed to find "Jim." On entering the house where "Jim" boarded with his parents, and out of breath, and showing the highest state of agitation of mind, he inquired for "Jim." M'Intire's mother and a boy being all that were at home at the moment, the boy was dispatched in a great hurry for him.

The family had heard that Kellogg was on a spree, a regular "bender," that day; and the old lady very naturally expected a fight at least; and, from the unusual agitation of Kellogg's mind, feared something worse had occurred, and began to inquire what was the matter.

Kellogg's lips and limbs trembled, being agitated from head to foot, and in reply to her inquiries, said, "I want Jim to pray for me," and could say no more. This was as unexpected to the old lady as a thunder gust in midwinter. But before she could recover from her surprise so as to make further inquiries, her son came in.

M'Intire's way was very calm and easy, always good-natured and social, and supposing, from what he had heard of the "spree" in the village, that some more of the legitimate fruits of whisky were on hand, sat down

by the side of Kellogg and inquired, "Well, Martin, what is the matter now?" But Kellogg choked and trembled so that he could not reply, and the tears ran freely. By this time M'Intire began to be apprehensive that murder, or something akin to it, had occurred, when his mother said, "Mr. Kellogg wants you to pray for him."

This took M'Intire all aback. "What," thought he, "Martin Kellogg want to be prayed for! The infidel teacher, and on a regular bender for several days past, want to be prayed for! He must have had a vision of heaven or hell, or both; or has seen a visitant from the spirit world," and he began to inquire for the cause of this strange and unexpected movement of his.

"I can't tell you any thing about it now," said Kellogg, "but I want you to pray for me, or I shall be in hell before morning," and fell upon his knees by the chair.

M'Intire seeing this earnestness and evidence of deep penitence, felt his soul moved within him, as only a man of deep piety, who felt the worth of souls, could feel, and he fell also upon his knees and prayed as best he could, not knowing the particulars of the case. The mother's cold heart was melted; her tears started freely down her cheeks, and she almost imagined that the world was coming to an end, if Martin Kellogg, the known and noted infidel, wanted to be prayed for; but not feeling prepared to go before the Judge of quick and dead, she joined in the prayer for her own soul, earnestly.

When they rose from their knees M'Intire gave Kellogg some words of comfort, inspiring him with some hope of mercy, and that he was not a reprobate from all eternity, when Kellogg became more composed, and told how he felt under the preaching the Friday night before, and how he had tried to drown his convictions by the

free use of whisky and carousing; but that his convictions had only increased, and finally in despair, he had attempted his own life, but was prevented by his wife, and how he had broken away from her to come and see him, leaving her wringing her hands in fear.

At this point M'Intire sprang to his feet and said: "If that be the case you must go home at once, and I'll go with you;" and so they did. On reaching the house they found her walking the floor, and in great distress of mind, fearing that Kellogg had accomplished his intent, instead of going to M'Intire's, and that the next she should see of him would be his lifeless body. But on seeing him alive, and in such good hands, she sat down relieved in mind, but much exhausted, yet thankful. M'Intire spent the night with Kellogg in prayer and counsel, pointing him to the Savior.

The next day there was a great buzzing among the infidels. The events of that night had got on the wings of the wind. One of their most prominent men had renounced their soul-damning creed, and was praying! Some half dozen of them went to M'Intire's to inquire if the reports were true, and to ascertain if he was not drunk, and that all this change was but the result of the liquor: affirming that they had never seen him on such a spree before, and that he must have taken at least half a gallon during the day.

But M'Intire and his mother replied that whatever he had done during the day, he was sober when he came there. It would seem that the extreme anguish and agitation of his mind had counteracted the effects of the liquor, so that no signs of it were upon him when he reached M'Intire's house. The efforts of the infidels to turn him back were unavailing. He went thirty miles to a quarterly-meeting the next week, and was soundly converted to God; as were, also, several of his neighbors who accompanied him.

When I came round to New Haven, at my next appointment, I found Kellogg happy, with several others who were either awakened under my first sermon there, or had been awakened by the case of Kellogg and others, so that quite an excitement was up, and a revival in progress. The infidels, of course, must attack the preacher whose humble efforts had been the means of this breach upon and into their ranks.

To do this most effectually, their great champion, Dr. Royal N. Powers, met me at Kellogg's to argue the points in dispute between us. Knowing that it was of little or no use to argue with skeptics on the abstract question of revelation, for on these points they have fixed-up answers to suit their own views, and which answer them as a salvo to their consciences, and these they have by rote, I turned the tables on him by appealing to matters of fact, which he could not dispute.

"Doctor," said I, "would you believe brother Kellogg on his oath?"

"Yes," said he, "I would believe him without an oath, for I never knew him to lie in my life."

I then turned to brother Kellogg and asked, "Do you *know* that you have met with a change in this matter?"

"Yes," said he, "bless God, I *know* it."

"Ah," said the Doctor, "I don't doubt but he thinks so."

"Brother Kellogg," I inquired, "is it a *think* so with you, or a matter of knowledge?"

"Why, bless God, I know it, because I feel it."

"Well, brother Kellogg, which is the happier state, your present, or your former one?"

"Why, the present one; and I would not change back again for a thousand such worlds as this."

"Well," said the Doctor, "I believe you are all deluded, but it is a happy delusion, and I really wish I was deluded too. I believe you are really happier than

I am." And it so turned out that in six weeks he was as much deluded—if it is delusion—as any of us. The last I heard of him he was still on his way to the good world. But of poor Kellogg, I was pained to hear that after many years of usefulness in the Church he had backslidden, and took refuge in semi-infidelity—Universalism—when he was over seventy-six years of age. How are the mighty fallen!

In the conversion of Dr. Powers there was one circumstance out of the ordinary course of such events, and may meet some other similar case; after he had yielded to his convictions, and resolved to seek religion, he pictured out in his mind how the change would occur, and how he would feel, and drawing his picture from some others whom he had seen and heard, calculated on a great shout when he was converted. He expected to obtain pardon in a good meeting where others were happy, and expected to be as happy as the happiest. The blessing not coming in this way, and as soon as he expected, he became despondent and discouraged, and almost sank into despair. On the day of his conversion he was at a good meeting, but felt so bad that he left and went into his barn to pray. Then and there, in a still small voice, God spoke peace to his soul. He then thought that he would return to the meeting, tell what he had found, and have his great shout over it with the brethren. But no such overpowering joy as he expected came into his soul; but, instead thereof, a calm peace, which he enjoyed best in solemn silence. He could not doubt the change, and after declaring it to the brethren, retired to his barn for prayer, praise, and meditation. There he was filled to overflowing with peace; but he felt best in joyful, weeping silence before God.

In over half a century's experience and observation, I have never known a person to be converted just in the

way he had pictured it out in his own mind. Such pictures are usually drawn from some remarkable case, and were the reality to be in accordance with the previous imagination, there would be room, if not ground for the thought, that the *creature* had a hand in his own conversion; as if to *will* to be converted would do the work. But as the work is God's, and of God, he will do it in such a way as to secure the glory of it to himself. *His* agency is always plainly visible to the converted mind. The act of pardoning, changing, or regenerating the soul, being of God, the work, when accomplished, bears the Divine impress; so that though it did not occur agreeably to our preconceived notions, yet we have no just cause to doubt its reality, but rather have stronger faith that it is genuine, because we see clearly that it was God, and not ourself, that did it.

While this revival was in progress in New Haven, a great change took place in the state of the community. One fellow said that so many had turned Methodists that whisky had fallen from fifty to twenty-five cents a gallon. But in *his* willful stubborness not to yield to the sacred influences, whisky being so cheap, he drank the harder. He owned and run a small unfinished grist-mill, and that on Sunday, though it might stand idle all the rest of the week. On one Sunday, having his jug of the poison to cheer his spirits from thoughts of God and salvation, whether drunk, half drunk, or partially sober, I know not, not being there, he fell somehow, backward upon a-timber, which broke the spine, of which he soon died in deep despair.

This revival continued for several weeks, during which about fifty souls were converted and reclaimed. Among the converts was a young lady, a sister of M'Intire, the local preacher, which occurred on this wise: I had often conversed with her on the subject of relig-

ion, but invaribly met with a repulse by her wit; she turning the scales upon me by some laughable remark. She was the first and the last person that could get the better of me by such means, and I gave her up in despair of doing her any good.

But one day, after a long and fruitless trial with her, I was in conversation with her father upon the good work in progress, when he spoke of his children, for whose salvation he felt great concern. I remarked that he had *one* child that I feared would be lost, anyhow, for a funny devil was the worst devil I ever had to grapple with. She was near enough to hear the remark, and was sure it referred to her, and from it conviction reached her heart. She bowed before God, and that night before the altar, at the mourners' bench, she was converted, and repeatedly afterward thanked me for that remark.

At Perkins was the largest and best society on the circuit, and composed, mostly, of old Methodists, who emigrated from Connecticut. John Beatie, a local elder, and William Gurley, a local deacon, resided there. Beatie's wife was Gurley's sister. Beatie, in New London, Conn., had been a successful merchant, and had purchased largely of the "Fire-Lands," in the Connecticut Western Reserve, and concluding to move to and sell his lands, had induced Gurley and most of the society to accompany him, and thus formed the colony. But Beatie found that selling lands was not like selling goods. The returns were not as frequent, and he became embarrassed and was depressed in spirit, and seldom preached, though he had superior talents for the pulpit, and the society being more or less affected and his state of mind, was in a low state of religion

In coming into the settlement, on one rotterate, but dertook to obey the letter of the rule by together with house to house, taking every one in onal eccentricity,

tlement was six miles long, all on one street, on a ridge, each one having a farm running back into the prairie from the road.

I began at the first house, told the people who and what I was, and that I had called to talk with them on the subject of religion, and if they had no objection, to pray with them. In nearly all they listened respectfully, and made no objections.

At length I came to a Universalist, who, at once, commenced an argument on doctrinal points. I told him I had not called to argue or dispute, but simply to talk about religion, and if he had no objections, to pray with and for his family. At this he stopped and listened. I gave a short exhortation; explaining the nature of religion, and urging its necessity as a qualification for heaven. Upon his consenting, I prayed with and for him and his family.

In this way I visited every house, till I reached the one at which I was to stop for the night. The next morning, it being Sunday, I took every house in course, in the same way, till I reached the log school-house in which we held our meetings. After meeting I pursued the same course to the end of the settlement.

The result was, a crowded house at meeting, and a gracious revival of religion. Some twenty or thirty were converted, among whom were some of the Universalist's family and James Gurley, who afterward became a distinguished itinerant in Ohio, and elsewhere, and now lives in Northern Minnesota.

CHAPTER X.

AS I have already hinted, I here became acquainted with the Rev. William Gurley, whose biography, by his son, Rev. Leonard B. Gurley, is among our Church literature. He was born in Ireland, where he was converted under the ministry of Mr. Wesley. From him I learned, for the first time, the true character, nature, and design of the Irish Rebellion, 1798. I had seen many an Irish refugee at my father's public-house, when a boy, and had learned from them, and from my father, who greatly sympathized with them, because he supposed them to be aiming at republicanism, that the object of the rebellion was to establish a Republic on the "Green Isle," similar to that of the United States; and, of course, every lover of liberty would wish they had succeeded in their attempt.

But Mr. Gurley informed me that it was a Roman Catholic movement. Many Protestants at first joined them, being promised, and expecting, republican freedom. But as soon as the Papists thought the day was theirs, they turned upon their Protestant friends, and savagely butchered them, burning some two hundred in one building. Mr. Gurley's brother was piked on Wexford Bridge, with many others, and thrown into the river. Mr. Gurley himself was made a prisoner, condemned to death upon the same bridge, and by the same kind of weapons, when the King's troops came up and relieved him with others. Of course, he and they could not admire the idea of Catholic rule.

Mr. Gurley's preaching talents were moderate, but respectable. His deep Irish accentuation, together with his Irish or mother-wit, and constitutional eccentricity,

attracted the lovers of such style of speaking. His deep piety and earnestness of manner often made his preaching of a powerful cast, and useful to his hearers.

The last time I saw him was at the last quarterly-meeting, held near the center of what was then Huron county, Ohio, when, in relating his experience in love-feast, after giving some very interesting details, he broke out in a characteristic exhortation, saying, "My brethren, we are all wrong in the way we do things. We suffer the devil to ride us about at his pleasure, loading us with heavy burdens of trials and temptations. But this is not the right way. Instead of letting him ride us at his will, we should mount upon *his* back and ride *him* till we *spur-gall him.*"

There was, also, in this class at Perkins, a leader, Julius Houre, who was a model for such officers. He could work the longest and the hardest, and apparently with the most faith and power of any man I ever saw, at the altar or mourners' bench, and with the most effect. It seemed, when he besought the Throne of Grace in behalf of penitents, as if he had hold of the horns of the altar, and, like wrestling Jacob, would not let go till the blessing was bestowed. In his other duties as leader, he was equally faithful, and, of course, he was a blessing to his charge.

One of my appointments on this circuit was at "Cold Spring," a phenomenon of nature. It breaks out at the northern base of a limestone ridge, some two hundred feet high. As well as I can now recollect, the spring itself covers four or five acres, and was then full of black alders; the water being covered with green moss, so strong as to bear up birds and even cats in the pursuit of them.

The outlet of this spring was about forty feet wide and six feet deep, and the smooth current was rapid enough to turn a mill without any apparent head or

fall. The water was so clear that a pin could be seen on the bottom. Its motion was tremulous, like melted lead, and so impregnated with lime that stones formed on the limbs of the willows along its banks, and sank them to the bottom. The tea-kettles would soon be incrusted, and their spouts filled with lime. And the inhabitants were so subject to fevers and agues, that but few continued to live long by this great fountain.

The place was one of the seats of bloody massacre in the war of 1812, by the Indians, when a number of men, women, and children were killed or taken prisoners to Malden, where the British authorities paid the savages for both scalps and prisoners. Two boys who happened to be in the corn-field at the time of the attack, were all that escaped. One of them, Era Putnam, then seventeen years of age, was living, in 1865, at Prairie du Chien.

This remarkable stream runs through an apparently level prairie some two miles, when it begins to divide and subdivide, till in two miles more it is lost in the marsh bordering upon Sandusky Bay, a short distance west of Venice.

On a prairie, some four miles North-West from the spring, I saw a mound about thirty feet in diameter, and four feet high, perfectly round. It was flat on the top, with a spring in the center. It was composed of cinder-looking stones resembling those formed on the limbs of the willows on the stream, and were evidently formed by deposits from the water, which so clearly resembled the water in the great spring, as to leave no doubt that it came from there by a subterranean passage. The stones here formed increased, apparently, in size, and spread the mound out each way, the outer edge of which was covered with grass, at an angle of forty-five degrees; the grass also extended over the level top to within two or three feet of the center; but

in walking over it the looseness of the stones was discoverable by the feet.

The cause of this singular spring rising as it does, at the foot of a high ridge, was supposed to be the sinking of some small streams on the opposite side of the ridge. The water was greatly changed in appearance and character, by its subterranean course. From its unhealthiness, it was presumed to have passed over or through some poisonous mineral, and chemical analysis was said to show the presence of copper as well as lime.

Some four miles northerly from this spring was a ridge of timber land, running down to the bay. It was little else than stone, which the inhabitants called *lime*. At my first visit to the place I was invited to examine some Indian mounds made of these stones, over some of their dead. The bones were uncovered by using the stones, and were like others of the kind; but the stones attracted my attention from their resemblance to plaster of Paris, which I had seen in my boyhood, brought into the New York market from Passamaquoddy Bay. My guide insisted that it must be lime, for they had burned it into lime, with which they had plastered and whitewashed their houses. To test the matter I applied the knife, and as it cut like plaster, I became satisfied of its nature. I reported this discovery round the circuit and country where I traveled; and in less than two years these stones were quarried and shipped to Cleveland, and used in the manufacture of burr millstones.

As this was the first prairie country that I had seen, I sought the cause of its being nude of timber. Some thought it was natural, others that it had been cleared by the inhabitants in some former and distant age. But in all cleared land I had ever seen, if left uncultivated any length of time, the timber would spring up

in a thick growth, so that this idea was not probable. As for *nature's* leaving it so, it was contrary to nature, for invariably when the *fire* is kept out, the timber spreads. Since then, in my observations in more extensive prairie regions, I have seen where the fire is kept out, the timber encroaches upon the prairie very rapidly.

My conclusions then were, and fifty years of more extensive observations on the subject have confirmed them, that *fire* was the cause, and the only cause of such extensive tracts of land being nude of timber. The Indians, for ages, have been in the habit of firing the woods and open country, for hunting purposes. This being done in the dryest season, the high winds drove the fires with great force. I noticed that trees, in timber adjoining the prairies, and sometimes some distance into the standing green timber, were wounded in the bark by the fire. The wind would come with a whirl round a tree, and the grass and dead leaves being in a flame, the bark of the tree would be scalded through, and die. The next year's fire would find this bark dry, and consume it. In the mean time the timber thus deprived of its bark would decay, and being dry, succeeding fires would work deeper into the body of the tree, and so on, year after year, till the inside of it was so consumed that but a thin shell remained, when a hard wind would fell it to the ground, breaking it into splinters. The next year's fire would find these splinters and the limbs and bark of the tree dry, and consume them. And between the natural decay or rot, and the fires, the trunk of the tree would, in a few years, entirely disappear.

The roots, of course, would sprout, but being tender, the next year's fire would kill them, and the succeeding fires would consume them, and finally the roots would die, and the tree become extinct. In the mean time

the underbrush and young trees, which, if left to grow, would supply the place of the old ones as they disappeared, would also be killed by the fires. As the timber disappeared the grass extended and furnished more fuel for future fires, till in the process of time no timber was left, and for miles in extent, nothing but wild grass and weeds were to be seen.

In these Huron county prairies, and indeed in all the prairies I ever saw in Ohio, they were low and wet in the wet part of the year, but became very dry in the dry season, so that as soon as the frost killed the herbage in the Fall, and before the grass started in the Spring, the fires would run rampant over their plains. In the State of Wisconsin the prairie is mostly found on higher and dryer land.

On such prairies the grass is seldom over two feet high, and oftener less, while on the low lands it grows much higher and thicker. I have ridden on horseback through grass that waved even with my shoulders, on low, wet ground, but never saw such on the higher ground. I have seen the higher class of grass on fire, when the blaze would rise thirty feet; and I have seen large spires of it, all in a blaze, taken up and carried by the whirling wind several rods in advance of the main fire, where it would kindle anew, and this in turn would throw out another kindler in advance, and so on, nearly as fast as the wind moved.

It was said that no man could run fast enough through such high grass to escape such fires, and but few horses could do so, when the grass was thick and high, and the wind strong. In such a case, if a man saw the fire coming toward him, his only safety was in kindling a *back* fire; and as soon as a small spot was burned, and before it began to rage, to step into the newly burned circle. In such case the fire works *from* him, and forms an open space, in which he can breathe,

before the burning element accumulates sufficient heat to draw in the surrounding atmosphere and increase its force and violence.

I was told of an Indian hunter who got thus overtaken, and, instead of kindling a back fire, attempted to outrun the flame, but, being overtaken, he threw himself down in the grass to let the fire pass over him, but it singed off his hair, got into his powder-horn, which blew up, and he escaped barely with his life, but much injured.

Why there should be such a difference between the prairies in Ohio and the States further west, and why any groves of timber are left in the great Western prairies, are questions I am not able to answer. I know the fact of the difference, and am satisfied that fire destroyed the timber where there is none, but further I do not know. I have seen prairie and timber adjoining on apparently the same kind of soil, but why the fire that destroyed the timber in one place did not do so in the other is for Him that rules the elements to decide.

I traveled this (Huron) circuit six months, and from five appointments that were furnished me to begin with I enlarged it to one of four weeks, with twenty-four appointments, and returned 145 members, being an increase of seventy-five over what I found. I held a quarterly-meeting in January, 1818, at Perkins, soon after I reached the circuit; but, as brother Finley could not reach the place, I held it alone, having the Lord's-Supper administered by brothers Beatie and Gurley, I not being then ordained. In March brother Finley held one for us in New Haven, in the height of our revival there; and in July Rev. D. D. Davidson came as a substitute for the presiding elder, and held the third in a barn on a prairie, near the center of the county.

At this last meeting I took occasion to "cry aloud

and spare not," etc.; and among the sins of the people I said that I had been informed of twenty or more families in the county who were living in a state of adultery, either the man or the woman, or both, having left wife or husband in the Eastern States, and come to this country. Some of them had gone through the forms of a marriage, and others had not. I also informed the people that I had heard of as many or more such families in each of the four counties then bordering upon Lake Erie, making in all about one hundred. Some of them had cause for a divorce from wife or husband, but to avoid the expense and trouble came to the West, where they vainly thought they would be unknown. Others had no such cause, but, preferring another to their lawful wife or husband, joined hands and put for the West, where they supposed the truth would not follow them. But they all found it was in vain to come West, to be unknown, for in many instances they were preceded or soon followed by old neighbors.

This attack, as they called it, upon their domestic affairs aroused the guilty as soon as it would a slaveholder to touch upon his affairs, and they resorted to similar means in self-justification, or rather revenge, for being exposed; for I was afterward told that some of the guilty followed me with rifles, fifteen or twenty miles, to shoot me. In the mean time it stirred up the moral sensibilities of the virtuous, and at the next term of the court the judge charged the grand jury to inquire into the matter, and indict all they found guilty. But the form of the oath administered to grand juries in those days—and perhaps so yet in some places—was, "saving yourselves and your fellow-jurors, you will diligently inquire and true presentment make," etc. This blocked the wheels for this time, for it was ascertained that a majority of that jury were among the

guilty. As they were to "save themselves and their fellow-jurors," no indictments could be found. But the state of the jury leaked out, and the excitement increased, and at the next term of the court a jury was selected who were clear of this guilt, and who indicted several; but the majority of the guilty found it for their interest to seek residences in some other locations.

From my last quarterly-meeting I accompanied brother Davidson to a camp-meeting at "the portage," so called from the ancient custom of "voyagers" carrying canoes and lading from the Cuyahoga to the Tuscarawas River. I believe it was near where Akron now stands. On the way I was so unfortunate as to displease brother Davidson by obeying the spirit and letter of the Discipline of the Church—that is, in being punctual, and endeavoring to do every thing at the time. I had read Wesley's Works, and imbibed the spirit of them; I had read the Discipline repeatedly, and endeavored to obey it, but in doing so I committed an offense against my friend, to whom I was so much indebted, while I thought it would have commended me to every Methodist preacher.

The thing was done in this wise: I thought we should make the families where we lodged as little trouble as possible, and when they announced that they were ready for family prayers, or that meals were ready, I felt it to be a duty to be on hand at once, and not keep them waiting. But brother Davidson did not view it in the same light, or at least he did not practice it. He was often out of the way, must finish reading a paragraph or sometimes take a walk, while the whole family were in waiting. In one such case I attended family prayers in his absence, and in one or two cases I asked a blessing at the table before he got ready to come to it. As he was my senior he thought this was forwardness in me, and savored of pride or self-conceit.

He said nothing to me about it, as he should have done, if he thought me to be in error, but made due report thereof to the presiding elder, with what coloring or comments I never knew, only as I inferred from what followed.

When we arrived at the camp-ground brother Finley received me, with him, very cordially; but in a short time he gave me the cold shoulder. I saw that something was in the wind, but what I could not imagine. From the fact that it occurred after we arrived, I inferred that it must be something that brother D. had said, so I inquired of him what was the matter; whether I had done any thing wrong, or displeased him in any way. All the answer I could get was, "Brother, I'm your friend." "Well, if you are my friend, tell me what is the cause of this coldness toward me?" But the only reply was, "I'm your friend." This satisfied me that something from him had caused the trouble. As I could not find out from him what it was, I went to brother Finley. He was as distant and uncommunicative as the other. All this thickened the cloud over me; my mind became so depressed, and my heart so pained, that I could get no rest.

In this state of the case I insisted so strongly to know the cause of this cold treatment, that I sprung the feelings of Finley, and what he would not tell for love, or as an official duty, he let out in rather a petulant manner, and gave me a severe lecture for being so forward in the presence of older preachers. He said it indicated pride and self-conceit. I referred to the rule of Discipline, and the Works of Wesley. But that was nothing to me when older preachers were present. This I thought strange doctrine to teach a young preacher; but I resolved to be on my guard in future, and if the older men must govern—as in general they ought to do—

I would leave the responsibility of any breach of rule, or common decency, with them, and not incur censure upon myself for such a cause. This was the beginning, and but a specimen of many incidents in my after life.

I left the camp ground with a heavy heart, and wended my way to Deerfield, on the circuit on which I lived, to another camp-meeting, and where my name stood as a local preacher. The quarterly conference on Huron circuit, where I had been traveling, gave me a recommendation to the Annual Conference, to be received on trial in the itinerancy. The quarterly conference of Mahoning circuit, on which I lived, at this Deerfield camp-meeting also gave me a recommendation for the same object. The presiding elder assured me that it was not necessary for me to attend the Annual Conference; that, as I had seen my family but once in six months, I might go home. He would present my case, and the preachers would bring me word as to my appointment, of which no intimation of a doubt was expressed.

I waited some four weeks and heard nothing from the Conference, and then went to a quarterly-meeting to meet brother Finley. He informed me that on account of the size of my family—three children—the Conference thought it not best to receive me, and as I had been rejected by the Conference he could not employ me under the rule, there being no leave given to that effect. But I afterward learned that when my case was presented it was stated that "he has considerable ability, is popular with the people where he is best known, but he is proud, self-conceited, and assumes more confidence in the pulpit than the bishop does, and I fear he will be hard to govern and control." With such a representation, and no one to contradict it—as several might have done—it was no wonder that the Conference rejected me. It was, and is a wonder that brother

Finley should verge so hard upon duplicity, and not frankly tell *me* what he said to others. It was also a wonder to me that any one acquainted with human nature, should form such an opinion of me without any act of mine to authorize it. If I assumed confidence in the pulpit, or *appeared* to do so, it was only in the presence of older preachers, to overcome the fear that young men are apt to feel when preaching before their elders; from which I suffered as much, I presume, as any one ever did.

I returned home and tried to content myself that I had done all I could to obey God, and that as he in his providence had closed up my way, or at least had not opened it, I was relieved from the responsibility, and might give it up; but still I could not be satisfied.

In this distress of mind, bordering upon despair, my presiding elder persuaded me to sell a large stock of spiritual song books that he had published, assuring me that I could realize fifty dollars a month, and could, in the mean time, become acquainted with the preachers by traveling and preaching among them, and thus Providence would open the way for my admittance into the itinerancy. The field to be occupied was down the Ohio River into the lower part of Ohio, and into Indiana and Kentucky, which was then included in the Ohio Conference. This, under the continued din of "waiting the opening of Providence," had a plausible appearance, and from the want of light in the future, I agreed to do so.

Just before leaving home upon this unfortunate enterprise, I had a remarkable dream, in which I wandered in the dark, and waded in deep and dark waters, out of which I could not escape, and awoke while yet in the dark. I had paid but little attention to dreams, though in some few instances I had been clearly warned of danger by them, and this seemed clearly to indicate

danger and trouble ahead. But I had agreed to go, and thought I must keep my word. As I could see no risk on the plan proposed, I went on as agreed.

I went to Steubenville, Ohio, where the books were, in the Fall of 1818, just before the closing of the river by the ice. When I got there the man with whom my presiding elder was concerned in the publication of the books, would not consent to my selling the books on commission, as I had agreed to do, and which was the only thing I had agreed to do. This refusal on his part would have legally and morally released me from the agreement; but my presiding elder urged me to purchase them at a discount, and then required a mortgage on my little farm to secure the payment.

This took me all aback, and I thought of returning home. But my presiding elder urged, and assured me of the certainty of the sale, as the books were in demand in that region; and the "opening of providence" was urged, so that in my distress I unfortunately involved myself in a debt of seven hundred dollars, giving the required mortgage, for which I never realized one hundred dollars, over my expenses. I finally settled the matter, and got a release of the mortgage, by giving a deed of four hundred acres of land, which I had procured on a tax title.

It is said "to be an ill wind that blows nobody any good;" and so it was in this case. It gave me an opportunity to travel, and preach, extensively, and to form acquaintance with both preachers and people, which probably aided me in obtaining a place in the itinerancy. I descended the Ohio River in a flat-boat, in the January thaw (1819), which broke up the ice in the river as far as Madison, Indiana, which I made my head-quarters. From this I traveled as far as Louisville, Ky., and New Albany, Ind., and to some distance into the country, on each side of the river; but failing

to sell my books, as I had been assured I should do, I left them at Madison, and returned home, in the Spring of 1819.

On my way home I visited an uncle, B. K. Cozier, whom I had not seen in fourteen years, when he left my father's house in Sing Sing, N. Y., "to seek his fortune in the West." I found him near Springfield, Ohio. His wife and father-in-law were Methodists, and himself favorably inclined that way; so that in finding me to be a preacher of that order, they received me with a double affection. I repeatedly visited them afterward, in my journeyings to and from Conference.

On reaching home, where Calvin Ruter and John Stewart were on the circuit, then having an extensive revival of religion on their circuit, I entered into the work with them, heart and soul. Ruter and I spent much time together, and preaching alternately, we agreed to criticise each other's sermons, friendlily, and for our mutual benefit. No one step in my life contributed so much to correct my language in public speaking as this. It put me upon my guard, in the use of words, as well as ideas, and it assisted me greatly in overcoming the ensnaring and unmeaning man-fearing spirit which had greatly troubled me in preaching before another, and especially an older, preacher. This fear, so very common with young preachers, had greatly embarrassed me thus far through life, notwithstanding appearances, which, some old preachers told me, indicated that I feared nothing and nobody.

In the course of this Summer, 1819, I attended a camp-meeting, near Poland, in the edge of Pennsylvania. I preached on Friday night; but J. B. Finley, the presiding elder, and J. C. Brooke, the preacher on the circuit, both appeared to be on me, one on each shoulder. They were both large men, but the weight upon my mind seemed to be greater than their persons

would upon my body. Of course I wallowed in the brush most laboriously and uncomfortably. I felt greatly mortified, and ashamed of myself and my performance. I knew it was foolish; that they were friendly, and did not listen with critical ears. I knew, too, that they had been young, and had, probably, suffered from the same kind of fear, and, without doubt, would sympathize with and pity me. But all this did not save me. I resolved to try harder than ever to overcome it, in future.

On Sunday morning brother Finley told me that I must preach at night; and, knowing that that would be the last sermon on the ground, as the meeting was to close early the next morning, I began to prepare for "gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost." But about fifteen minutes before nine, the preaching hour, he called me into the tent, and said I must preach then, as brother Carroll preferred to preach at night. I attempted to plead in excuse that I was preparing for night, and the subject would not be appropriate for the morning. But he cut me short by saying, "Never mind; you are a minute man; whet up your old Jerusalem blade, and go at it."

I saw there was no escape. Deference to age, and obedience to those who were appointed to bear rule over me, was a lesson that I had learned most effectually, though I had never had any disposition to be otherwise. So I bowed in submission.

As the subject I was preparing would not be appropriate, the question arose in my mind, What shall I preach from? A text that I had used several times, with good effect, as at Nelson, on Calvinism, struck my mind, and I determined to use it. As I had suffered so much in mind from the fear of old preachers, I determined to make a great, if not desperate, effort to overcome it. To do this I had to imagine, for the time

being, that I was the greatest man upon the stand, which, indeed, was literally true most of the time, for no other one was on it.

The preachers all left me alone on the stand, and took to the preachers' tent, behind it, but near enough for me to hear their whispering, and low-toned talk. Hearing this, the thought would flit across my mind that I had said something out of joint, and they would seem to be crawling up my back like a tremor; but I would rally, and shake it off, resolved to keep my head above the brush, if possible; I concluded that it was now or never.

My text was Romans viii, 28–30. Being in a Calvinistic neighborhood, many of whom were present, and as the Methodists, with the outsiders, were anxious to know what could be done with the text, except to prove Calvinism. I soon saw that all eyes were fixed upon me, and all ears were open and listening. Seeing this led me to think I was not spoiling every thing, if, indeed, any thing. I saw that I had the people's attention, whether I pleased the preachers or not. This encouraged me, and I let loose with all my powers. Before I was half through, half of the large congregation were on their feet, with eyes, ears, and mouths open, involuntarily moving toward the stand, listening with apparent wonder at the new light that the "boy preacher" was pouring upon that hitherto difficult text.

According to the arrangement, and in accordance with the custom of those times, to have two sermons in succession, before the congregation was dismissed, from the stand, Dr. S. Bostwick, formerly a presiding elder in New England, and now a local preacher, a man of superior preaching power, was to follow me. When, perhaps, I was half, or two-thirds, through, he came upon the stand, with one or two others. The Doctor sat and rubbed his hands, groaned, and sighed,

while the tears rolled down his cheeks rapidly. Had I known him then, as I did afterward, I should have known that he was pleased; but, as it was, I was in doubt, and had fears that I was spoiling every thing, which caused his groans and tears. Yet, when I looked at the congregation, and saw the deep attention of all, and the apparent joy of the Methodists, I could but reject all such fears.

In about an hour and a half I wound up, and took my seat, when the preachers all left the tent, and came upon the stand. This difference in their respect and attention caused another tremor to pass over me, that possibly I had disgusted them; but of this the Doctor soon relieved me, when he began his discourse.

His text was, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," etc. After his introduction, he said that enough had been said in reference to Calvinism, and so well said, that he need not touch upon it, but would pay his respects to Universalism, Deism, and Atheism, which he did with the most brilliant success. I thought if those were his views of my performance, I should never again give way to such fears, when preaching before others; and, by the blessing of God, on that day I got the victory, so that from thenceforward it has never troubled me.

About this time, in conversation with brother Finley and others, on the bodily exercises which frequently attended our early ministry, and as illustrative of our early history, he related, in substance, the following incident:

In a town of Kentucky, I think it was, a revival of religion was in progress, of a most powerful character. In the same block where the meetings were held, but in the opposite side of it, lived a widow lady with three daughters, who wished to flourish in "upper-tendom," and she imbibed the notion that religion

would spoil her daughters for *ladies*, and ruin their prospects for future fashionable and respectable settlement in life. The daughters had, with other gay young people of their class, been to the meetings, and one of them was awakened to a proper sense of her sinfulness by nature and practice, and desired to seek the salvation of her soul. This the mother could not endure, and she forbid the daughters, and especially the awakened one, from attending the meetings, under the pains and penalties of being disowned and turned out-of-doors, for, said the mother, "I will not have my house and family so disgraced as to have a bawling Methodist in it."

The front room of the lower floor of the house was occupied as a store, and the family lived in the upper front room, using the back kitchen on the lower floor for the purposes of cooking, etc. On one night of the meeting, the awakened daughter, not daring to go to it, retired from the rest of the family unobserved, and took a seat by an open window in the back kitchen. The weather being warm, and the windows of the meeting-house being open, and the preacher speaking loud, as was customary in those days, she could hear as distinctly as if she had been in the meeting, and she was so affected, and her bodily powers so overcome, that she fell upon the floor, helpless and powerless, and lay so, no one knew how long.

About the close of the meeting the family missed the penitent daughter, and all sprang to their feet to look for her, the mother declaring that if she had gone to the meeting she should never darken her door again. The house was searched upstairs, but she was not to be found. At length one ran down into the kitchen, where she found the missing one on the floor, as she supposed, in a fit or dead. The alarm was soon given, the doctor sent for, and the helpless one was borne up-

stairs. The doctor declared it to be a fit of the apoplexy, and said he must let blood.

At this moment the people were passing by from the meeting, and, hearing the outcry, some of them went to assist the family in the supposed affliction. Among them was a pious mother in Israel, who had some idea of the state of the penitent's mind, and inquired as to the circumstances under which she was found. When she learned the facts of the case, she at once comprehended it, and told the doctor and the family that it was not a fit, but the power of God; that they need not bleed, it would do no good; but if they would let her and a few others that had come in sing and pray with her, she would soon come out of the supposed fit rejoicing and happy.

But the doctor was inexorable. He said he reckoned he knew his own business, and thrust the good sister back, and ordered her away out of the room. She replied, "I shan't go, doctor; and you are too much of a gentleman to put me out. It is no fit, but the power of God upon her; she 's under conviction, and if you 'll let us pray with her she 'll do well enough."

By this time the arm was bound up, and the blood flowing freely, showing that it was not apoplexy, and the good sister standing close by the penitent, and perhaps with a hand on her, said in her hearing:

> "Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'T is all that I can do."

At this the young lady sprang to her feet, with a loud shout of "Glory to God! glory to Jesus! he has pardoned my sins!" and seeing her mother, made one leap, the blood still flying over the white dresses, and grasped her round the neck, with a "glory to Jesus! mother; he has pardoned all my sins, and my soul is happy!" The doctor took to his heels, leaving the arm bandaged

and the blood flowing. The mother fell to the floor all besmeared with blood, and cried to God for mercy; and the other sisters, who had been weeping and wringing their hands at the supposed death of the other, now turned their cry for mercy, and fell to the floor.

In the mean time the sisters, who understood the case, released the bleeding arm, and bound it up as best they could, while she was jumping and shouting. But there lay the mother and the other two daughters, with hands, faces, dresses, and carpet sprinkled with blood, crying for mercy, while the few praying ones, joined by the new convert, were singing and praying for them. They were soon converted and rejoicing with the rest. But the doctor did not hear the last of his case of apoplexy for a long time. Nor did the widow feel that her house and family were disgraced by the religion of Jesus. The doctor suffered in his profession, for even the wicked thought he ought to know his profession better.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAD now been a local preacher for over four years, and entitled, by Discipline and the usage of the Church, to deacon's orders; and in June, 1819, I applied for and obtained from the quarterly conference a recommendation to the Ohio Annual Conference for ordination.

It has often been inquired, "What is there in a name?" In my case I found that a name was worth something in commanding respect and giving confidence. I lived thirteen miles from Warren, Trumbull county, Ohio; having business in that town one day, I inquired if they had preaching in town on the ensuing

Sabbath, and found there was no appointment out. The Baptists were the only people who had regular service in the town up to that time; but somehow there was a vacancy on that day, and I obtained liberty to use the court-house. So far as I could learn, no Methodist minister had ever preached in the place; it was something of a dashing or daring character for "the boy preacher" to make a push into what was then the principal town or village on the Connecticut Western Reserve. But it seemed providential that I was led to the place, at that particular time—the only time for weeks, before and after, that the court-house was not to be occupied. But it turned out well.

The only knowledge the people had of me up to that time was as a soldier; and the fact that I was known then to be a Methodist and a soldier, attracted some attention and elicited some remarks. But hearing that he that was a Methodist soldier in the place, in the late war, was to preach, drew out rather more than an ordinary congregation. How well I performed is not for me to say; but the result showed that it was at least satisfactory. A Baptist deacon invited me to dinner, and as he was the principal man, in religious matters, in the town, I presumed that a part of his purpose in so doing was to ascertain my authority to preach, for he was particularly inquisitive as to whether I was *ordained* or not. I told him I was not, but was a candidate for ordination, and expected to receive orders in August ensuing. This appeared to satisfy him, so that there was *something* in a name.

I left home that morning, rode thirteen miles, preached twice, and returned home the same day; such was the effect that, in the ensuing Conference year, a door was opened in that town for Methodist preaching, which has since been kept open with good effect.

The Annual Conference met that year in Cincinnati, Ohio, three hundred or more miles from home. When brother Finley presented my case to the Conference, as I was told, he said that within the past year he had become better acquainted with me than he had previously been, and was now satisfied that those *appearances*, for which I was rejected the year before, were not real; that they arose from natural and unavoidable traits, and he was satisfied that I ought to be ordained and employed in the itinerancy. The consequence was that I was elected, and ordained by Bishop Roberts, and the presiding elder was authorized to employ me on the old Erie circuit.

Cincinnati, at that time, was comparatively a small place. The old Wesley Chapel was a low, one-story stone building, with brick wings at the back end, and there was a new and unfinished two-story brick church some distance from Wesley. These were then all the churches we had in the city.

There were no water-works then, and but two or three public pumps in wells to supply the city with water. The most of the people bought river water that was hauled up in large casks, on drays, and discharged into barrels at the houses, in which were soon seen a kind of animal much resembling a louse in size and color, but of very quick motion in the water. This water was not palatable to drink, and we, the visitors to the Conference, to get drink in the hot weather of August, had to seek the public pumps, or buy watermelons to quench our thirst.

The Conference in those days sat with closed doors, no one being admitted but members. The probationers and local preachers present, used to congregate outside of the house in which the Conference met, which we jocosely called the *lower house*. When there was preaching, day or night, we were on hand to par-

ticipate in the exercises, and we often had prayer-meetings and revivals of religion on such occasions.

In our "lower house," I frequently met a local preacher of the city, who was a druggist, and also connected with a wholesale dry goods store, whose history showed some of the fruits of early Methodism. He was a physician in some part of Pennsylvania, I think in the Susquehanna Valley, but becoming intemperate lost his practice, and wandered away from home and family a common drunkard. He somehow reached Pittsburg, and got into a flat-boat—the usual mode of navigating the river in those days—and was landed in Cincinnati.

Here he made himself known as a doctor, but being a common drunkard no one employed him. As is common with such characters, he could always find means, somehow or other, to get whisky enough every day to get drunk, and was often seen lying in the street, when the boys hearing him called doctor, ridiculed him, and often covered him, face and eyes, with dust or mud.

While in this plight one day, a man who knew him in Pennsylvania in his better days, and now lived on the Little Miami, some five miles from the city, saw him, and recognizing him, and knowing him to be a good doctor, when sober, took him into his wagon and carried him home. This good Samaritan was a Methodist, and determined to save the fallen doctor. He told him that he should stay with him, should have no liquor, and must and should overcome his habits. To this the doctor yielded; but it was three months before he recovered a natural appetite, or could control his nerves or muscles so as to work.

Being now in a house of prayer, and under moral and religious influences, he began to think of his soul and its eternal welfare. And as he recovered his health, he accompanied his benefactor to the house of

God, and soon after obtained religion. This divine and radical change introduced him into a new world, and inspired him with new hopes. Having disgraced himself and his profession, he determined never again to practice medicine, but get a little farm and a log-cabin, if he could, and send for his family, whom he had apprised of his whereabouts and happy change, and also his purposes for the future. He soon found that labor on the farm contributed largely to the increase of his health and strength, etc., and in, say, six months, he was a man again, but determined not to be a doctor; but this purpose was soon thwarted.

It soon happened that a neighboring woman was in dangerous labor, and there was no physician nearer than the city. At this crisis his benefactress roused him up at midnight and told him he *must* and *should* go and put the woman to bed, that she would die if he did not, for a physician could not be got from the city in time to save her. He still refused. But it was urged that if he refused the woman would die and he would be responsible before God, and he finally yielded and saved the woman. This, of course, gave him an introduction to the ladies of the settlement, and his success gained their confidence; and as women usually control the house in the employment of physicians, he was soon called on for medicine, advice, etc. But he had no medicine, nor had he money or credit to procure any.

His friend urged him to resume the practice, and to encourage him, went with him to the city, and was his security for an outfit of medicine. And his success soon secured him an extensive practice. He sent for his family, and in a few years moved into the city, and rose to the position in which I found him.

From this Conference at Cincinnati, I returned home with a lighter heart than I had had for a long time, and soon reached my circuit, the nearest appoint-

ment of which was twenty-one miles from my home. I had John Summerville for a colleague, who was in charge of the circuit.

Old Erie circuit, at that time, embraced part of Mercer, Crawford, Erie, Venango, and Butler counties, in Pennsylvania, with a few appointments in North-Eastern Ohio. It was four hundred miles round, having forty-four appointments to fill in four weeks. In one week we preached fourteen times and met twelve classes. The roads in those times were extremely bad, and no preacher thought of going on wheels to an appointment. Much of the way was through a dense forest, with only a bridle path over logs and rocks, through mud and water, where wheels had never run. When these paths forked, our "guide-boards" were the twigs of brush bent in the direction in which we should go. But despite all this, as might be supposed, we often missed our way, unless we had a guide for the first time going from one place to another, yet I only missed one appointment on this account in the whole year.

In this one case, I left Dawson's to go to Oil Creek at the ford; but missing my way I wandered to the left on to the brow of the hills or little mountains that overlook the Alleghany River, and was in the vicinity of a most singular natural well. This was said to be about six feet open at the top, and on the highest ridge, but no bottom had then, if ever since, been found. A constant current of air came out of it, and of such a nature as to putrefy fresh meat in a few minutes. This fact was discovered by a hunter suspending some game in it by a rope, while he extended his hunt a short time. The cause of this bad air was not known. But the recent discovery of the coal oil in that region, and on all sides of it, may, possibly, give some clew to the phenomenon.

Oil and French Creeks, both of which we had to cross, had few bridges in those days. We had to ford them, which was done sometimes when flat-boats and rafts were running them. We thought but little of fording streams when the water came up to our saddle-skirts, or to our knees, as we sat in the saddle. If the water was swimming deep, we took off our saddles and swam the horse by the side of a skiff or canoe.

This was the circuit from which Bishop R. R. Roberts started out to preach. His log residence and mill were on our route, and passed on every round on the circuit, and as often reminded us of that great and good man. Many of his relatives lived there still, a large portion of whom were connected with the Church.

This year (1819–20) we commenced regular preaching in Meadville. Methodist preachers had occasionally preached there, but it was not on our plan. To reach it we preached in the morning at Gravel Run, now Cambridge, met class and then rode ten miles to reach the town. We obtained the old court-house to preach in, which has long since disappeared, and obtained lodging as we could, sometimes with one and sometimes with another. As we had large and attentive congregations, we found numerous friends to lodge with. Our ministry evidently made a favorable impression, and the year following a class was formed, which continued to grow till Methodism took a high and respectable stand with other denominations.

As was usual in our introduction to any new place, we had some opponents, who intimated that our extemporaneous preaching was from memorizing other men's sermons. Some who befriended us, were the relatives and friends of Methodists over the mountains, and to defend us from this charge, solicited texts to be given us, from which they pledged themselves that we should

preach. Two such texts were given; of course, they were difficult ones, and my colleague declined to use either of them. Being unwilling to be thus bluffed off, I preached from both, and gave such satisfaction as to quiet all opposition from that quarter.

On one occasion, I gave the people an idea of our ministry, our call of God to it, and our course of study, by which, self-taught, we obtained our erudition. And in giving the evidence of a divine call, quoted our rule on that subject—has he gifts, has he grace, has he fruit? if these be found in him, we believe he is called of God to the work. I dwelt particularly upon the *fruit*, in the conversion of sinners, and quoted Paul's language to the Corinthians, "Ye are the seals of my apostleship," etc. I had no design in this, further than to enlighten the people in the characteristics of Methodism. But I found, on a subsequent round, that it had hit the Presbyterian minister in the place, who had asked for a dismission from his charge, alleging, as the reason, that he had been preaching there for five years, and he was not aware that one single soul had been converted to God, and therefore concluded that he was not called of God to preach in that place.

Meadville then, as now, was the *Athens* of North-Western Pennsylvania, being the seat of Alleghany College. This College was chartered, I think, in 1816. The town contained as large a pro rata of the *literati* of the State as any other, if not even larger; because the College naturally attracted that class of emigrants to its vicinity, that they might enjoy its benefits, in the education of their children.

There were two circumstances that favored us, in this beginning; there was, at that time, no very popular preacher in town of any other denomination, and our off-hand shots being with life and animation, and zeal and power, they very naturally attracted the attention

of the public. As the Methodists were becoming quite numerous in the country, whose votes counted as fast at an election as any others, politicians, who usually congregate at the county seats, from policy favored us, though they might be skeptical as to religion. These being among the respectables of the town, their attending upon our ministry drew out others, so that the old court-house was usually filled with hundreds of attentive hearers.

We, also, commenced regular preaching in Mercer, but not under the same favorable circumstances. We obtained the court-house to preach in, but could not procure much of a congregation. Bigotry and superstition seemed to control. The man with whom we lodged was a lawyer and politician, and though of Methodist parents, and favored us on this ground, as well as policy, yet was fast going over the dam into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. His wife was an amiable woman, but much dispirited by the course which he pursued, and perhaps entertained us more from a hope that we should by some means reclaim her husband, than from a love to religion, though she seemed to respect it.

Not being able to call out a congregation, I resorted to a little of Lorenzo Dow's policy in such cases. I said to those present, "From the smallness of the congregation, it looks as if the people in this place are tired of hearing the Word of God preached from, etc.; therefore, when I come again in four weeks, I will preach from the words of the devil." This had its desired effect, for the house was crowded, and one sinner, that I knew of, was awakened and afterward converted. And we succeeded in forming a small class before the year was out.

We had a general revival of religion on the circuit, and at the second quarter we had to enlarge it to six

weeks, and Thomas R. Ruckle was sent to assist us. We labored hard, worked in harmony, and God crowned our efforts with an increase of three hundred souls.

In the first half of the year I had the privilege of *visiting* my family once in four weeks, and spending with them two days and three nights; but in the last half of it I could have only one day and two nights, once in six weeks. These were the days of sacrifice and toil, and it touched my feelings to the quick when my little boy inquired why I did not stay at home with them, as other pa's did with their children.

I had previously paid some attention to grammar, but this year I gave it a more thorough study, memorizing the rules as I rode from one appointment to another, and when I met with one who understood it, improved the time in parsing. I also read the equivalent of about twenty-five octavo volumes. The life of Dr. Coke, by Drew, I commenced on Monday after preaching, and finished it on Friday while on my horse, before I reached my appointment, having preached each day.

In cold weather we had to read in the log-cabins, and among the noisy children, there often being but one room to cook, eat, preach, pray, and sleep in for the whole family. In warm weather, if we had an hour to read, we resorted to the woods, from which arose the name and title of "Brush College," in which the early Methodist preachers were said to have graduated.

We occasionally came athwart a man of letters, so called, because of his academic or collegiate advantages, whom we would sometimes question till they became weary. We were bent upon the acquisition of knowledge, particularly such as pertained to our profession, and therefore resorted to all honest and honorable means tending to that object; our chief means was in

books. In the so-called classics we were behind what are called *classical* scholars. But in theology, history, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, etc., we were able to hold our own with them, and in the ultimate success of our ministry proved that our mode of study was fully equal, if not superior, to the schools.

In those days controversy was the order of the day. Calvinism was our chief opponent; but Universalism, deism, and atheism received due attention. We had also to meet and refute the errors of Arius and Socinus, in which we were tolerably successful.

My rule of study was to observe the language and enunciation of the most approved speakers and authors, and adopting their style as my own, but in my own manner.

In the course of this year we held two camp-meetings on our circuit, both of which were attended with great power and resulted in much good.

In addition to these I attended a camp-meeting at North-East, R. C. Hatton preacher in charge, under circumstances rather out of the ordinary course of things. The work of religion was at a very low ebb on the circuit. Hatton was troubled with the hypochondria to such an extent that, under its influence, he had greatly neglected his work, and seemed to have lost all influence among his people. The camp-ground was half a mile from the village; it was an old one; but somehow he had not energy or influence enough to induce his people to clear off the fallen brush and limbs, or arrange the seats and preachers' tent, stand, etc.

Four preachers of us went upon the ground and had to clear off the fallen limbs, arrange the seats, fix the stand, and clear the old straw out of the preachers' tent and burn it to get rid of the fleas. In the mean time our horses were sent to a rich farmer, a Methodist, by Hatton's direction, and it being June, we presumed

that hay was scarce, or all gone, and therefore requested that they might have pasture and grain twice a day. The boy came back with them, saying, "He says he has no pasture to spare," but did not tell the whole story, which was that he had no pasture, but had hay and grain. The boy thinking it must be pasture or nothing, came back with his unwelcome message. This rather induced the idea that the people whom we had come to serve were retrograding to heathenism, and that we must put our shoulders to the wheel in good earnest. Hatton seemed to feel worse than ever, but turned round and found a place for our horses.

Hatton was a man who stood some inches higher than the mass of men; he had a beautiful form of person; he was very gentlemanly in his demeanor and intercourse with others, when himself; he was intelligent and of superior preaching powers, and well calculated to make a favorable impression upon strangers at first view. The temperament of his mind was nervous, and he was either on the mountain-top or in the slough of despondency.

When in company with preachers he was full of glee and jocose. I heard him say once, when in such a glee, on his way to Conference, that he should weep in loneliness for two weeks after he got home; but he said he did n't care, he enjoyed himself so well in company with his brethren that he was willing to have the dumps for a month after it, for the sake of the pleasure he enjoyed at one Conference.

He was studious and communicative except when under depression of spirits, and then he was very morose, absent-minded and disagreeable in company, and paying no attention to books. This disease—for such it is—is usually produced by studious and sedentary habits, and on persons of strong nervous sensibilities. In his case, and generally in others of like temperament

and habits, he had his ups and downs, and his neglect of appointments when under depression, destroyed his influence, and led to the state of things we found in his charge.

A few specimens of the effects and consequences of this dire disease may serve as a warning to others thus inclined.

In going to an appointment, one Sunday morning, he saw a dog that pleased him, and agreed with the owner to give ten dollars for him, when he returned; being absent-minded, he had forgotten the day of the week, and the business he was on. When he "came to himself," and recollecting the day and his business, and that he had no earthly use for the dog on any day of the week, he sank down almost into despair of any mercy, or forgiveness, from God; but he never called for the dog.

At one time, after preaching at night, while in deep despondency of mind, he went to his horse, which he had hitched in the corner of a fence, and, without unhitching the bridle, mounted the horse, with his face to the rear, and struck his spurs into the horse's sides, which made him spring forward, and tilt the rider over his tail on to the ground. This brought him to his senses, when he unhitched, and rode off in good order.

At another time he went to preach in a school-house, the joists of which were rather low, but high enough to clear his head a foot, or more. After sitting a while, he rose and went out, stooping, as if crawling under something, and took a seat on a stump. The congregation waited, became impatient, and one went to him to know if he was not going to preach.

"Yes," he said, "if you will come out here; but I can't stand up inside of the house; don't you see how tall I am, all at once?"

"O pshaw! it is only your notion; you are no larger

than common; and you have preached there many a time. Come along, the people are waiting."

"Well, I can try it; but I know that I can't stand up in that room;" and he walked in, stooping, as if it was really as he supposed. The people understood his freaks, and began to titter and laugh. On seeing this he felt rather roused, as if they had questioned his word, and to show them that he was right, raised up at full length, expecting to hit his head against the joists; but meeting with no obstruction in his upward motion, a flush of shame flashed across his feelings, and drove off the fit, and he preached in his usual way.

But the climax of his folly, in such freaks, occurred in the presence of Dr. Bostwick. Hatton was preaching, and all at once imagined that the top of his head, from his mouth upward, had left its position, and ascended to the ceiling above, and that he must sit down, and sit still, till it descended to its place again, holding his head in the right position, lest his nose should be on one side. As this thought suddenly occurred to his mind, he, as suddenly, stopped preaching and sat down, requesting the Doctor to finish the discourse. The Doctor, understanding his case, and also the subject he was discussing, rose, and began where Hatton had left off, and went on as if it was his own subject. Hatton listened a while, and was so pleased to think that the Doctor took the same views of the subject that he did, began to cheer up, and on feeling of his face, finding his head in position, and his nose on the right side of it, he jumped up, and said, "Doctor, I can finish now," and went on to the close. Such cases could be greatly multiplied, but this is sufficient for present purposes.

Hatton, as might be expected, was *improvident* in temporal, as well as spiritual, things. If he received but little, he would screw along somehow, with bitter moanings; but if he received much, it all went; he laid up

nothing. But poor pay, the natural consequence of neglect of appointments, bore so heavily upon his mind that, having "a call" to the Cumberland Presbyterians, he accepted it, and went to Nashville, Tennessee, about the year 1834. Soon "finding himself in the wrong box," he was said to have returned to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the last I heard of him he was still there, beloved and respected, and in a good old age; but falling within the Southern secession, went with that Church in 1845.

But to return to the camp-meeting at North-East. The blunder of the boy, in reference to our horses, tended to rouse up our energies, if possible, to save the people of that vicinity. The encampment was large for a sparsely settled country. The preaching and prayer-meetings were attended with great power, and with most signal success. The awakening of sinners soon commenced, and the altar, the prayer-circles, and prayer-tents, were soon filled with penitents, and converts were numerous. The moral atmosphere of the place was, like the ground upon which Moses stood before the burning bush, holy; the thousands in attendance seemed to be awe-struck as soon as they came upon the ground.

A naval officer, from Erie, with his marquee, and marines in attendance, took a position in the circle of tents. He came, he said, to enjoy a season of camping out, and seeing the multitudes in attendance, more for recreation and health than otherwise; but he was greatly surprised at the religious influence pervading the ground. "It is," he said, "the most solemn place I was ever in; as awful as the day of judgment."

On Saturday night, Wm. Swayze, the presiding elder, as he was wont to do under such excitements, sprang from the stand, and went out among the people, and if he found one who was wounded in spirit, but had not

courage enough to go forward for prayers, he would invite, and lead him to the altar. In such efforts he was more successful than most others, and he, apparently, thus saved many, who would have, otherwise, resisted and grieved the Good Spirit. I had preached upon the general judgment, and Swayze exhorted after me, in one of his happiest strains, having a gift for such efforts. An awe-striking solemnity pervaded the whole assembly. The naval officer, who always sat on the front seat, next to the altar, and behaved in the most gentlemanly manner, on seeing and hearing Swayze out among the congregation, evidently turned pale, and afterward, said, "I think I shall not feel more solemn at the bar of God!"

On Sunday the congregation was large, and very solemn. At three o'clock, Hatton, who had got his harness on anew, poured forth a torrent of eloquence and truth, which, being accompanied by great power from above, made the sinner tremble in his shoes. All at once two men sprang from their seats, and ran to the rear of the congregation, and meeting there, one said to the other, "I never saw such men before as these Methodist preachers are. They seem to be determined that people shall get religion whether they want it or not. That fellow who is preaching, and the one sitting behind him, had got their eyes on me, and they were both just a-going to spring out and seize me, and drag me into the prayer-meeting, as they did last night, and I but just made my escape." "Why," said the other, "that was what they were going to do to me, and I did but just escape them;" and they both concluded to go home, and not be caught so.

One of them, from whom we afterward got the story, went home, eight miles, spent a sleepless night, [illegible] having no appetite to eat, returned to the camp-[illegible] Monday morning. Going up to the first pra[illegible]

he came to, he saw the other man on his knees, in great earnestness, seeking the salvation of his soul, and he fell down upon *his* knees by his side, where both were happily converted.

Monday was the great day of the feast. We had some preaching, but most of the time was spent in prayer-meetings, with and for penitents. Among the attractions to spectators was the talk of a good sister Chamberlain. She exhorted, and talked of religion for three hours, in one incessant flow of the most powerful and convincing eloquence. There was so much of heaven in it, and in her looks, that all who came within hearing were charmed to the spot. One unconverted lawyer listened to her for some time, when he turned away with tearful eyes, and exclaimed, "My God, who can stand that!" While thus talking, some one brought her babe to her, which needed some attention, and she sat in a chair and nursed it, continuing her talk, as before. The innocent look of the babe, added to the heavenly look of the mother, seemed to add to the purity of the scene.

In one of my sermons I had taken particular pains to explain and defend the bodily exercises, of which we had considerable on the ground; and remarked that I never knew one to be hurt by it, for certainly if it be of God no one can be injured by it. After I left the stand I was pointed to a young woman who, it was said, often got hurt by such falling. I inquired of her father if it were so, and he said it was. "Then," said I, "tell her not to jump or fall any more, or I will expose her before the people, for it is her own doings, and not of God, otherwise she would not be injured;" and I saw or heard no more of her jumping, shouting, or falling. As this was the only case of the kind that ever came to my knowledge, which was not repeated, so far as I ever he foun

At an early period of the meeting, two young ladies were awakened, and went forward for prayers. Their mother, a widow, though a member of a Church, rushed in like a maniac, and dragged them out, forbidding the repetition of the act. They gradually sank back into their previous hardened state, and lost their convictions. But before the meeting closed this mother was brought down upon her knees, and soundly converted. She then sought her daughters, and desired them to go into the prayer-circle, but they refused. The mother was now distressed for them, and feared that they would be lost, and their blood would be required at her hands. She besought them with tears, but to no purpose. After the meeting closed, on Tuesday, she requested to have preaching at her house, in the village, that night, which was granted. The great ground of her opposition, at first, was the *mourners'-bench*, but now, having tested its utility in her own case, she thought there was nothing like it. After the preaching at her house she stepped up to Swayze, and said, "Sir, won't you please call up the mourners?" He did so; and she had the unspeakable happiness of seeing her two daughters come forward, with others, who were happily converted to God.

The fruit of this meeting was said to be not less than two hundred conversions, besides the general quickening of the membership in that region.

In the early part of 1820, in conversation with several preachers on the great extent of our Conference limits, and the great distance we had to travel in goin to and returning from Conference, I suggested the priety of a petition to the General Conference, tdished in May of that year, to set off a new Conferenne legal called Pittsburg, embracing that city as a cen then I The proposition took favorably, and at the ames M'Madrew up one, which was adopted by al cuit, on which ner to

conferences in the district, and sent on. But as no such petitions came in from other Conferences, and as the Baltimore delegates had not been instructed on the subject, they declined to act favorably, and the request was not granted. Four years afterward, however, that is, in 1824, the new Conference was organized as then prayed for.

At the last quarterly-meeting conference for this year I was again recommended to the Ohio Annual Conference, to be received on trial in the itinerancy. The Conference was to meet at Chillicothe, Ohio, and I thought it best to be on hand, so as to be seen and known by the preachers, and meet objections if any should be made. The old adage is, "If you want any thing done, send; but if you want it *well* done, go yourself."

On my way to Conference I attended a camp-meeting near Zanesville. Jacob Young, the presiding elder, was not present, and the meeting was managed by brother Hooper, the preacher in charge. I arrived on Friday, and at 3 o'clock on that day preached my first sermon in that region. On Sunday at 3 o'clock I was put up again, in both of which I was greatly owned and blessed of God.

On Sunday I wound up my discourse by inviting mourners into the altar. This was soon filled. I then called out to those still coming to form a prayer-circle outside of the altar; this being done, and others still coming, other circles were formed, until nearly the whole ground was covered with them, while many be[illegible] praying in their tents. Such a powerful outpour- God, the Spirit I never witnessed before or since, and or heap often thought that God favored me then and as[illegible]s was the report of it at Conference might aid in from owl[illegible].

he foun[illegible] the stand and went into the preachers'

tent, quite exhausted from a two hours' effort, I found Father Michael Ellis, then the oldest member of the Ohio Conference, walking back and forth, wringing his hands and groaning in his peculiar manner when happy. As soon as he saw me he threw his arms round my neck and pressed me to his bosom, and let out one of his peculiar groans with an a-hem, and said, "Bub, you beat your fathers."

There was no more preaching on the ground. Brother Hooper said the Lord was preaching, and he would not break up those prayer-meetings for any one to preach, not even the Bishop. There was no cessation of prayer and praise till 8 o'clock next morning, when the meeting closed, as we had to leave for Conference. Possibly if God had not thus favorably owned me, prejudice, unfounded as before, might have prevailed against me at Conference.

When I met Jacob Young, from whom I received my first license to preach, he met me cordially, shook my hand heartily, and said he was glad to see me. When my case came before the Conference he said he should vote for me on the recommendation of brother Swayze, my presiding elder; but he feared that I should cause them trouble. This, when reported to me, was a heavy blow. What was the reason that I must meet with repulses from those men whom I loved above all others? Why should I be so unalterably convicted of my duty, and receive such signal manifestations of the Divine approbation in doing it, and yet have every step toward it hedged up or strewed with thorns?

My motives I knew to be pure. I relinquished other and more lucrative business, including the legal profession which I had designed to enter, for the [illegible] of the ministry. If it could have been so, I [illegible] to have a pane of glass in my brea[illegible]

might see the purity of my intentions, and desire to do good to my fellow-men. Why, then, must I be doomed to this continued and unceasing opposition from men whom I believed to be aiming at the same object? All this was involved in impenetrable darkness. But yet it was some relief to be admitted to a place in the itinerancy. Brother Young's fears have not been realized. I am not aware that I have caused any trouble to the Church, but hope and trust that I have been of some use.

CHAPTER XII.

BEING now an itinerant, though on trial, I felt the increased responsibility of my relation to the Church. My appointment for this year (1820) was read out for Cuyahoga circuit, which lay south of Cleveland.

On my way home from Conference I spent a Sabbath at Zanesville. I went to church, as usual, and Thomas A. Morris—now Bishop Morris—who had been stationed there for the two preceding years, preached his farewell sermon, preparatory to going to his new charge. When he closed he called on David Young, an old and much-respected minister, who was superannuated and lived in the place, to close the meeting. Before leaving the house, however, brother Morris invited me to preach that afternoon. I did so, but under rather depressed feelings, for both Young and Morris kept aloof from the pulpit, and Young, Yankee-fashion, sat all the time in a slip whittling a stick. Morris came up and closed the service. This he found not to a stranger was noticed by some

brethren, and spoken of in my presence after meeting. But I let it pass as a part of the "hard row I had to hoe;" and, on account of my youth, etc., I felt humbled, but felt no murmuring disposition.

In a few months from this I received a letter from brother Morris, stating that he had been informed of my intention to prefer charges against him at Conference for disrespect or negligence, on the occasion just mentioned, and wished to be furnished with a copy of them that he might prepare for his defense.

This took me entirely by surprise. I knew nothing of it; I had no such design; and had not expressed to any one any thing to draw such an inference from. Brother Swayze, my presiding elder, was apprehensive that some trick was on foot to raise a storm on me with a view to oust me from the itinerancy. This I could not believe. "To the pure all things are pure." I had no evil designs on any one, and could not suspect such on me. Still, from this incident, coming on the heels of so much trouble, trifling as it was in itself, I could but think that something was wrong somewhere, whatever might be the motive. I wrote to brother Morris that I knew nothing about the matter; I had no such design, nor had authorized any one to use my name in any such connection. This ended the matter. The only solution that I could ever obtain of the origin of this rumor was, that some brethren in Zanesville, who felt aggrieved at the apparent coolness of my reception, had talked of it, and probably expressed the opinion that it *ought* to be so, from which others inferred that it *would* be so. But if even I had felt aggrieved, such a complaint for such a cause never entered into my views of propriety.

I went to my circuit and partly round it, when I attended a camp-meeting, at which I met James M'Mahon, who was appointed to Mahoning circuit, on which

my family lived, while his family lived on my circuit, and he proposed a change, as we should both be better accommodated by it, and the people would not be the losers. As the presiding elder was agreed to it, the exchange was made.

On Mahoning circuit Ezra Booth was appointed with M'Mahon, and, being my senior in the ministry, the charge was given to him. His family also lived on the circuit. The circuit then included the most of Trumbull county, and part of Portage. Trumbull then included what is now Mahoning county. It was one hundred and fifty miles round, having about thirty appointments, which we filled in five weeks, having two and three weeks between our visits. This was the circuit to which I had belonged, since I came to Ohio, till I was received into the Conference. Of course, I was as "a prophet in his own country;" but I was not aware that I had no honor from the people on that account. Indeed, it was this same people that literally demanded of the presiding elder (Finley) that I should be employed in the itinerancy, and they had no objections to receiving me as one of their preachers. The plan was so arranged that I could visit my family once a week for three out of the five weeks in going round. This was an accommodation not before enjoyed.

Myself and colleague worked in harmony, and we enjoyed a good degree of prosperity, having several revivals, which resulted in an increase of about one hundred and fifty members.

On this circuit lived Amos Smith, a local elder, who was one of the fathers of the circuit, and had acted the part of father toward me, and had aided in procuring my first license to preach. He was, and had been for some years, confined to his house by the dropsy and asthma, and for some time was confined to his arm-chair, being unable to sleep if he lay down, day or night.

Owing to his inability to get out to the usual place of preaching, in the society to which he belonged, I made an extra appointment at night, at his house, after preaching to the society in the day-time. Respect for the old father in Israel, more probably than a desire to hear me, drew out a large congregation. But I was in trouble, and experienced what I never did before or since. The Bible was a perfectly sealed book to me, as to a text, except one passage on which uncommon light shone. The text would have been suitable *after* his death, but to use it *before*, appeared to be inappropriate. But such was the darkness of my mind to any other text that it had to be that or none.

The text was the last words of Paul to Timothy: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. iv, 6–8. I apologized for taking the text, which seemed so much like preaching his funeral sermon before his death, by stating the fact as above given. I trembled at the thought. But what else could I do? The appointment was made to accommodate the good man; the congregation had assembled, and possibly it was the last opportunity he would have of hearing from another the Word of life before he should be called home, and I therefore yielded to what seemed to me to be a necessity.

After making the above statement in reference to the text, I remarked that, after all, there was a fitness in the subject to the occasion, only reversing the order, and let *him* take the text and me be the hearer, for I stood in a relation to Father Smith somewhat analogous to that of Timothy to Paul, as he had been a father to

me, and had aided me in getting into the ministry, etc. I felt great freedom in speaking, and the Divine presence was powerfully present.

At the close of the exercises, as I was about to pronounce the benediction, Father Smith requested the audience to be seated, and be very still, as he desired to say a few things to them, possibly for the last time in this world. When all were seated and silent, he said:

"With most of you, my friends, I have had many happy meetings, but in all probability this will be our last meeting in this world. Of one thing I have been convinced for more than twenty-five years, and that is, that the most dangerous ground a man can be on is that of building his hopes of heaven on a mere desire for religion. You have that desire, and who thanks you for it? God gives it to you, whether you want or not. But it is a *present* salvation we need. We must be saved from our sins *here*, or we have no well-grounded hope of heaven.

"And now, my friends, I leave it as my last will and testament, for the comfort of my family and friends, that I would not give what I now feel in my soul, my present peace, and future prospects, for a thousand such worlds as this. If it please God that I get well, I am content; if it please him that I linger along for three or four years, I am resigned; and if it please him that I die now, amen to it, his will be done."

As this was spoken he dropped his head over on to the back of his chair and died without a sigh or groan; there was no motion save simply the breath leaving the body.

The congregation were awed into silence, as a matter of course, and no one stirred till he was gone, when one of his daughters came up, and taking hold of his hand, exclaimed: "O, he has often prayed that he

might die in meeting with his brethren, and now his prayer has been answered."

His remarks on the necessity of a *present* salvation, and not to build our hopes of heaven on a mere desire for it, I thought were intended for a neighbor of his, who was there, and in just that state of mind, and who was killed at a raising two weeks after; so that this was probably the last warning he had upon that subject.

On this circuit also lived Dr. Shadrach Bostwick, who was also a father to me, and to all young preachers who traveled the circuit. He was, in fact, a professor and teacher in our "Brush College," and his house was a theological school, where he gave many lectures and model sermons, from which we obtained much useful knowledge pertaining to our holy calling. As I have seen no memoir of him, it is proper that something should be said of him, to rescue his name from oblivion.

He was born, as near as I can ascertain, in 1772, in the State of Maryland, and was designed and educated for the medical profession. He was converted when young, and entered the itinerancy in 1791, when but nineteen years of age. He traveled in Maryland, New Jersey, New York, New England, and Ohio, in all fourteen years. He was a presiding elder in New York and New England four years, when he married, and as there was no competent provision then for married men, necessity compelled him to accept the offer of his wife's father of some wild lands in Ohio, on the Western Reserve, and in 1803 we find him a *missionary*, so called—but without any missionary society, or funds for the support of such men—on Deerfield circuit, where he first settled.

This removal brought him within the limits of the Baltimore Conference, which then extended to Lake Erie, in which he commenced to travel, and to which he was transferred. But such was the distance and the

difficulty of traveling through such a vast wilderness, that he never saw a presiding elder, nor attended Conference for the two years that he continued in this relation. Being compelled to provide for himself and family, he *wrote* to the Conference for a location, and was so returned on the Minutes in 1805.

While on this mission circuit it was impossible to travel far in Winter from the want of roads and bridges. As the little class in Deerfield were not able to support him, and his farm not being yet productive, he taught school in the Winter, and traveled as far as he could in the Summer, mean time prosecuting his medical studies.

Previous to his entering the itinerancy he had made some proficiency in the science of medicine, and while traveling he had also read considerable upon the subject, not knowing but that necessity might some day compel him to fall back upon his own resources. Being now in that circumstance, he made the best preparation he could—having to go to Pittsburg, ninety miles, on horseback for medicine—and entered upon the practice. He soon after moved to Canfield as offering a better field to practice in, and became quite eminent as a physician, and accumulated a handsome fortune.

His house was ever open to the itinerant, and his purse ever open liberally for his support. As a local preacher he had his regular round of appointments, to visit each once in four weeks, with the understanding that if sickness or professional calls prevented his attendance, he would be there the next four weeks. He would always meet the preachers at their week-day appointments, when in his neighborhood, unless prevented by sickness or professional calls, and was very punctual in his attendance at the quarterly-meetings, of which, for many years, he was recording steward, and he was the Mentor of the circuit.

He was for some time without a class at the place of his residence; but finally a large society was raised up there, and a fine brick church was built upon land donated by him, and much aided by his funds. He died since I came to Wisconsin, but I learn that his end was peaceful and triumphant.

As a preacher Dr. Bostwick stood in the highest rank. He was not what in these times is called a topical or fashionable one; that is, taking a text and discussing one topic, whether in the text or not; but he was a textual preacher; he took a text and explained it. In this he was a model preacher. He was expected to and usually did preach once at every quarterly-meeting or camp-meeting he attended, and always to the edification of the people.

He was of very pleasing personal appearance, gentlemanly in his deportment, highly intelligent, full of interesting anecdote, very communicative to all, but especially so to young preachers, whom he took particular pains and pleasure in assisting to qualify for their high and holy calling. His lectures by his fireside, his illustrative anecdotes, and analysis of knotty Scripture questions were equal to the lectures of modern theological schools.

His training for the ministry was at a time and in an age when some people thought that Methodist preachers were a kind of outlaws, whom any one had a right to attack, ridicule, or even annihilate in argument if he could. Almost all the preaching of his day was of a controversial character. Criticisms were fully indulged in, and little attention was paid to genteel or courteous disputation. As a matter of course, and a natural consequence, the constant rubbing Methodist preachers got upon the edge made them sharp in that part, and whoever came in contact with them, usually got badly cut. But as Bostwick excelled in repartee, a

few anecdotes will not only illustrate his character in this particular, but also that part of our early history as a Church.

From Rev. W. Swayze, who followed Bostwick in some of his New England fields of labor, I learned the following:

While Bostwick was presiding elder, he happened to come athwart a Doctor of Divinity on this wise: This D. D. had, a short time before, taken one of our members to task for suffering these ignorant Methodist preachers to preach in his house.

"Why," said the brother, "what harm is there in so doing, if they can get sinners converted to God, and reform their lives?"

"Harm!" said the D. D., "why, harm enough; don't you know that they are ignorant and unlearned? They do not even understand English grammar, and much less the dead languages, and how can they teach people the way to heaven?"

"Why, Doctor, is the way to heaven through the dead languages, or through the Bible?"

"The Bible, of course; but they must know the dead languages to understand that book."

"But did not the translators of the Bible understand those languages, and have they not given us their true meaning?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

"Well, if we can read the English Bible, do we not read the truth, then?"

"Why, yes; but *we* deem it necessary for men to be college bred to be fit to preach."

"Well, Doctor, have you ever heard a Methodist preacher?"

"No; nor do I want to. I have heard enough about them."

"Well, but, Doctor, does our law condemn a man

before it hears him? Would it not be fair to hear a man before you pass sentence on him?"

This was a poser for the Doctor, and he admitted that it would be but just to do so.

"Well, Doctor, I expect one to preach at my house on such a day, and at such an hour," naming them, "and I would be glad to see you present." To which he agreed.

"But, Doctor, I must inform you that the preacher is a young man; this is his first year, and we call him one of our boys. You, of course, will not expect as much from him as from an older head."

"No;" said the Doctor, "I can make allowance for the youth and inexperience of a man."

From this, word got out that Dr. S. was going to hear the Methodist preacher, and the people thought they might go, also, without sinning any more than their pastor did. It was expected that the learned Doctor would use up the ignorant preacher in short order; so, a crowd came out to hear and see the fun.

But it so happened that Bostwick, on his way round his district, called at the place just before the preaching hour, and as he was the presiding elder, he must preach. But it did not occur to them to inform him of the expected audience, not knowing certainly that it would be on hand. But they came. Nor did it occur to the good brother to inform Dr. S. of the change in preachers, leaving him under the impression that it was *the boy* who preached.

The discourse was an able one, containing no disputable doctrines; and being such, and extemporaneous at that, a very favorable impression was made on the minds of the audience. This Dr. S. thought he must efface, or he should lose ground with his people. So he hung on after the meeting was closed, and the brother introduced him to brother Bostwick, with

whom he immediately commenced a conversation upon English grammar.

Bostwick suspected the object, and being an able scholar, met the inquisitive Doctor on his own selected field, where he soon showed his skill and knowledge of his mother tongue.

The Doctor failing on this point, turned off upon Latin and Greek. Of these Bostwick had some knowledge, perhaps as much as the Doctor himself—for but few of such braggarts are good scholars—and here he failed again, and showed signs of leaving.

But Bostwick being wide awake to such attacks, launched off upon the Hebrew as being the mother of languages, and also quoted some German and French, of which he had some little knowledge, obtained by mingling with those people. Knowing that the Doctor was entirely at sea, without chart or compass, when he left the Latin and Greek; and knowing, too, from past experience, the design of the attack, he indulged in a little play upon these last three languages, though not master of them. The Doctor finding himself outdone, suddenly left, and was followed by his flock, all badly chagrined at the defeat.

But the people who followed the Doctor, soon began to inquire what he thought of the Methodist preacher? "Think!" said he, "I don't know what to think. I always supposed that these Methodist preachers were ignorant men; not even understanding the English language. But this man knows it all, and is even ahead of me, for he has the Hebrew, German, and French at his tongue's end, as well as the Greek and Latin. He is certainly a good speaker, and an able divine, and he preached, too, without notes, and with as much precision as if it had all been written out before him. I never saw such a man; and what surprises me still more is, this is what they call one of

their *boys*, in the first year of his ministry. If this is one of their *boys*, I don't know what their *men* must be."

Of course, after that, the people in that neighborhood thought it would be safe for them to hear the Methodist preachers, and the result was, many of them were converted to God, and saved, who might, otherwise, have been lost.

I was once conversing with brother Bostwick about being sometimes embarrassed in preaching, or in preachers' parlance, "getting into the brush." And to encourage me, he said, "I once went to an appointment in New Jersey; it was on my first visit to the place, and I was so embarrassed that I really thought the people would never come out to hear me again. If it had been possible, without neglect of duty, I should not have gone there again. But it was on the plan of the circuit, and there was a class at the place to which I must attend; so I went the second time with fear and trembling. Just before meeting time a stranger came in and said, 'How do you do, brother Bostwick? I suppose you don't know me; I was not a brother when you were here before; but under your preaching I was awakened, and have since found peace with God, and am now one of you.'

"I thought," said Bostwick, "if God would bless such preaching, I would never complain again of being embarrassed, but do the best I could, and leave consequences with God. This little incident," he continued, "has been of great benefit to me through life." And so it has to me, in like circumstances.

I have said that Doctor Bostwick was in the habit of meeting the preachers at their week-day appointments, when possible for him to do so. On one occasion he met John Solomon, who of all men that I ever heard attempt to preach, had the least ability to do so.

How he ever got admitted on trial, even, was a mystery, but he was soon permitted to return home.

On this occasion, a Presbyterian minister attended, also. On leaving the place they rode together, and the Presbyterian began to question the propriety of allowing such men to occupy the sacred desk. The Doctor thought as he did, but feeling a little denominational pride, and knowing the harping then common upon the pretended ignorance of Methodist preachers, did not like to yield to his Presbyterian brother *all* he asked; so after admitting that Solomon had but small preaching abilities, he urged in extenuation of his being sent out as a preacher, that "we don't always know the designs of God in these things. Paul says that God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise. And God once used the dumb ass to reprove an erring Prophet, and a cock to reprove an erring Apostle. And I do not know but he may see fit to use such men to save souls."

"Ah," said the other, "those were miracles which we are not to look for in this age of the world."

"True; but I have known some cases almost as singular in our day. When I traveled in New Jersey," said the Doctor, "I knew a man who was awakened by the crowing of a black hen, very much like the case of Peter."

"Ah! How was that?"

"Why, the man was a Dutchman; his wife and daughters were pious and belonged to the Church, but he was hostile to their religion, and sought every opportunity to persecute and afflict them. When, on Sunday, they got ready to go to meeting, he would chop wood at the door, or hoe in the garden, and continue at it as long as people were going by to meeting. One Sunday, when he was thus hoeing in his garden, a black hen mounted the fence, flopped her wings, and

crowed. The Dutch believe, in such a case, that they must kill the hen, or some one will die in the family. He tried to kill her, but she evaded him; yet he kept on his hoeing, and soon she came and crowed again, and still evaded his chase; and so the third time, but still she escaped from him. He then concluded that he must die, and as he was so wicked must go to hell.

"He threw down his hoe, changed his clothes, and went to meeting. His wife and daughters seeing him come there, thought he intended to extend his persecution even to the house of God, and feared that he would disturb the meeting. But he sat still and listened attentively, and remained after preaching in the class-meeting, and when spoken to as to the state of his mind as to religion, he rose and said: 'I is one great sinner. I have persecuted mine wife and daughters because they wanted to be good. I have chopped wood and hoed in the garden on Sunday, just to spite them and other good folks when going by to meeting; and to-day when I was hoeing, a great black hen did get on the fence, and flop her wings and crow three times, and I could not catch her to kill her. And now, by sure, I shall die, and the devil will have me, because I is so wicked, and I does want you to pray for me.' They did so, and soon after he obtained forgiveness from God. When in after years he related his Christian experience, he would always say that he thanked God he ever heard a hen crow."

The Doctor continued: "I knew a case in New England, in which a young man was awakened by the bellowing of a bull, much like the case of Balaam."

"Ah! and how was that?"

"Why, a young man was hired to a Quaker to work. He had been out one night to a late hour, to some sinful amusement, and on his way home heard a bull bellowing along the street after him. He thought it

was the devil going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour, and his guilty conscience led him to think that *he* was the object of the devil's pursuit, and took to his heels for home as fast as possible.

"He reached his chamber and got into bed, but the bull came nearer and nearer, till in front of the house, and between the house and the barn-yard, where the cows were herded for the night, he made a halt and began to paw up the ground, and bellow louder than before, and such was the effect upon the air that the windows of the house jarred and rattled from its vibrations. Upon this, the young man thought he was coming into the window to take him off, whereupon he cried to God at the top of his voice, to have mercy on him. This roused up the Quaker, who ran to the foot of the stairs and called out, 'Elijah, what ails thee?' Elijah, afraid to tell the truth in the case, said he had 'the belly-ache.'

"Upon this the Quaker hustled round, kindled a fire, and made a quart of sage-tea and gave him. While the Quaker was near Elijah made less ado, and when the bull retired he settled down into quietness. But he was wiser than some are, after such a fright, for he sought and obtained the pardon of his sins.

"In this case," said the Doctor, "God spake through the bellowing of a bull, as he did to Balaam through the ass; and I dare not limit the Almighty, for he may speak through a man of small talents." This was rather reluctantly admitted, and the point yielded.

The Doctor told me that some years after he came to Ohio a Congregationalist from Massachusetts came athwart him, who made so many contemptuous allusions to the Methodists, claiming the superiority of the "Standing Order" over other Christians, that he (the Doctor) felt moved to reply, or answer "a fool according to his folly."

This man, among other things, inquired of the Doctor, "Did you not once travel in Massachusetts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, were you acquainted with David B. in A?"

"Yes, sir, I knew him very well."

"Well, sir, he has left your Church and joined ours, and we have licensed him to preach."

"Ah," said the Doctor, "I am very glad of that. He used to trouble us a great deal about preaching, but we thought that he had neither gifts nor other qualifications for it. If he answers *your* purpose, I am very glad, and hope he is suited, and will trouble us no more." Upon this the man found it convenient to take a sudden leave.

I was once in conversation with him upon the impropriety of placing metaphors, parables, etc., "upon all fours;" that is, making every thing in them have a bearing, and a specific meaning, when he related the following incident:

A preacher on the circuit, calling on him for a night and wishing to avail himself of the opportunity to gain some information from the Doctor, stated that he was preparing a sermon on the text, "and they gathered up twelve baskets full," etc.; that he had found ten doctrines, answering to ten of the baskets, and wished the Doctor to furnish him with two more baskets to complete the number.

The Doctor desired to know the contents of the ten baskets already filled, which were stated. Not meeting his views of interpreting Scripture, he turned to his daughter and inquired, "Hav n't we got some old baskets up in the garret? Brother V. wants a couple to help him make out his sermon." The daughter knowing the wit of her father in such cases, and, withal, being ready to humor the joke, replied in the affirmative, and expressed her readiness to produce them at

once, if desired. This finished the basket sermon—it was never preached.

In June, 1821, brother Swayze, the presiding elder, desired me to attend a camp-meeting in Geneva, Ashtabula county, Ohio; stating that "something must be done for that circuit, or our ship there would be stranded."

I had an idea that the country was quite new; that our accommodations would be poor; and, probably, we should have to sleep on the ground, and among the leaves, and I dressed myself in an old suit, suitable, as I thought, to the occasion. How I got this idea I do not know, but I found it a great mistake. It was too late to change my garb. I had also had the quinsy in the Spring, and under the direction of Mr. Wesley's family adviser and primitive physic, I had not worn a cravat for six weeks, and being much exposed to the sun and storms, I was considerably "browned" in the face and neck. All this, with a long beard, gave me rather a rough, farmer-like appearance, no ways prepossessing.

On Friday morning an old backslidden Methodist, whom Swayze had known in Massachusetts, and invited to attend this meeting, seeing me on the stand, thought, as he told me afterward, that I could n't be a preacher; and when I sung a favorite song of Zion, he concluded that Swayze had got me on to the stand to *lead* in singing. When he saw me up to preach at 11 o'clock, he thought if I was a preacher, I must be a local one, some farmer, and that he would go then and take care of his horses.

But it occurred to him that, probably, it would be the only time I should be put up, and as he wished to hear *all* the preachers on the ground, he would stay and hear me. I knew nothing of the man, then, but before I was half done he concluded that Swayze had told me

all about him, and had got me there on purpose to preach to him.

In winding up this discourse I invited mourners into the altar, and sprang over the book-board on to the ground. As I lit upon the ground a young man fell into the lap of a Presbyterian deacon, who turned pale, and moving to one side, let the young man roll off on to the ground. Several others fell, who were brought in by their friends, and others came of their own accord, and among them my friend of the horses. He confessed his sins and backslidings, and was restored to the peace and favor of God. He went at once to Swayze, and said, "If you will send that man to the circuit I will attend meeting, and pay my quarterage." I was sent there the ensuing year, and he, brother Winchell, furnished me with a house, all my fire-wood, pasture for my horse and cow, in Summer, and barn, hay and grain for them, in Winter; with meat, flour, and vegetables for my family, and paid some twenty dollars in money; but, as his wife and two daughters were converted, he felt amply paid for all he had done for me.

At this camp-meeting there was a very large gathering of people of all descriptions, from the surrounding country, and a very general awakening, with many powerful conversions, amounting, in all, to probably two hundred; and among them a noted infidel, by the name of Parker. He came, as such men usually do, out of curiosity, and for the purposes of criticism; but an arrow from the Almighty's quiver reached his heart, and he fled, like the stricken deer, to his home, in Ashtabula Village; but, after a sleepless night, on Monday morning, and with little or no breakfast, he repaired to the ground, as if attracted by some invisible power, which his wounded spirit did not feel disposed to resist. He was soon upon his knees, in a prayer-circle, in deep

penitence, where he continued, except when listening to preaching, all that day and the ensuing night, groaning, praying, and wrestling, like Jacob. Those of his acquaintance who were religious, knowing his former wickedness, and mockery of religion, felt a strong solicitude for his conversion, not only for his own sake, but for the cause of Christianity in general, and literally "stuck to him closer than a brother," instructing him, and praying for him.

Whether he took any refreshment, or not, I am unable to say; but if he did, it must have been at long intervals, and but little at a time. In the course of the night a shower had wet the ground, which had been tramped into mud, in places, and especially in the prayer-circles, some two or three inches deep; but such was the earnestness of both penitents and those who were wrestling with them, that this mud was not heeded.

On Tuesday morning, while the meeting was breaking up, and the tents being struck, he was yet on his knees, in the mud, resolved not to leave the spot until he found peace with God. A few faithful ones were still with him. At this moment a doctor of medicine, a member of the Presbyterian Church, whose prejudices had prevented him from attending before, lest he should sin against God, now came upon the ground, not to worship God, but to see and hear enough, as he thought, to find arguments against such meetings, anticipating a rich harvest of arguments. But, on seeing Parker on his knees, he was not only surprised, but, knowing his former character, and presuming that he was now mocking, instead of praying, he felt his indignation rise, for, much as he was prejudiced against the Methodists and the camp-meeting, he could not endure such mockery, as he supposed it to be. Under the impulse of such feelings, he stepped up to Parker, and with some sternness said, "Parker, what are *you* doing here?" Parker,

knowing the voice, and that he was a professor of religion, and forgetting all distinctions, in his deep distress, raised his head, and said, "O, doctor, for God's sake, pray for me, for if I don't obtain mercy, I shall be in hell before night!"

This took the doctor all aback. It was what he had not expected. Parker's sunken eyes, and ghastly look, showed that he was in earnest; he was the life-picture of despair and deep anguish of soul. Instantly the doctor's better feelings took the ascendency, and he fell upon his knees in the mud, by the side of Parker, and, amid his tears, poured out his soul to God in fervent prayer in behalf of the penitent infidel, in true Methodistic strains; and declared, afterward, that if camp-meetings were the means of converting such men as Parker, he would never oppose them again.

But poor Parker was yet in distress; some barrier, some secret bosom sin, was in the way. The tents were all down, the wagons loaded, and ready to start, some having gone, and one after another reluctantly left him, to go home, till but two or three were left with the poor penitent. At length these were called to go with their company, who were waiting, and the poor man was about to be left alone, and to stay alone, for he was resolved not to leave the spot unpardoned, when one thought of the possible difficulty, and inquired:

"Parker, do you forgive all your enemies, as you hope to be forgiven?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"But you must, from the heart, forgive all those who have trespassed against you, or who you *think* have done so, or God will not forgive you."

"Well, I think I do; I am willing to forgive every body, for I know that I am the greatest sinner in the world, and need forgiveness more than all the rest."

It occurred to the speaker, just then, that an old, and

long-continued quarrel had existed between Parker and Judge Q., against whom Parker had evinced a more deadly hatred than against any other man; and the inquiry was made, "Can you, and do you, forgive Judge Q.?"

He thought a moment, and said, "Yes, I can; I do forgive Judge Q. Glory to God!" and springing to his feet, shouted, "Yes, I *do* forgive Judge Q.; and, glory to God, *He* has forgiven me!"

Parker lived many years, a good and faithful witness for Christ; and, as I was informed, died as he had lived, since his conversion, at peace with God and man.

The results of this meeting, as I have said, were, probably, two hundred conversions on the ground; but this was not all; revivals followed in the country, and into other Churches. The Presbyterian Church nearest the ground was said to have received of these converts about one hundred. Whatever they think, or formerly thought of camp-meeting, and Methodistic conversions, I never knew them to refuse one who offered to join them. This, no doubt, is one great, if not the greatest, reason for their increase of spirituality, and more liberal feelings toward the Methodists than existed half a century ago.

Soon after the above camp-meeting, we had one on our own circuit. Though it did not result so gloriously as the other, yet it was the means of much good. There were some incidents connected with it illustrative of the times, and of human nature, worthy of record.

The meeting was held in Vernon, Trumbull county, Ohio. A few nights before it was to commence, a neighbor of mine, who was half-drunk at the time, but who, drunk or sober, had some regard for our civil and religious rights, called at my house, and said that he had just come from "the burg," a place near the camp-ground, and had learned that some two hundred young

men had plotted a rowdy scrape at the camp-meeting, and had chosen two brothers, with whom I was acquainted, to be their captains; that they had resolved to break up the meeting, and, in case of arrest, to stick by each other, and fight it out. I thanked him for the information, and took measures to prevent the intended interruption.

I was early upon the ground, though brother Booth had charge of the circuit, on whom it properly devolved to keep order, yet, he was of such a temperament that he would allow rowdies to run over him and his charge. Of course, if there was any fighting to be done, that fell upon me; and, knowing *my* temperament, he, and the people, expected me to do it, and then take the consequences afterward, in their *fears* that I would "ride over them, as I did the rowdies."

Soon after reaching the ground, I met with J. R. Giddings, Esq., who was afterward so distinguished in Congress, and also Esquire Cone, a neighboring Justice of the Peace, who both told me that they had heard of the conspiracy, and had come purposely thus early to assist us in keeping order, and, if need be, apply the law in its severest form.

On Saturday I saw the rowdies gathering, and spoke to one of the captain brothers on this wise: "I am told that a set of lewd fellows of the baser sort, who have neither character nor breeding, are coming here to disturb us. We have Giddings and Cone to assist us in enforcing the law. Such disturbance is not only contrary to law, but is very wrong and unger[illegible]us reach in itself. I want to get a few men who hav[illegible] They suffor religion and civil rights to render us [illegible]rom a fine, ance; and I have thought, from my acqu[illegible]ave kept it you, that you would do so." [illegible] in preserving

"Yes," he said, he would do a[illegible]and having some to assist us, and asked if we want

"No," said I, "I will not trouble you for that, but wish you simply to keep an eye out, and if you see or hear them contriving mischief, show your disapprobation by reproving them; and if they do not desist, give me their names, and I will have them fined, and then I will publish their names in the newspaper."

To this he agreed. I then inquired for his brother, whom he sent to me, and who also agreed to assist us in the same way. I found several others who enlisted in the same good cause. I had already got several names of persons who, on coming on to the ground, had shown signs of rowdyism, of which I informed my men. Probably in less than two hours every rowdy on the ground knew of my purpose, and was warned to behave, or to take the consequences.

Among the names given me there was a mistake in one name. The fellow was one of the gang, but was not yet on the ground; but, as soon as he did appear, he was informed of my purpose, and that *his* name was already taken. This gave him such umbrage that he left at once, and was not seen there again.

There were upon the ground four young gentlemen, sons of New England land speculators, who had given them a little recreation in the vacation of College, in a trip to their New Connecticut lands. They did not belong to the gang of which I have spoken, though they were not long in forming some of their acquaintances, and soon heard of my threats if any one timbed us.

The these young men, was pleased with their gen-
Ohio. Ament, and asked Mr. Giddings who they
neighbor ut not because I suspected them as belong-
who, drunk g. In the night I saw them with others
religious right ut of one corner of the encampment
had just come fr d soon return in rather merry mood.
ground, and had le re was whisky somewhere not far

off, and I placed a man in that corner, with instructions that when he saw a company go out, to follow them at a short distance, and when they stopped, to get behind a tree, mark the stopping-place, and when they returned to go to the spot, and most likely he would find whisky, and if he did to bring it to me, with whatever he found it in.

In about half an hour he brought me a tin pail, half full of "the critter," and very shortly after this a manifest uneasiness was seen among that crowd, for they were well aware that I had got it, and they were detected, and feared the fine and publication.

In the morning, when the congregation was called together, I advertised the pail, stating the contents; that it was found in the woods; and that the owner might have it by giving his name. If no owner came for it the contents would be poured out on the ground, and the pail left with some one, where the owner might find it in accordance with one of our regulations as to found property. As no one came to claim it, I emptied the liquor on the ground before the congregation. In a short time after, a neighbor came and said that these young men borrowed the pail, as they said, to carry milk to the camp-ground, and promised to return it the next morning; he supposed that they belonged to some of the tents.

By this time the young men took sudden leave, and I learned afterward that they were very uneasy lest their names should get into the newspapers, as having behaved very bad at a camp-meeting, and thus reach the eyes or ears of their parents at home. They suffered more from this fear than they would from a fine, and even imprisonment, if they could have kept it from their parents. But we succeeded in preserving good order, defeating the rowdies, and having some fifty conversions.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIS year (1821) was the second year of brother Swayze's presiding on the district, which embraced the Western Reserve, east of the Cuyahoga. The difference in the success and spread of Methodism—and, as other denominations profited greatly from our success, I may say of Christianity generally—was so great from those of former times, that I can but notice it.

Previous to his coming among us, our presiding elders, and most of our preachers, were from the South and West, whose minds were very much prejudiced against the Yankees, and frequently their treatment of our people savored so much of their superiority of feeling as to prevent their doing much good. Some of them seemed to view the Yankees as semi-barbarians—a kind of half heathen. They would reach the circuit just a little before their first quarterly-meeting, and leave it soon after their fourth one, so that we were frequently from two to three months without preaching in the year.

In 1819, when Bishop George spent most of the Summer in Ohio, he became acquainted with this state of things, and, to remedy the evil, appointed William Swayze to the district, who moved his family to Deerfield, a central point in it. This kept him within the district, and his leisure time was spent among the Yankees, he being a kind of naturalized one, because he had traveled in New England and had a Yankee wife.

In the mean time, James M'Mahon, though a Kentuckian, had married, and had his family on the Reserve. Ira Eddy and Ezra Booth, who were Yankees, had married, and located their families in the same

region; and when I was admitted among them I made the fourth married man on the Reserve. We, of course, stayed on our charges as long as possible, so as by hard traveling to reach Conference in time; and we returned home from Conference as fast as our horses could convey us, often at the rate of from forty to fifty miles a day. The consequence was, that only from three to four weeks were lost in Conference time, instead of so many months. We also had a deeper interest in the welfare of the people among whom we lived, than we could have had in mere strangers; as a natural consequence, we had greater and more extensive revivals; and the people seemed to have more confidence in us, as we were of themselves, and the work of God prospered more extensively.

The Ohio Conference, to which we belonged, met this year (1821) in Lebanon, from which I was appointed to Grand River circuit, with Henry Knapp, a very promising young man for my junior colleague. I moved my family to Concord, into a house of my old friend of the Geneva camp-meeting, of whom I have already spoken.

The circuit lay in Ashtabula, Geauga, and Trumbull counties, and had forty-four appointments to be filled in four weeks, being about two hundred miles round it. We fixed the plan so as to meet at my house once in two weeks. It was but a log-cabin, but was such as most of the people in the country lived in, and of course we were satisfied. We had three quarterly-meetings and one camp meeting, at all of which the presiding elder was present; and besides these, we held four two-days' meetings, and one watch-night. One object we had in holding so many extra meetings was to promote the interests of religion in the people, and to accustom them to alter work—to talk to and pray with and for penitents. We were so owned and blessed of God,

that our increase, at the end of the year, amounted to about three hundred souls.

In the Spring of 1822 I had an attack of bilious fever, in which I thought and expected I should die. My first thought was, "Shall I have the benefit, in dying, of that religion I have been preaching to others?" I felt that I should. It seemed as if there was but a thin veil between me and heaven, into which I expected to enter within three hours. The next thought and care was for my family, what would become of them? But this text struck me with great force, "Leave thy widows and fatherless children with me," and my mind was instantly free from all care and anxiety on that score. I never was happier, and presume that when death does come I shall not realize it any more than I did on that occasion. But the fever turned, and I got well, and am still in a world of toil and care.

In Ashtabula we preached in a ball-room from the want of a better place. The owner was under conviction of sin, and as the idea of Calvin's horrible decrees was yet lingering in some minds, and especially in his, he fell into despair, thinking that he was a reprobate from all eternity; but we succeeded in preaching him out of this, and then he concluded that he had sinned away his day of grace, and consequently there was no mercy for him. Under these reflections he fell into the most gloomy state of mind, and his friends began to fear that he would commit suicide, and kept a constant watch over him. His argument in justification of such an act was that the sooner he was dead and in hell, the less sin he would have to be punished for.

After preaching one night I sat up with him, together with his wife and wife's sister, till two o'clock, arguing and explaining the promises of God to returning penitents; but all seemed to be of no avail. At length I asked him: "Do you believe that any good

desire, or a desire to be saved, can possibly come from the devil?"

He thought a moment and said, "No."

"Well, do you believe that our fallen nature could suggest or give such a desire?"

He thought again and said, "No."

"Well, now, there is but one other source from which such desire can possibly come—that is, from God; for there are but these three sources for any thoughts or desires of the kind."

"Yes," said he, "that looks reasonable."

"Well, have you not such desires? Do you not desire to be saved from sin, to be pardoned, and be at peace with God?"

"Yes, I certainly have."

"Well, you admit that you could not obtain or receive such desires from the devil, nor from your fallen nature, and that, therefore, they must come from God? The fact that you have such desires is an infallible evidence that God has not forsaken you. There can not possibly be any mistake in this. You have the desire, and God alone could give it to you, and therefore he has not forsaken you. He would not mock you by giving such a desire if he was not willing to pardon and save you."

"Why, yes, it seems so."

"Well, now, you may believe that for the sake of Christ he will do so, and do it *now*. There is no merit in your sorrow or repentance for sin; you can not purchase a pardon by it. It is only by faith in the merits of Christ that you can obtain forgiveness. He has said that the 'broken in heart, and the contrite in spirit he will *in no wise* turn away;' and he says, further, 'Come unto *me all* ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' His word is sufficient, he *can not* lie; and what he has promised he will do when

we comply with the condition upon which he promises to do it—that is, come to him with a broken heart and a contrite spirit. This he can and will do in a moment, if you will but believe and rely upon him."

At this he sat a moment in deep reflection, myself, his wife, and sister-in-law watching the effect upon him. His countenance changed back and forth, indicating a gleam of hope, and then returning despair, but hope seemed to predominate. At length he arose and went into the wood-shed. I never shall forget the anxious looks of his wife and sister-in-law as their eyes followed him out of the room, and then the gloom that settled down upon them, indicating their fears that he had gone out to commit suicide. I confess I had some fears myself that this was his object; but reflecting upon his answers, hope revived, and a glimmer of faith crossed my mind, and I spoke some words of cheer to the ladies, which seemed to relieve them.

He was out, perhaps, five minutes, though it seemed much longer, when he came in smiling. "There," said I, "you have been praying, and God has blessed you. I see it in your countenance, and feel it in my soul."

"Yes," said he, "I *do* feel better. The great burden of guilt has been removed; but I am not as happy as I have seen some in such cases."

"Well, you must believe and confess what he *has* done for you; and if you do so the evidence will come."

"Well, I will try; I feel better already." And he continued to improve till he was as happy as any of us.

There was a singular case in this class, which shows the good effects of religion on domestic relations. A man and his wife quarreled, and he left her and one or two children, and went to Indiana, where he stayed seven years, giving her no intelligence of his whereabouts. But the Good Spirit reached his heart in a revival of religion, and he sought and found peace with God.

While under conviction his greatest sin appeared to be that of leaving his family as he did, and he promised God, if he would forgive him, that he would return to them; and he did so. His return under such circumstances, and for such a reason, had the effect to awaken her to a sense of *her* lost condition, and she also repented and found peace; and when I saw them they were living happily together.

Our camp-meeting this year came off in May, 1822, on brother Winchell's farm, in Concord. This good brother, of whom I have spoken, furnished the ground and most of the pasture for the cattle and horses, by turning into his meadow. He also kept the preachers' horses on hay and grain, had a large tent on the ground, and fed and lodged a large number of visitants. The meeting was a good one, and near one hundred souls were converted, besides reclaiming and quickening the Church generally.

The old cry was raised that "Father Winchell would be eaten out of house and home." One man, a fiddler by trade, and a whisky drinker by practice, seeing our horses in the stable, said to him: "Father Winchell, I should think your hay and grain would get scarce, you have so many horses to keep,"

"No," said the good brother, "hay and grain will never give out as long as I feed the preachers' horses. Do you see there? I have enough to bring me through till after harvest, and then the Lord will give me enough more for another year. If you would feed the preachers' horses you would n't have to come to me every Spring to get hay to save your cow from starving."

"But there 's your meadow, all eat down by the cattle and horses that come to camp-meeting, so that you can 't have half a crop of hay this season."

"Never fear. The Lord will make the grass grow; and I shall have enough and to spare. Why, I went

through the meadow to-day, and the grass don't look a bit shorter than it did when they were first turned in. The Lord makes the grass grow as fast as it is eaten off."

When he and his boys were gathering in the hay on this meadow I went into it to see them. Father Winchell said to me, "See here, brother Brunson, see what the Lord has done for us for having camp-meeting here. We never had such crops before. Last year we got all, both hay and grain, into our two barns; but this year, from the same ground, we have both barns full, and that half dozen stacks, and here is this to stack also. I told 'em there was no fear, that if we had camp-meeting here we should have crop enough, if we *did* pasture the meadow, and you see it is so."

One of his sons, who stood leaning upon his rake-stale listening to the conversation, as if wearied with toil—as he really was—said, smilingly, "If this is the result of the camp-meeting, I don't want another here *this* year, for I am almost dead from gathering what we *now* have."

Our Conference met this year (1822) in Marietta. My two years of probation had expired, and I went through the ordeal of an examination before the committee, of which Dr. M. Ruter was chairman. Then the rule required but one examination, and that at the end of the two years' probation. He put me through "the flint mill," as it was called, as I thought pretty thoroughly, and, as I was informed, made a favorable report. The fear and dread of "the mill" embarrassed me considerably, so that I could not think or speak as readily as at other times; but I was admitted into full connection, and being a deacon, was elected and ordained an elder by Bishop George.

At every stage of my gradation, from joining the Church, being licensed to exhort, to preach, being ordained deacon, being received on trial, admitted to full

connection, and now ordained an elder, I felt the responsibilities of my relation to the Church to increase accordingly, and consequently the duty to demean myself in accordance therewith, as I should account to God at the day of judgment.

My appointment this year was Detroit, in Michigan Territory, with Samuel Baker for junior colleague. In going home, I, with some others, traveled up the Ohio River from Marietta to Wellsville. The river was extremely low, so much so that we forded it in one place. And we saw men engaged on some of the bars with large plows, and long heavy teams of horses, plowing up the gravel, to loosen it, so that the current might move it off into deeper water, and thus deepen the channel, for the passage of boats.

This was also the year of the migration of the gray and black squirrels. From whence they came, or where going, no one could tell, but their number was legion. On the Ohio side of the river the farmers were obliged to cut up and shock their corn, and then guard it with guns and clubs, to save it from general destruction.

These little emigrants, traveling from north to south, or north-west to south-east, were somewhat troubled in crossing the river. This was one reason why they accumulated to such an army on the north bank of it, and made them so destructive to the corn there. Their knowledge of the river was not sufficient to enable them to select the narrowest places at which to cross, nor were their limbs sufficiently long to enable them to ford the stream on the bars; but wherever they reached it, there they swam it.

Their mode was to climb a tree, the limbs of which hung over the water, and going out on to the most extended limbs, would jump off into the water and swim for the opposite or south shore. We at one time counted fifty-two of them in sight at once.

On the south shore of the river we saw men and boys, with horses and wagons, who stood at the water's edge; and as the little swimmers came near the shore, much exhausted, they would touch them with a stick or pole, to which they would cling with a death grip, when they were submerged till drowned. If no one stood ready to take them in this way as they reached the shore, they would crawl out on to a stone or log, as if nearly dead, and remain there till they were dry, and rested, before moving further. Many of them were killed by sticks and clubs after landing, being too weak to get out of the way. It was said that hundreds of loads, both of horses and of wagons, were thus taken and carried back into the country.

On reaching home, I made arrangements for moving to Detroit. A land voyage was out of the question. There was no steam-boat then on Lake Erie, which I must cross, and go up one hundred and sixty miles. The only chance was to catch some sail craft on its upward trip. I soon found one of twenty-three tons, going to the Detroit River on a fishing voyage, it being the season for taking the white fish. She belonged to Ashtabula, was schooner rigged, with a fore-topsail. Thirty-two souls were on board, including my family, which now numbered seven. We had no ballast or loading, except a few barrels of salt, some provisions, and a lot of empty barrels. I could not ship my horse, for fear of foul weather at that season, October, and had to sell him.

On our upward course, off from Cleveland, and near the middle of the lake, and nearly out of sight of land, while sailing under a pleasant breeze, we were struck by a squall, which endangered all on board. The crew and fishermen passengers were on the quarter-deck, in high glee, drinking whisky, singing songs, and telling yarns, and did not see the cloud coming up from the west, and nearly dead ahead.

At this critical moment I happened to go on deck for something, and looking up saw the black cloud over the foretop mast-head, and seeing at once the danger we were in, sung out to the captain, inquiring if it was not time to take in sail. He on looking up said, "Yes, I think it is;" and he and another one ran up the shrouds like squirrels, to furl the foretop-sail. But hearing the roar of the wind coming down to him, he sung out, "Let run every rag of sail." I was near the mainmast and let the mainsail run as it would, and fall in or out of the water, and the other sails were also let run in the same way, and they had hardly got down before the gale struck us. In two minutes more, if the sails had been up, the vessel must have been capsized, and all on board must have perished.

I had, previous to this, taken the helm and steered the vessel, and given some other evidence of nautical skill, from my boyhood experience. They had all heard me preach before coming on board; but now the question arose among them whether I was the better preacher or sailor, for they felt assured that but for me we should, most probably, all have found a watery grave that night.

The vessel rolled and tossed in the swell at a fearful rate, and every green one, including my wife and all the children, except the one at the breast, were seasick, and casting up their accounts with Neptune. The mainsail was put into a balance reef, which brought the head of the vessel quartering to the wind, where she rode easier through the night. But the wind continuing the next day to blow fresh down the lake, the vessel was run down to Grand River, from whence we started, where we lay three days and nights, wind-bound.

As soon as the gale abated, and the land breeze sprang up at night, we made sail, hugging the south shore of the lake, so as to keep within range of

the land breeze, and at the same time have a smooth sea. The next day we reached Portland, now Sandusky City, on Sandusky Bay. That night, taking the land breeze again, we sailed, and the next day reached Detroit.

I had written to the steward and leader to procure me a house. But as our people never had had a married preacher there, he dared not do more than to inquire where one could be had. I had to do the renting, and pay for it myself.

As soon as I landed, I went to the leader and steward, and found him at dinner, and being invited, ate with him. He then invited me to bring my family to his house, while we procured a home for ourselves and moved up the goods. This was accomplished about sundown. But though all things were in heaps, and nothing in place, my wife proposed to get some supper, saying that neither she nor the children had eaten a bite since breakfast, on the vessel.

I supposed, of course, that dinner had been set before them while I was moving. On hearing this, I thought if this was a specimen of the treatment I was to receive, I must fare hard, indeed, and my heart sunk within me. Never before nor since was I so completely overcome. It was so unexpected, that before I had time to rally, I had, in the language of Scripture, "no more spirit in me."

My wife saw this in my sunken countenance, and though she felt bad, and hungry enough to weep, she thought that it would not do for both of us to be down at the same time, so she rallied and cheered me up, saying, "Never mind; we'll soon get something to eat, and get along somehow; and things may be more favorable hereafter." As my bad feelings were more on her and the children's account than my own, it relieved me greatly to see her thus cheerful. If I had

been the only sufferer, I should have held up in as much cheerfulness as possible; but to see loved ones thus suffer, and that too in accompanying me in the ministry, was what so deeply affected me.

Our goods were just thrown into the house, and nothing yet in place. We had carried some provisions with us, and had procured some wood, and soon had a fire and supper; and then, being weary, worshiped God, spread our beds on the floor, and lay down to rest.

The cold reception my family met with, soon leaked out. The steward himself being out with me did not know that my family had no dinner. His wife was not a Methodist, and had not the interest she had in us before the year was out; and not feeling well, she neglected the courtesies due to strangers, and especially the family of her husband's minister. But a thousand apologies and regrets were afterward made, not only by the good brother himself, but by his wife, and by others, several of whom would have fed me and my family if they had known the state of the case.

Why I was sent to Detroit, with such a family, a place so far out of the world, and with so little prospect of a support, was always a mystery. There were but fourteen members in the city, and but one hundred and thirty on the whole circuit, which covered the entire settled portion of the Territory and the Maumee settlement in Ohio. There were young and single men who could have gone to that circuit much better than I could. The reader will recollect the opposition I had met with from two prominent presiding elders, whose fears were that I would be unmanageable; and I have thought that this appointment was made to try me, and decide whether I would obey the appointing power. If so, they must have become satisfied, as no such very strange appointment was given me afterward.

The house I rented had been occupied by the Indian blacksmith, his shop answering for a stable. My wife had feared that she would be afraid of the Indians, and especially when I should not be at home. But she soon got bravely over it. The Indians not knowing of the death of their blacksmith, came to the shop to get work done. But finding no smith, they came to the house, or to the door, to inquire for him, when my wife by the best signs she could make, informed them of his death. Upon this they would step back in apparent deep distress, and sit on the wood-pile before the door, at a loss to know what to do. She, seeing their distress, and that they showed no disposition to molest her or the children, soon felt her sympathies for them roused up, and gave them food. This they received with so much apparent gratitude, that she soon became attached to them, and they reciprocated her feelings, and made presents of brooms, baskets, and bowls, wrought out of ash knots, one of which I yet have, fifty years after receiving it.

One family, in particular, composed of a man, his wife, and a son about ten years old, became constant visitants; and my wife asked for the boy to educate, which they agreed to, "when so high," holding the hand to where he would probably grow in two years. The Indian's mode of entering a house is not by the usual sign of knocking, to ask admittance, but by lifting the latch and entering without further ceremony. After this promise, whenever they came in, the boy was thrust in before them.

In the ensuing Spring, as I was passing the market-house, I saw this Indian most vehemently kicking and scolding his wife, as she lay dead drunk on the ground; and taking her by her long hair, twisted her head round, till I feared her neck would be broken, so as to get her face toward me, and then pointing toward me,

jabbered away in Indian, from all which I discovered that when he saw me coming, he tried to get her out of the way, so that I should not see her in that drunken plight. The fact was, he had learned my profession and knew that I disapproved of drinking; and feeling under obligations for our repeated favors, which he feared would be denied if I saw her drunk, he wanted to get her out of the way.

As it was—from shame it probably was, and from fear that they would get no more food—they did not come again for several weeks. But one pleasant day after dinner, as I was walking back and forth before the door, and taking my usual smoke of the pipe, I saw him a few rods distant, lying on the grass, apparently pensive and sorrowful. On seeing me he ventured to approach once more, with his pipe in hand saying, "Nichee, Nichee," and motioning for tobacco. On receiving it, he seemed to be relieved from his fears, and ventured into the house for some food.

My wife inquired where his squaw was. He signified by signs, that she was at home, sick, and probably had been so from the time of the debauch. So my wife gave him food to carry to her, and the day following she came, evidently very feeble. I had reason to believe that the silent reproof they got for the debauch, prevented its recurrence while we continued in the place, at least, for their visits were frequent, but I never saw any thing of the kind again.

The circuit, at that time, extended to all the white settlements in the Territory, except the one at St. Mary's, outlet of Lake Superior, which was, perhaps, hardly white. From Detroit we went north to Pontiac, then but a small village. From thence we went down the Upper Huron, now the Clinton River, to Mount Clemens, and thence down Lake St. Clair and river to Detroit; from thence again to the River

Rouse, and up that stream some seven miles to the upper settlement; thence back to the river and lake road leading to Monroe, on the River Raisin; up that nine miles, mostly on an Indian trail, to the upper settlement, and back by the same path to the lake road, and on to the Maumee at the foot of the rapids; and thence right back on the lake road fifty-eight miles, to Detroit. It required four weeks to get round, though we had but twelve appointments.

We arranged a plan so as to preach every Sabbath in the old council-house in the city, and once in two weeks at the other places. To aid in our support a subscription paper was circulated in Detroit, on which some $200 were pledged, but only $100 was actually paid.

But another and very unexpected trouble broke out. My colleague did not seem to take well with the people in Detroit. The subscription was raised before he came on, and when I took my turn on the south end of the circuit, leaving him in the city for two Sabbaths in succession, some of the outsiders who had subscribed refused to pay, alleging that they had subscribed for me, but I had gone they knew not where, and left him to fill my place.

This came to brother Baker's ear in rather a rough manner before I returned; and when I reached home, he proposed, as I thought generously, in view of my necessities for all the means that could be raised, that he should take the south end of the circuit, embracing Monroe and Maumee, and I attend to the other, with the understanding that we divide the collections, as if we both went all round. To this I agreed, from the necessity of the case, to secure a living, or a part of it. This arrangement left me in the city every Sabbath, and to go once in two weeks to the country appointments. But all that could be raised could not sustain my family, and my wife kept a boarding-house. But

after all I left the place $100 in debt, which I paid the next year out of my own funds.

In the course of this year I saw the operation of the "Under-ground Railroad." At Judge Lee's, at Monroe, I saw an old negro and his wife, older, indeed, from hard and cruel usage than from years. They were wending their way to the land of freedom below Malden, or Amherstburg, in Canada. He said he "was forty-five years old last corn-planting time," but his wrinkled face and gray hairs indicated over sixty.

I inquired, "Why did you leave your master?"

"O, my master he be dead, and all we poor slaves were sold to pay his debts, and were on the way down to Orleans to be sold again."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, massa, we have eight."

"Why did you leave them?"

"Why, when we get down the river to Orleans, and be sold, one goes one way and another another way, and we should be separated anyhow, and me and the old woman thought if we could get our liberty, though we be separated from our children, which must take place anyhow, it would be better for us, and no worse for them."

"Where did you leave them?"

"On the Ohio River. We came down from Wheeling in a flat-boat, and tied up on the Ohio side one night, and we made our escape and traveled all night to the north. We lay by days in the woods, and traveled nights till we got into the woods; then we traveled days and rested nights."

"Were you not afraid of being pursued and taken back?"

"Not much. 'Cause there was eighty others in the boat, and they be afraid to leave them to follow us old folks, lest the young ones escape too. But still, for

fear, we lay by of days a few times, till we reach the woods, then we travel in the daytime."

"Did you not hate to part with your children?"

"Yes; but it make no difference, for in Virginia they were no use to us. We was not allowed to have any help from them. If I asked my son to bring me a drink, when I was tired, in the field, the overseer would n't let him, but curse me to get my own drink, and if we had gone on with them and been sold to different masters, it would have been no better. We should not likely go all to the same plantation, and if we did it would be no better than it was in Virginia."

"How did you know who were your friends, and whom to call on to get food and lodging?"

"O, these good men's names are all known among the slaves South."

"How did you obtain this information?"

"Why, some slaves who have escaped, after a while came back privately to get their friends away, and they tell us; and when we get started, and find one good friend he tells us of others on the road, and so on."

The Judge told me that one morning, as he was walking down by the bridge to see if any negroes were about, as he was wont to do, and frequently found them stopped there by the tollgate, or waiting till morning to find him—for his name was known all the way into slavedom—he saw a young negro, about eighteen years old, crawl out from under the bridge, who showed fear of detection. As he called to him not to fear, as he was his friend, the negro approached and asked for Judge Lee. "I am Judge Lee," was the reply, when the negro's eye danced for joy, and he asked, "Please, massa, give me something to eat?"

"Yes, you follow that path under the bank up to that brick house, and go into the cellar kitchen door, and I'll be there soon."

The negro was hardly out of sight before two men rode up; one, who was hired at the Maumee, had a musket, the other had pistols. They inquired if he had seen a young negro there that morning; they knew he could not have got further than that place, for they had heard of him on the road.

"Yes," the Judge told them, "I saw one here not long since, and the last I saw of him he was going up the river, as fast as he could well travel," and off they went at full speed. The Judge then went into the house and told the negro that his pursuers had come, and he had sent them up the river; and directing some food for him, told him, after eating, to go into the cellar and remain hid till he came back. In about an hour they came back cursing the Abolitionists, as some of them must have hid the fellow.

The Judge assured them that he saw the negro going up the river, and was sure he had not returned, as he had been there all the time, and he was also sure that he had not crossed the river, as that was impossible, except at the bridge.

The pursuers rode round for a while, but getting no further information of the runaway, gave up the pursuit and went back, cursing the whole fraternity of Abolitionists. In a few hours the negro was over the river and on his way to Brownstown, from whence he could cross into Malden, where he probably arrived that night.

I was also told of one of the meanest of the mean tricks ever played off, and that by a negro himself. He came with his master from Kentucky, to decoy a fugitive into his master's hands, and succeeded too well. He went over into Canada and found the fugitive, and told him that he also had made his escape and wanted the fugitive to go over and help him get over his goods, as he had lots of them, and he would pay him well.

The fugitive did not like to cross the river lest some trick should be played upon him; but after a long parley the decoy succeeded in inducing the fugitive to cross with him. As they approached the house, the master stepped out, with pistols in hand, and demanded of the decoy, "What, Jim, are you here too?" Jim pretended to be alarmed, but soon turned in and helped iron the prisoner, and conveyed him back to bondage and suffering.

In moving to Detroit four out of five of my children took the measles and hooping-cough at the same time. My oldest had had the measles but took neither now. The second had had the measles, and his sister, older, took it from him, so that we knew he had had them, yet he took them again, having them twice. But what was singular in the case was, that in the cough usually attendant on measles, they all whooped. When the measles left them the hooping-cough left them also; and all was over in about two weeks from its first appearance. On inquiry, I was assured by physicians that two diseases could not exist in the system at the same time; that one would control and carry off the other, as in this case.

In the Winter and Spring of 1823 I had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs and liver. Bleeding was then in vogue, and I was depleted at the rate of a quart at a time, and blistered all across my breast in proportion. I preached with a blister-plaster, ten by eight inches, on my breast, and the exercise, together with perspiration, caused it to rise and fill till it broke and discharged probably half a pint down my chest, while in the desk. The doctors told me I must desist from preaching, or never get well. But such were the circumstances of the case, that I must preach, or what little pay I got would be stopped, and I risked the danger and preached on.

One night, while preaching, I told the people that the first time I came to Detroit it was to help drive the British and Indians out of it, and now I had come to help drive the devil out, and wanted to get all the volunteers I could. Some thought I would have a harder task of it this time than in the former case. The conclusion was that the devil had a stronger hold, and had more in sympathy with him, than the British and Indians had. A man from Malden, who happened to be present, told of my remarks at home, and I was soon invited to go down there on the same mission, for the devil had long had a controlling foothold in that place.

When I first came to the place Sunday markets were as common as week-day ones. The French brought in their meats, fowls, vegetables, etc., on Sunday as regularly as on any week-day. After selling out they would go to church, attend mass, and perhaps confess and pay for absolution out of their market money, and then go home apparently in good spirits. Nor did the American and foreign population generally pay any more respect to the day, for they patronized the thing, to the fullest extent.

On this practice I proclaimed a war of extermination. At first it made a stir. But a young Presbyterian preacher who was there joined me in the denunciation of the practice, and in a short time the City Council decreed that Sunday markets should cease, and in place thereof a market should be opened on Saturday night. This raised a great fuss among the French, who from time immemorial had thus broken the Sabbath, and after market gone to mass, then to the horse-races in the afternoon, and fiddled, and danced, and played cards at night. But they made a virtue of necessity, and soon yielded to authority and gave up the Sunday market, but adhered to the other practices.

We had in the Church in Detroit an excellent sis-

ter, who had the misfortune to have an infidel for a husband. But that itself would not have been so bad, if he had been a *gentleman* withal. He persecuted her in every way he could without personal violence. But this being of no avail, except to make her more faithful, he next resorted to coaxing and deception.

Her father lived near Pontiac, and he pretended to have business at that place, and asked her to ride with him, and visit her father, etc. She, of course, would be glad to do so; and as it would apparently gratify him, like all good wives she would go to accommodate him, the thing being lawful and proper in itself.

She soon found that sleighs, before and behind, filled with gentlemen and ladies, full of glee, were going in the same direction, and she began to suspect a trick of some kind. She inquired what it all meant. "O," said he, "they are going to Pontiac for a ride and to have a supper, that's all;" and as they approached the place where they should turn off to go to her father's he solicited and urged her to go and eat supper with the company, as they were the *elite* of the city. She would not need to dance, he said, after which he would go with her to her father's, and to please him, and in hopes that if she should do so he would treat her better, she consented. But, before the cloth was removed from the table, as she told me with tears in her eyes, the music sprung up, and ere she was aware of what she was doing she was on the floor dancing.

The ungodly and ungentlemanly husband now thought he had gained his point. He presumed that we would expel her, and then, surely, he would have her to accompany him in his downward course; but he counted without his host, for as soon as she got out of the place, and its influences, and the charm was broken, like Peter, at the crowing of the cock, she began to repent, and did repent with bitter tears; so much so that

he, seeing her great distress of soul on account of the ill-advised act, determined thereafter to let her go her own way, and not attempt to drive, cheat, or coax her away from it.

In this case our duty, and the truth of God's promise, was truly illustrated. The promise is, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to *keep thee in thy ways*," not *out* of them. If she had kept in the path of duty, God would have protected her; but he has not promised to keep us when out of it. If we go upon the devil's ground, we can not claim or expect that God will preserve us.

While here in Detroit I saw, what I have since seen more clearly exhibited, that the missionary spirit is the millennial spirit. There was but one Protestant minister in the Territory besides myself and colleague; he was a Presbyterian licentiate, and not being in orders himself, he requested me to give his little flock the sacraments, the Lord's-Supper and baptism. To accommodate him and them, as well as my own charge, I administered the Eucharist once a quarter, inviting them to attend, and baptized them and their children, when requested to do so. In the missionary field we met as brethren, laborers with God in one common cause. No controversy between ourselves on non-essential doctrines, and no seeking of the supremacy one over the other is apparently thought of; but Christian courtesies, as of brethren in one common harvest-field, seem to prevail. In this is plainly seen the spirit that will prevail in the millennium, when the watchmen of Zion will see eye to eye.

In the course of this year my colleague married, and took his wife with him to Conference, traveling, as the rest of us did, on horseback.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Ohio Conference for 1823 met in Urbana, about two hundred miles south of Detroit. We held our fourth quarterly-meeting, as we did all others, without the presiding elder, at Maumee, the south end of the circuit, from whence we started to Conference. Two other friends accompanied us, making five in all. Our route lay through the famous Black or Maumee Swamp, on the road cut out by Hull's army in 1812. The first house, after leaving the Maumee Rapids settlement, was a lone cabin, forty miles distant, called Fort M'Arthur. There was not a drop of drinkable water to be found on the road. The idea of going through a swamp without water was rather novel, but it was literally true at this season of the year. We saw abundant evidence of water at some seasons, in the level surface of the country, from the quantity of pond-lilies through which we passed, showing that the water had stood on the plain, in many places, two or three feet deep.

The timber was very thick and heavy, and the foliage was so dense as to keep the rays of the sun from reaching the ground. The soil consisted of a black muck, made up, in a great degree, from decayed vegetation, and, of course, in a wet time, would be very soft and miry.

The flies and mosquitoes were intolerable; they were thick and ravenous, and seldom having blood to suck, they seemed to be intent upon having a full supply when it was at hand, or to be obtained. Of the flies there were two kinds; one was black, and near an inch long, and a third to a fourth of an inch through, with bills capable of penetrating the horse's hide to the depth

of a fourth of an inch, if not more. These attacked the horses in the rear, on the rump, and on the brisket, and between the fore legs. They were so thick, and bored so deep, that the poor animals became very restless, and would sometimes rear and kick, and at others, and generally, would dash through the brush furiously, to get rid of their tormentors. The other was smaller, yellow in color, and resembling the hornet; their bills were long, and from their effects, appeared to be somewhat poisonous. These attacked the horses and their riders about the head, ears, eyes, nose, and mouth, and added much to the torment of the poor animals, as well as the discomfort of the riders. In addition to these, the mosquitoes were in swarms, like bees, and attacked anywhere and every-where, both man and beast. To climax the whole, the yellow-jackets, a species of hornet, and larger than the flies just mentioned, were occasionally disturbed by the leading horse, when those in his rear would receive the stings with a vengeance.

The road consisted of a single bridle-path. The marks of wheels were not to be seen, and, of course, we had to travel in Indian or single, file. The foremost horse took the heaviest shock of the flies, while the hinder ones took the hornets, with a portion of the flies. To defend ourselves, as best we could, each one, while he or she held the reins in one hand, held a bush of some kind in the other, with which to beat off the insects from the horses, and keep them out of our faces and eyes. As the foremost horses and riders seemed to fare the hardest, the men took their turns in the lead, always leaving the lady in the center, that portion being the least exposed.

To give an idea of the character of our tormentors, I will state as a fact, that sister Baker had a thick head of hair, over which she wore a thick Leghorn bon- the and over this she tied a handkerchief, and yet through

frequently stung in the head through it all, and that so badly as to cause her to cry out from the pain. As a matter of course, we needed neither whip nor spur to keep our beasts in motion. The greatest trouble was to keep them within a moderate gait.

About noon we reached the Portage, or Carrying River, which had no perceptible current, the water of which was hardly fit for our horses to drink, but as no other water was to be had, we let them have a supply. On the south bank of this stream was an opening, said to have been made by Hull's army, of about twenty acres. This had grown up with grass, on which we let our horses feed, as well as they could for the flies; and, to keep these insects in check as much as possible, so as to relieve ourselves and the beasts, we kindled a few fires in some old logs and stumps which were left in the clearing; but our tormentors paid but little, if any, attention to the smoke.

We had brought a lunch with us, and I had a jug of water in my saddle-bags, with which to alleviate our thirst. Under the jug I had a purse, with about twenty dollars in it in specie, but, as I never could find it afterward, I suppose that it fell out, unobserved, when I turned the bag up to get out the jug. If not lost so, it was stolen that night at the house where we stayed. It was all the money I had to go to and return from Conference with, and the consequence was I had to beg my way, or find friends with whom I could lodge; in the latter of which I generally succeeded.

We reached Fort M'Arthur about sundown, and fared as well as common for a log-cabin in the woods. When I went to pay my bill, in the morning, I could not find my purse, as before stated, and the landlord, upon hearing the circumstances, let me go without paying. Long, on reaching the Conference another storm broke out unexpected, and without cause, as any other bills capable

ever did. I was a Yankee, against whom Southern prejudices ran high, even among preachers. My colleague the past year was a Virginian, who seemed to feel something of that sectional pride, so conspicuous among the chivalry, and the idea that a Yankee should be more acceptable to the people, as a preacher, than a Virginian, was not at all agreeable to his chivalric pride. While on the spot where the preference occurred, he expressed his entire satisfaction with me and the course I had pursued, and on the way to Conference he had repeated the same thing; but, on reaching Conference, and mingling with the leading spirits of it, with whom he was acquainted before he entered the itinerancy, who, it seemed, learning from him—for no one learned it from me—the circumstance, and feeling a little piqued upon the subject, they encouraged him to complain of me for not defending him *nolens volens*, and continuing him to preach in Detroit, though it should have been the means of starving me and my family.

A committee was appointed to hear and investigate the case, before whom he had to acknowledge that his leaving Detroit was on his own proposition and not mine. He further acknowledged that he had expressed entire satisfaction with me at the time; but on coming to Conference and conversing with some of his old friends, he had, at their instance, complained; but in reality he did not blame me at the time, and did not know that under a change of circumstances he could or should have done any way different from what I did. Upon this the committee, who were all of Southern stripe, advised him to drop the matter, to which he agreed; and they reported the matter settled, but without stating how or in what manner.

Bishop Roberts, than whom a better man nean filled the Episcopal chair, being President, saulate the Conference, that if any preacher had eral all through

in his case, if he would inform him, he would endeavor to accommodate him. Accordingly I went to him in his room and stated my case; how I had struggled to live, and was then one hundred dollars in debt. I also rehearsed the matter of complaint, and how it had been settled; and he assured me that I should be duly considered in my appointment. Accordingly I was appointed to Grand River circuit, to retrace my steps of the previous year, with Robert Hopkins for my colleague.

This was Hopkins's first year in the itinerancy, and never having been so far from home in his life as he must now go, he felt a little frightened at the thought; but meeting me at my uncle's, near Springfield, we traveled together to our work, about three hundred miles. I soon got him to feel easy and at home with me, and we had a pleasant year.

On reaching Painesville, the head of the circuit, which was but about half of what I had traveled two years before, I left my horse and took passage in a schooner for Detroit. As soon as possible I packed up and took passage for Fairport, the mouth of Grand River, in the new steam-boat Superior, with my family and goods.

On the way down we met a gale soon after leaving Cleveland harbor, which was dead ahead. My family and many others on board were seasick. The noble steamer rolled so heavily that her guards, which were some ten feet high, reached the water; but her machinery worked without a jar. At length she pitched into a swell that broke over her bows so as to cover the deck ankle deep with water, much of which ran down by the capstan into the steerage, where my family were lying on our own beds on the floor, too long, to raise their heads or get out of the water. It was nearly night, and the captain knowing

that he could not land in at Fairport in such a gale, and in the night, ordered her back to Cleveland, where he anchored till morning. As soon as the vessel was fairly moored, with her head to the wind, she lay as still as if in a calm, and the seasickness speedily disappeared from all on board.

The next morning we took up anchor, and before noon reached Fairport. But the wind was still too high for so large a boat to enter the harbor between the piers, or at least the captain thought so, and he let go his anchor a short distance out, and landed us by the long-boat. By the aid of teams I soon got my family and goods into Painesville, where we lived for the year.

From the time I left Detroit to go to Conference till I got settled on my work, I traveled nine hundred miles, two-thirds of it on horseback; and the year before I traveled the same distance, with four-fifths of it on horseback. This circuit, as before stated, was but a part of the one I traveled two years before, two four-weeks' circuits having been formed out of the old one. We now had twenty-four appointments each to fill in four weeks, and so arranged the plan as to meet every two weeks in Painesville.

The disease with which I was afflicted in Detroit still lingered about me; both my lungs and liver were seriously affected, and my blood proved to be in a very bad state. One doctor attempted to bleed me, but my blood was too thick to run out of a large orifice. It was as thick as tar, and as black. Another doctor applied a large blister-plaster over my breast. This drew well, and caused a large flow of water, but the place would not heal up as before, and continued a running sore, to dry up which he applied flour. I took, in the mean time, ninety small doses of calomel to stimulate the liver, but to no effect. Feeling the mineral all through

my system, I was compelled to take a teaspoonful of Epsom salts every other day for three months.

We had some revivals on the circuit this year, but our chief concern was to discipline and train the Church. In doing this a difficulty of great magnitude arose in my way, from the difference in administration of Discipline by different preachers. One preacher would do as *he* understood the Discipline to require, and his successor would *undo* it, because he understood the rule differently; and while some were rigid and prompt in the administration, others were more slack and inefficient, deeming it right to do so, or because he thought *discipline* of less importance than preaching.

In this state of things I saw the necessity of a system of rules or comments on our book of Discipline, tending to a uniformity of administration. But how could this be effected? It was, in fact, not so much a marvel that different administrations should occur, as that among so many thousands, recently converted from among all sorts, classes, and descriptions of men, having former prejudices, preferences, and predilections, should come suddenly together and harmonize as well as we did.

The Bishops' (Coke and Asbury) Notes on the Discipline were more of a *defense* of our General Rules and usages than a directory or manual of administration. Sabin's defense of our Discipline came nearer to being a manual of practice than did the Bishops' Notes. But this was more of a defense against the attacks of Congregationalists than a rule of practice. These two works being but small pamphlets, were the only works then extant upon this subject.

Under these circumstances I commenced drawing up a set of rules of practice, designed for my own use, tending to the object in view, and availing myself of these works as far as they went, taking the Bible and

our Discipline as the basis of my authority. But I soon discovered the necessity of a knowledge of the *principles* of jurisprudence in framing and applying such rules of practice; to obtain which I commenced reading law, and continued to do so for four years, as I could obtain books, in the mean time taking notes of such parts and principles as would apply to ecclesiastical matters. Of the result of this, more hereafter.

In the Summer of 1824 I attended a camp-meeting in Mantua, under the charge of Charles (afterward Dr.) Elliott, W. Swayze being the presiding elder. On Saturday the rowdies came in by scores, and even hundreds, and many of them would ride their horses inside of the circle of tents, and tie them to saplings in defiance of the rules, and the entreaties and even threats of those who had charge of the meeting. It was understood that a conspiracy was formed, of some two hundred, to override and break up the meeting. Swayze talked, reasoned, coaxed, threatened, and wept, but to no purpose. Elliott, with all his learning and other good properties, had no talent or tact for such an occasion, and retired to the tent in despondency, and to all appearance we were doomed to be broken up and go home in disgrace.

But like Paul at Athens, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry, I felt my spirit moved within me. I could bear to be ridden over crosswise; but when it came lengthwise, and rough shod at that, I could not help squirming a little. I could bear a large amount of personal abuse, but when the Church and the cause of God were imposed upon, I could but feel the lion in me rise.

I inquired of Elliott, "Why don't you preserve order on the ground?"

He, in his blunt Irish and laconic style, said, "I can't do it."

"Well," said I, "if it were my meeting, I would quiet them down very quick."

"I know that," said Elliott, "and I'll give up the meeting to you; I'll make you captain of the guard."

"Well, if you will get Swayze's consent, I'll quell the riot in short order."

At this moment Swayze came into the tent. He was pale in the face, his lips quivered, the tears ran down his cheeks freely, and he said to Elliott, "If you don't preserve order here, I'll take my horse and leave the ground. I never saw such bad conduct on a camp-ground in my life before."

"O," said Elliott, "I've given up the ground to Brunson, and made him captain of the guard. He'll soon put things right."

At this Swayze turned to me and said, "O, yes, why didn't we think of that before? Brunson, you're the only man that can save us."

"Well," said I, "you give it out from the stand that I am captain of the guard, and have the control of the ground, so that no one may think me assuming what belongs to others, and I'll soon quell the row."

He did this, and I selected a strong guard and a numerous patrol, whom I enlisted as I did those at Vernon, three years before. Night having come, the candles and fire-stands were lighted, so that the whole ground was well illuminated. Going upon the stand I blew the trumpet, and called the congregation to order. Some hundreds paid no attention to the trumpet, nor the respectful requests for all to be seated who were within the circle of the tents, and were moving round as if at a State fair.

I then had a voice and physical strength that could cover ten thousand people, and make them distinctly hear all I said. This I raised high enough to fill the circle formed by the tents, and for half a mile round,

and said, "There are certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, who have neither character nor breeding, who have come here to disturb us, and we wish to know who they are, that we may apply the law to them. For this purpose we request all Christians, and all gentlemen and ladies to take their seats, leaving the rowdies on their feet, that we may know whom to take hold of."

At this the largest portion of the stragglers took seats; but still groups here and there paid no attention to the request. Raising my voice still higher, I said to one group, you men by that tree; or you men by that fire-stand; or in that angle, as the case might be, for I took every group in turn, and when they turned their eyes, and opened their ears, I repeated what I had said before to the whole, and the result was, they all took seats, and the ground became as still and quiet as the inside of a church. I felt and spoke as one having authority, and from the quickness with which they were all seated, I concluded that *they* thought so too.

Being all seated and quiet, and all eyes fixed on the stand as if expecting a thunder-blast, I said, "They are either not here, or they are ashamed to own their true character; and from what we have seen and heard, I conclude that the latter is the fact in the case, and I will address you accordingly.

"We have assembled here peaceably, and under the protection of the laws of the State, to worship God; and whether you agree with us in our mode of worship or not, the Constitution and laws of the State guarantee to us the right, and we intend to enjoy it. But some of you have come here on purpose to molest, disturb, and break up our meeting. This is not only ungentlemanly, anti-republican, and in violation of the laws of the State, but it is a sin against God of a high magnitude, for which he will damn you to the lowest regions

of the lake of fire and brimstone, unless you repent and obtain forgiveness from him.

"Most of you are the descendants of the New England Puritans, who left their native land in Europe, braved the dangers of the ocean, and encountered the dangers and difficulties of a settlement in a wilderness, inhabited by savages—as some of you have proved to be—to secure to themselves and their posterity—of whom you are a part—civil and religious freedom. You are the descendants of the patriot fathers who fought, bled, and died to secure that freedom, in the Revolutionary war. Some of you, or your fathers, periled your or their lives with me, in the late war, called the second war of Independence, and you are now enjoying the fruits of all those things, in the civil and religious liberty you enjoy at home. And if your ancestors could rise from the dead, and witness your conduct upon this ground, they would reprove you for it.

"As I took a part in the second war of Independence, and helped defend this very ground on which we have met, and the homes of some of you, from being overrun by the merciless savages of the forests, and to secure and perpetuate the liberties secured to us by our forefathers, I will not be driven from them. I have risked life and limb to protect this very soil on which we have met from savage barbarity, and I will not consent to be driven from it by white savages.

"And now I'll just tell you the upshot of the affair. I have a strong guard, besides a numerous patrol, who are watching you, and will be at your heels; and if you contrive or do mischief, or disturb us in our worship, they will give me your names, and I shall have you fined, and your names will be published in the newspapers."

The preacher for the evening then took the stand,

and a more attentive audience I never saw. After the sermon, the prayer-meetings were in operation, and I was on the alert to keep and preserve order. But I could but be a little amused at the course things took. Numerous groups of men were seen standing and talking in different parts of the ground, but orderly and harmless, and of course not the objects of my pursuit. As they usually stood in a circle, the eyes of some one would be in the direction of my approach, and seeing me coming, they would separate, as if fearful of capture.

A brother afterward told me that he was lying in his tent, wondering what manner of man I was, for the very devils seemed to be subject to me. When a group of rowdies gathered about his fire, back of the tent, one of them said, "I wish I had Brunson out here."

"What would you do?" said another.

"I would give him a mauling."

The other replied, "It would take two like you to do that."

"Why, is he stout?"

"Yes, you may know that by his looks; and besides that, he has been an old soldier, and I expect an old boxer."

"Well, if I had him out here, I'd give him a clip anyhow."

"It would be a dear clip if you did so, and I advise you to keep out of his hands."

One of the guard told me that he was standing with a group by a fire, outside of the tents, watching them. They were cracking jokes, but otherwise harmless, when, as some one was coming through the brush toward them, one inquired, "Who is that?" The guard, to see the effect it might have, said he guessed it was Brunson. "Then," said he, "it is time I was off." And the whole group started for some other location.

Brother Darrah, of Beaver, Penn., said to me, afterward, "I wouldn't have taken the drubbing you gave those rowdies for five hundred dollars; but they richly deserved it, and more too."

The night passed off peacefully, and many souls were converted in the prayer-circles and tents. Believers were quickened, and the work moved on with power.

The next day a Presbyterian deacon told me, privately, that some two hundred rowdies were coming that night, with stones in their pockets, to get behind the stand, and when I was seating the congregation, to pelt me with their missiles, as I stood in the stand, and let them go as it might happen, among the people, hit whom they would. I thanked him, and took measures to defeat their ill-devised scheme. That night, in seating the congregation, I told the rowdies what I had heard, and said, "I told you last night that I would have men at your heels, and if you contrived mischief they would tell me of it, and now, here is the proof of it." And turning toward the ravine behind the stand, where I had men posted to watch the rowdies, I roared defiance at the enemy. The reverberations sounded and resounded till they were lost in the distance down the ravine. No stones came from that or any other direction, and we had another peaceful and blessed night.

The next morning our trumpet was gone, and some one soon informed me that it had been pawned for whisky at a shanty, just over a mile from camp, which was the limit of the law protecting such meetings. To collect the congregation, therefore, I had to use the trumpet voice with which nature had furnished me, and the people soon came together.

I told them "that the trumpet had been stolen and carried off, and as it was probable that no man would have the hardihood to commit such a sacrilegious theft,

I thought it most likely that some thoughtless boy had been induced to do it. If so, and he should escape with impunity, he might be encouraged to steal again, and if he grew up a thief, he would probably teach his children to steal; and as stealing led to robbery, and robbery to murder, God only knew how many might yet be hung as the consequence of stealing that trumpet. Now, if that trumpet is not back here in its place within one hour, I will have out a search warrant, and the man in whose possession it is found shall be held responsible for the theft." In less than an hour the trumpet was found on the stand, but no one except God and the thief knew how it got there.

The whole meeting, after quelling the rowdies on Saturday night, was one of great power, and much good was done. On Monday night the presiding elder varied the exercises, by having five or six preachers relate their experience; their conversion, their call to the ministry, and a short account of their labors, with a statement of their present enjoyments and prospects. He was apt and judicious in such plans, and knowing the peculiar gifts, powers, and abilities of his preachers, he so arranged the matter as to begin with the one who had the least force in such a case, and rise in the grade, taking the next highest, and so on till he came to himself to wind up. As his gifts qualified him for such a task, and to call up mourners, no one objected to the arrangement. He saw fit to place me last, before himself.

During this exercise an old Baptist preacher sat on the stand. He was not at the meeting till that day, and in courtesy he was invited to that seat. He seemed to listen with astonishment; he watched the effect upon the audience, and as he left, with some of his friends, he was heard to say, "If that is the way the Methodists conduct their camp-meetings, I do n't wonder they get so many converted as they do."

Notwithstanding the advantage the Church, preachers and people, derived from my quelling the rowdies as I did, I had to suffer for it afterward, both in flesh and spirit. My name was up for a "war-horse," a hard case to manage, and both preachers and people imbibed the idea that in ruling the Church, if in authority, it would be "with a rod of iron," and what would not bend before me must break. Yet, if either preachers or people had a hard or difficult case of opposition to grapple with, they would call on me to do the fighting. But when this was done, and the coast was clear, I might stand back till another such case required my assistance.

What came from enemies I cared but little about. But to be viewed in this light, and be treated in this manner by my *brethren*, for whom, as of the Church of God, I did it, was a sore affliction, so much so that I was often tempted to wish that I had not been endowed with such gifts, and been made responsible to God, for their use, even though our meetings should have been broken up, the people dispersed, and souls be lost in consequence thereof, because it strewed my path with such heavy thorns. But for this I might have passed along through life easily as many others have done, and been more popular and acceptable as a preacher, both with preachers and people, though in truth I fared better with the people than with the preachers. But whether in the day of judgment it would be as well for me, is a question for that day alone to decide. My own conscience has always felt most at ease when I did my duty to God and his Church, whatever the consequences might be, leaving consequences with my final Judge.

Seven years after this camp-meeting I was at a meeting of the same kind in Shalersville, when a brother came to me and said, "There is a man on the ground who says so and so about you."

"Well," said I, "let me see him. He won't say it to my face. It is a lie, and he knows it."

"I am afraid you 'll flog him."

"No, I won't touch him. But he won't say it to my face. It is a lie, and he knows it."

"Well, let me go and see him first about it." And away he went, but soon returned and said, "I went to him and asked, 'What made you tell that lie about Brunson?' 'Why,' said he, 'seven years ago at a camp-meeting in Mantua, he threatened to cane me'"—which was not true—"'and I could n't get revenge on him in any other way.' And I said to him, 'You had better leave; he is after you, and if he catches you he 'll break every bone in your body.' And," said my informant, "the last I saw of him he was making a straight coat-tail toward home, and the boys were laughing at him."

At the General Conference of 1824, the Pittsburg Conference was organized out of parts of the Baltimore, Ohio, and Genesee Conferences, which included the part in which I traveled. But the Bishops' plan of Episcopal Visitation, being in those days made out a year beforehand, it did not provide for meeting this new Conference in that year, and, of course, we had to go over to 1825, before we had a meeting.

In consequence of this, we met with the Ohio Conference for this year, which sat at Zanesville. On reaching the place I found that my name had been sought by several as a boarder during the session of Conference. This was so different from what had ever occurred before, that I could but inquire for the reason; and was told that they remembered the camp-meeting which I attended four years previous, near that place. But whatever might have been the cause, such a reception, so different from former treatment, could not but be gratifying.

At this Conference some of the Wyandot converted

Indians were in attendance. It being only about ten years since the late war with England, in which thousands of our citizens were engaged in deadly strife with Indians, allied to the British, the public mind was on tiptoe to see a Christian and civilized Indian, or any number of such; of course, all eyes were open to see, and all ears open to hear what they would say. To gratify this curiosity, as well as to show the Church and the world some of the fruits of our new mission to the aborigines, some of the chiefs were put up in the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, the largest in town, and placed at our service during the Conference, who addressed the people through an interpreter.

They commenced by giving an account of their conversion, and then gave a statement of some of the fruits of the Gospel among them. One said: "When the Word of God came among us, it met with opposition, from the natural enmity of the human heart to the things of God. But opposition was in vain. The Word took effect; and"—raising his hands and pushing back—"you might as well stop a thunder-gust with your hands as stop the Word of God; it will go, when God sends it." In illustration of its effects upon them, he said it tamed the wild man, and like him from among tombs, they sat at the feet of Jesus, and were clothed and in their right minds. He said, "Once you were afraid of us, and we were afraid of you; but now we meet as friends and brethren, in love and good-will." This remark went like an electric shock through the audience, where there were hundreds of those who were soldiers in the late war.

Among the listeners to the chiefs, on this occasion, was General Cass, then Governor of Michigan. While I was in the territory, two years before, I had laid the cause of Indian Missions before him, and urged the fruit of the missions at Upper Sandusky, of which he

had some knowledge, in favor of missions among the Indians under his immediate charge, as general superintendent of Indians. Being personally acquainted with J. B. Finley, who then had charge of the Wyandot Mission, he applied to him, and through him to the Conference, to establish missions among his Indians in Michigan. I believe he had an interview with Bishop Soule and his cabinet on the subject, and it was reported that the result of the interview was, that missions should be there established, and that the government funds for the support of schools, blacksmiths, and farmers, should be applied through the mission. But why it failed to be accomplished, I never knew.

My appointment this year (1824) was on Youngstown circuit, with John Summerville for a colleague. This was a part of the old Mahoning circuit, which I traveled four years before, and lay in the south-east part of Trumbull county, now Mahoning county, Ohio. I moved my family into Youngstown village. The circuit had on it about twenty appointments to be filled in four weeks, by each of us, two weeks apart.

But my family being large, having seven children at this time, and my receipts from my circuits never exceeding $200, and seldom that, out of which I had to pay house-rent, I found my receipts were not equal to my expenses, and that I must either locate them where they could do something toward a living, and then travel as far as I could from home, or to locate myself with them. To this last idea I could not consent with a clear conscience toward God, and, therefore, was compelled to do the other.

I had a small farm that I had left when I commenced moving to my circuits; but its situation was not such as suited me for traveling nor my family as a residence; I therefore purchased a piece of land in Hubbard, near a church, and at a point where some

six or eight circuits would be within a day's ride from home. I sold my other land to obtain means to pay for it, and discharged some debts that had accrued. I soon found that there was a wide difference between paying house-rent, and for all my wood, vegetables, hay, milk, etc., and having them of my own production. Though it cost me much more travel, and kept me longer from home, generally, yet that loss and inconvenience was my own, and not that of the circuit. Three circuits were about as convenient to me as if I lived on them, all of which I rode in turn, though afterward I had to go further.

The doctrine that an itinerant must move his family on to his charge is a good one, provided his charge will support him. But if he must draw upon his own resources to live, it is but just for him to use them to the best advantage; otherwise they will be exhausted, and then he must locate anyhow. Where circuits can not support their preachers, it is certainly preferable to have a preacher for them who lives at home, and can make up their deficiencies from his own resources, than to have no preacher at all.

In the beginning of Winter, a notice appeared in the Warren papers that a dancing-school would commence in that village, on the Tuesday night following. My appointment came there on the Sunday previous. The dancing-master was said to have *three* wives in different parts of the country, which was certainly no recommendation of him or any other, as a teacher of *morals*, and especially to young ladies.

As I had made war upon sin and the devil, I preached against dancing, and showed from Scripture, reason, and common sense the sinfulness of it; the bad effects of it on health and morals, and especially if taught by a man having a plurality of wives; and concluded by saying, "I hope that no Christian or believer in Chris-

tianity will patronize that school, for you profess to believe that John the Baptist was an eminent prophet of the Lord; and you know that his head was taken off to reward a damsel of doubtful reputation for dancing. And I hope no Mason will patronize it, for you believe that John was an eminent friend and patron of the order. It would be inconsistent for you to perpetuate an institution, to reward which the Church and fraternity were deprived of his valuable services."

The next morning, before leaving town, I was in a law office to borrow books to prosecute my legal studies, where were several students who were Masons. They asked me if I was not one. I replied, "I am." "I thought so," said one of them, "by your remarks yesterday." Upon this I renewed my exhortation. The next round I was told that before night every Mason in town was informed of the fact, and went against the school; and when the time for beginning it came but two or three pupils appeared, and the dancing-master took sudden leave.

In the Summer of 1825 I went, at the request of brother Elliott, the presiding elder, to a camp-meeting in Wayne. He said my stated appointment on Sundays, at such meetings, was at three o'clock, P. M., when the rowdies were usually uneasy and troublesome, being then about to leave the camp. In that neighborhood the Good Master had favored the Methodists with the conversion of about two hundred souls; but a system of proselytism had been so ingeniously and successfully practiced, that half or more of these had been induced to join other Churches. Many of these proselyters were on the ground, watching for new spoils in the case of new conversions.

If our converts choose to go to other folds, disregarding the indications of God's will in their being awakened and converted among us, and of their own

accord, we say to them, go; we want none but volunteers, those who, from principle, prefer their spiritual birthplace as their home; but when they are led away, against their first convictions of duty, by artful maneuvering and false representations, we deem it but right to enlighten them as to the truth in the case, and to expose to public view the deceptions resorted to in such matters. When other Churches will change, or modify, their creeds, or confessions of faith, or receive persons into their membership who profess doctrines opposite to their own, we deem it but just and right to expose the dishonesty.

These being the circumstances of the case, our cause demanded a defense, and the task was laid upon me, as usual, and I confess that I bore down on such practices with a heavy hand, and declared that I would as soon take my neighbor's sheep by theft, or rob his hen-roost, as to induce away, or steal by false representations, other people's converts; if any Methodist preacher was known to do so, I would hold up both hands to expel him from the Church. If men recently or long since converted, actually, and from their own researches, change their views of the Gospel, and wish, from this, to change their Church relationship, we make no objection to their going, and, if their deportment has been in accordance with Christian principles, we will give them a letter or certificate of the fact, as a recommendation to their newly selected fraternity; but against fraudulent proselytism we enter a strong and unmistakable protest.

As a matter of course, the guilty squirmed and writhed, and, like men guilty of other wrongs, when exposed, threatened personal violence. Some threatened to ride me on a rail; others, tar and feathers; while others talked loudly of the use of the horse-whip. The spirit thus manifested showed, unequivocally, a spirit

other than Christian, and also showed that the young converts who had been thus led into their fellowship, had but poor prospects of a growth in grace and in the knowledge of the truth.

Even in cases of voluntarily going from us, for the sake of popularity, or to avoid the cross of being a Methodist, or to be under less rigid rules of discipline, has never resulted in the advancement of the subject in the Divine life, but invariably resulted in a settled, dead formality, or total apostasy; and mostly the latter.

Some of our faint-hearted brethren almost fainted under the discourse, from fear lest those who were exposed should take offense and raise a muss; but the discourse resulted in good. Men of the world, who took no sides in the contest, but had seen and known of the schemes resorted to to proselyte, said it was just and true, every word of it. The exposure prevented further perversions of young converts in that region, at least for that time.

At one of my appointments a good sister had a Universalist, or hell-redemptionist, for a husband. He was, however, a gentleman, and treated his wife, and her Christian friends, with due courtesy and respect; but he was uneasy in his mind. Like all others I have ever seen who espoused that soul-damning creed, he must be constantly arguing with some one in support of his creed. If he grappled with one who was not skilled or learned in such polemics, and could get the better of him in argument, then he felt elated for a while with the hope—not the conviction, but hope—that his doctrine would stand the test. If he was worsted in the argument, then he was in great fear of the future, and that there is a hell, out of which he could not escape if once cast into it.

At length he concluded that he must try me. If he could get the better of the argument with me he thought he could feel contented, and settle down in his

belief. So, to get an opportunity for his purpose, he invited me to stay with him over night on one of my rounds, and asked, as a favor, to discuss the question, and to answer some of Winchester's strong points, if I could. I told him that I made it a rule not to go to a friend's house and receive his hospitalities, and then dispute with him on his favorite theories; that I was satisfied with my creed, and he could not convert me, and I presumed it was the same with him. "In preaching," said I, "I endeavor to set forth the truth, and if I can will thus correct his errors; but I prefer not to argue the case here, and under the circumstances under which I am here."

He said that in preaching I had conflicted with the points alluded to in Winchester, and one object he had in view in inviting me to his house was to discuss this question, and he would esteem it as a favor if I would do so. He frankly acknowledged that he had his doubts sometimes, and wished to know the truth; he did not wish to deceive himself, or be deceived, in this matter.

"Well, then," said I, "if it must be so, bring on your book, and let us see those strong points." The book came, and he turned to the spot and read. "But stop," said I, "he don't quote the Scripture correctly."

"O, certainly, he must do that; he would not dare to misquote, for he would know that if he did he would be detected."

"Well, get your Bible, and turn to the place in Isaiah. I assure you that there is a condition expressed which he has omitted, and gives the passage a positive and unconditional form."

On examination he found it so, and expressed his surprise that such a man as Winchester should thus deliberately attempt to deceive his readers. But he would try another passage, and another, and so on for a dozen or so, in all of which he found the text either mutilated,

misquoted, or but partially quoted, leaving the conditions upon which God promised salvation out of sight. Upon this he threw down the book, and said he would have nothing more to do with it. Being now without that false prop to lean upon for salvation, he sought it in Christ, and found it, to the joy of his soul.

This Conference year was a successful one. Many souls were converted to God, and the Church seemed to be edified and built up in the most holy faith. We had some disciplining to attend to, but on the whole it was a peaceful year.

CHAPTER XV.

THIS year (1825) the Pittsburg Conference met for the first time, after its organization, in the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Bishop George presiding.

This brought together parts of three Conferences, the Baltimore, Ohio, and Genesee, and showed the difference in the administration of the same rule in different Conferences, and also different usages. The Baltimore usage was decidedly the most in accordance with the letter and spirit of the rules.

In the Ohio, and, I believe, in the Genesee Conference, the rule allowing the children of the preachers something to subsist upon, was, and had been, up to that time, entirely ignored. Each preacher was, if married, allowed two hundred dollars for himself and wife, but nothing for his children, and nothing for house-rent, fuel, or table expenses, as the rule provided; but simply "quarterage" for himself and wife, with his moving or traveling expenses. The Baltimore preachers had been allowed, as the rule provided, for self, wife, and children; and also for house-rent, as well as for moving and

traveling expenses. This, of course, made a great difference in our claims and receipts.

Again: owing to the non-payment of the bare two hundred dollars in the Ohio Conference, the preachers declined to take up, and the people declined to give a fifth, or Conference collection; while the Baltimore preachers, whether their full claims had been paid or not, brought up their Conference collections, and very respectable ones at that. This made a great difference in the appearance of things in the Minutes and records.

Another difference lay in the mode of applying the Conference funds. The Ohio Conference usage was, and it seemed it was so in most of the other Conferences, to apply these funds by the "guess and allow rule." They had a system for which there was and is no rule in arithmetic, reason, justice, or common sense, and how it ever got into use with men who could discriminate in doctrinal matters to the splitting of a hair, was, and still remains an unsolved and unsolvable mystery.

The rule of Discipline plainly, explicitly, and in accordance with the laws of justice and equity, allowed every preacher who was deficient in his allowance, his *pro-rata* portion of the Conference funds, if they were not sufficient to pay the whole. The Ohio usage was to bring up as many as possible of the lowest in receipts to a common level, but give nothing to any one whose receipts came up to that figure, or were above it, whatever might be his deficiency. But the Baltimore preachers had been in the habit of receiving a pro-rata dividend or percentage on their deficiencies, whether great or small. Though their claims or allowances had not been paid on their respective charges, yet, knowing that they would be entitled to a dividend as large, and perhaps larger than the amount of their fifth collection, they were ready and willing to ask, and the people, knowing this also, were willing to

contribute. In Ohio, under the other usage, neither preacher nor people were willing to do this till their own claims were adjusted.

It was evident to all that the two usages could not obtain in the same Conference, and, of course, one or the other must be adopted; and as the Baltimore usage was evidently with the letter and spirit of Discipline, as well as justice and equity, it was adopted almost unanimously.

There was still another question to be settled. The Baltimore preachers had been eighteen months, or nearly so, on their circuits, and had held six quarterly-meetings, and claimed and received one and a half year's pay, while the Ohio preachers had been but one year on their circuits, and held but four quarterly-meetings. With the finances we had no trouble. The Baltimore preachers were allowed their claims for six quarters, while the Ohioans had but four. But with the Bishop another question arose. The rule forbid the continuance of a preacher longer than two *calendar* years; and to return a Baltimore preacher to his charge for the second term, would continue him on the same work over two calendar years. To avoid any question on this score, he changed the presiding elder who had been three times appointed to the same district, lest he should go longer than four years in the same district, and the circuit preachers were all changed, lest they should continue longer than two years. Since then, however, Conferences have run fifteen months, and the preachers held five quarterly-meetings, and they have run but six months, and held but two quarterly-meetings. The Bishops have decided that a calendar year, in the rule, means a Conference year, whether it be six, nine, ten, twelve, or eighteen months, and that a quarter means three months. Ten or eleven months may be divided into four quarters, and so of thirteen

or fourteen months; but when they run fifteen or sixteen months, a fifth quarter will occur, and seventeen or eighteen months will make six quarters. Our Annual Conferences seldom meet in exactly twelve months from the time of the preceding session, which a *calendar* year would imply, and hence the necessity of calling the year a *Conference* year, which means the time from one Conference to another.

At this Conference I was appointed one of the Conference Stewards, and was continued one of that board from year to year for eight years, until I was appointed to a district. At this Conference we commenced the publication of our Conference Minutes. As they contained, in addition to our usual statistics and appointments, a statement of our finances in the stewards' reports, we found it to be of great advantage in our quarterly and Annual Conference collections, and that the preachers would be the gainers in the way of support, if they could not sell a copy, to distribute them gratuitously among our people.

At this Conference (1825) I was appointed to Mercer circuit, it being convenient to my home. A young brother, by the name of Stevenson, was my colleague. He was pious, zealous, and persevering. In the course of the year he had a run of fever, and when, from its effects, he was out of his head, he would sing, pray, and preach as if in a congregation. If requested to be quiet, as this exercise might injure his health, he would reply, "How can I keep silence when sinners are perishing around me?"

Mercer circuit, at that time, was but a part of the old Erie circuit, which I rode six years before. It lay in the north-west part of Mercer and south-west of Crawford county, Pennsylvania, and included the town of Mercer, and also Salem, from which Bishop Roberts started into the itinerancy. At this time it

contained twenty-four appointments, to be filled in four weeks.

Here, again, my combative powers, as they were called, were brought into requisition. At Salem we had a church built of hewed logs, and the largest as well as the oldest society on the circuit. The quarterly-meetings, held here for several years, had been disturbed by some young men from a Seceder congregation, about three miles distant; and no efforts made by preachers or people could prevail in preserving order. Our brethren appealed to me, saying, "If *you* can't break up this rowdyism we shall not be able to hold any more quarterly-meetings here."

On Saturday, the first day of the quarterly-meeting, I mentioned the state of things, and requested the friends to bring plenty of lights, because those who perpetrate deeds of darkness do not like the light. That day and night passed off in peace and quiet; but on Sunday night the rowdies came in force. I gave them a friendly and good-natured talk, stated the law in such cases, having taken the advice of the most prominent lawyer in the county, and the consequence if disturbance occurred, and that we must and would have order. But all this they disregarded, and by their actions bade me defiance.

After preaching a large number of mourners came forward for prayers, and kneeled at benches in front of the pulpit. I stood watching the rowdies, while others were singing and praying with the mourners. Our rule and usage was for the men and women to sit apart, one on each side of the house. All seemed to be quiet for some time; but at length a young man went over to the women's side, and made a very indecent assault upon a girl, who resisted him. At this I stepped upon the bench between two of the mourners, and with one leap cleared them, and at the next step I had

the rowdy by the breast, and was running him backward toward the door.

He made a desperate spring and wrenched himself from my grasp, and sprang behind the door where he had left his hat, showing by this that he was bent upon mischief, and went out of the door in double-quick time. I then placed two stout brethren in the aisle, and told them to keep the men and boys upon their own side of the house, and took my stand again before the pulpit.

It was not long before I saw a large, stout man edging his way on to the women's side, and refusing the entreaties of my guard to keep on his own side of the aisle, and showing signs of violence. I made another leap and caught him by the elbow, and gave him a whirl toward the men's side, and said to him rather sharply, "That is your side; I put these men here to keep the men upon their own side of the house." He looked surprised at being turned round so quickly, and moved to his place rather sullenly. As I left to go again to my stand, he drew his fist to strike me, as I was afterward told, but some stout brethren seeing my movements, took courage to assist me, and caught his arm, and told him to behave himself or he should leave the house. By this time he seemed to conclude that "prudence was the better part of valor," and took his seat and behaved quietly.

Soon after this a raving young man came up, who had just learned that his sister was at the mourners' bench, among those who were seeking religion. I met him and asked what he wanted.

He said he would have his sister out of that place, or he would—

"Stop," said I, "you must use no violence here. You be quiet, and you may speak to your sister, and if she wishes to go, she can go, of course. We did not

compel her to come up for prayers; she came of her own accord, and we do not compel any one to stay; she can go if she pleases, but you can't be allowed to take her away by force. You are not her father nor her husband. She is as much her own mistress as you are master of yourself.

He spoke to her; but she refused to go with him. He said he would go and leave her.

"Well, go if you will; I can go home alone."

"But I 'll take the horse."

"You have no right to take my horse; but if you do I can go home afoot. I am determined to save my soul, if I can, and shan't leave this place till I obtain pardon for my sins."

At this he threatened to get help to drag her out. I told him he could not do that, and as she had declined to leave, he would please to stand back and make no disturbance, or he would be taken care of. Fearing rough handling, he stood back in sullen silence.

It was not long before she was happily converted to God. She took a good hearty shout, then went home with her brother, who had waited for her, notwithstanding his threats to the contrary. But this put an end to rowdyism in that place.

Three miles west of Salem, at Greenville, we had another log church, where similar disturbances had been in vogue. We held a two-days' meeting there, and on Sunday night, after inviting seekers forward for prayers, and the prayer-meeting was well under way, I saw two men on the women's side of the house, and went to them and said, mildly, "Gentlemen, we wish the men to occupy the other side of the house; you will please do so."

One of them spoke gentlemanly, and said he wished to find his wife to go home. "Very well," said I, "you can do so."

But the other spoke roughly and like a rowdy, and said "he guessed he had a right to take care of his wife wherever he pleased."

"Well, if you are afraid to trust your wife among the women, you had better take her and go home."

With this he stepped off the benches into the aisle, and drew back his fist and said, "Come down here and I'll give it to you."

At this I stepped down, and took him by the breast and ran him back to and out of the door. There were three or four steps to reach the ground, which was frozen, and he went backward, but how he landed I never knew. I shut the door and set my foot against it to keep him out, when his wife came and asked if she might go out. "Certainly," said I, "if you wish to," and opened the door for her to pass out. At this two good stout brethren, seeing what had occurred, came up, to whom I gave the door in charge; but the rowdy did not return, and no other one gave us any trouble.

But the next morning the fellow who went out of the door in such a hurry was making a fuss, and threatening to send the constable after me, after I had left town, on a charge of an assault and battery. This might not be very agreeable in name, besides the trouble and expense of returning, and probably missing my appointment for the next day. So, to put a quietus upon him, I filed a complaint against him and had *him* arrested for disturbing the meeting. In that State, at that time, such an offense was not finable by the Justice of the Peace, but the offender must be held to bail to answer an indictment before the Court of Common Pleas. This, if he were acquitted, would cost him, for counsel and all, some twenty-five or thirty dollars; but if convicted, a fine or imprisonment would be added.

His friends on hearing the evidence, and knowing that he must go to court, interposed a plea of mercy, before the Justice decided, so as to have the matter settled. I replied that I did not want his money, nor to put him to expense or trouble, and that if he would acknowledge that he was in the wrong, and promise not to disturb us any more, and pay the cost thus far, I would drop the matter; all I wanted was not to be disturbed in our worship, and this being our legal right, I intended to have it. To this he agreed, and the Justice so entered it on his docket. Then the Justice and the Constable gave in their costs. But this put an end to disturbances in that place.

One of my appointments, about four miles from Mercer, was called New Ireland, from its being settled by a colony from the Green Isle. The people were mostly poor and illiterate, but pious and industrious, though not clear of the superstition of the Irish about *fairies*, ghosts, and hobgoblins.

Several families of them, when they first came to Mercer, and before they had prepared their cabins, in their new and woody homes, occupied a vacant house north of the town, and not far from a mill-pond. On the first night, as dark set in, the fire-flies, or lightning-bugs, which abounded in the valley along the mill stream, commenced their usual gambols, and the atmosphere appeared to be full of them. At the same time the bull-frogs in the mill-pond began their nightly serenade with all sorts of unknown noises, from the grum thunder of the patriarch of the family to the lowest squeak of the smallest of the tribe.

To the new-comers, these sights and sounds were new. None of their friends, by letter, before they came, nor by parole, after they had arrived, had mentioned them, and knowing nothing of such things "at home," they could imagine nothing but *fairies*.

They were certain that the fairies had attacked them in greater force than they had ever heard or dreamed of in their own country. The bellowing of the frogs they imagined were the words of command of chiefs and the replies of the lesser imps, and the flashes of light they thought were the flashes of their miniature guns. To guard against the fatal consequences, they darkened the windows, and barricaded the door. No one dared to leave the house and run twenty rods to the nearest neighbor or friend for succor, but spent the night in the most tormenting fear, lest they should all be murdered by the invisible little imps of the bad place.

At length the morning came. Never was a morning more welcome to a frightened people. The frogs shut up their hideous mouths, and the fire-flies could no more flash the light, and silence and quiet once more reigned in their new abode. As soon as possible, the men went to their friends in town with the most bitter complaints for their having advised them to come to such a country as this, lamenting that they had come so far, and brought their families, to be murdered by the fairies. They would not stay here, so they would n't, but start for home that very day.

Their friends stood aghast, querying whether the new-comers had become crazy or not. But, finally, recovering from the first shock, they inquired what was the matter.

"Why, we never saw the like of this for fairies in all our lives."

"Fairies, man, there 's no fairies in this country."

"Indade, and there is. Did n't we hear them all night, and see the flash of their little guns as they were trying to shoot us? Jist come down to the house and we 'll show ye. And the women and childers are nearly dead with fear, and they declare they will not stay another night in such a country as this."

So down they went and heard the whole group, men, women, and children, pour out their bitter complaints and anathemas against such a country for fairies. "The like of it auld Ireland never see."

Their friends assured them there was no such thing as a fairy in this country; that they must have been dreaming or frightened at some illusion; or possibly some mischievous boys had been playing off tricks upon them. "Tell us how they looked or what they were like."

So they described, as well as they could, the noises and the flashes of light; when the real cause of the alarm flashed into the minds of their friends, and caused a hearty laugh. They took the frightened men down to the pond and showed them the frogs, some of which happened then to open their terrible throats, and at night they caught some of the fire-flies, and showed them the little innocent creatures and the way they made the light. This quieted their fears, and they laughed over their own ignorance and folly, and became satisfied with the country, and made a good settlement.

There was an eccentric genius in the circuit, near Mercer, by the name of Ben. Stokely, who figured largely in public affairs, and no little in religious matters. He was in early life a Methodist, and came first to the country to survey out the State lands. By working on Sundays he had lost his religion; and though he retained, in his way, an attachment to its forms and principles, yet he chose to be a man of the world rather than a Christian.

His present wife, and two daughters by a former marriage, were members of the Church, and for their sakes in part, but principally from his own love of company, he invited the preachers to his house, and showed great solicitude in having their company. But we pre-

ferred generally to keep aloof from him, on account of some of his peculiarities. He would, if possible, quiz, question, and dispute, always taking the opposite side, be his adversary who he might; and if the preacher showed any impatience, or, as he would have it, got mad or out of temper, he would put him down for being no better than himself.

I had shunned his house, though I wished to visit the members of my charge who were in his family. But he had heard me several times, and he was bent upon having a visit from me. To try my mettle, I suppose, or see if my patience would give out, as he alleged many others' had done, he fell upon this plan:

There was to be a ball party in town, and some young men had asked him if they might invite his daughters to attend the ball, and if they might go, on the Monday night following. He did not like to say no, as he was often in quest of votes at the polls, though in reality he meant so. He said, therefore, they might go if they wanted to do so, on being once asked, but they should not be asked a second time if they refused the first invitation. But to forestall them, he sent a local preacher to me with a special invitation to preach at his house on the same night of the ball, and to have me give it out in the congregation in town. I knew nothing of the ball matter, but as he had often invited me, and I had as often declined, I concluded to go this time and give him a plain talk, and also to visit the family.

The congregation was large and attentive, and the Word was attended by the Divine influence, so much so that he had to leave the room, or, to appearance, come down on to the floor and cry for mercy. He would go out-of-doors, and then return to the hall and listen as long as he could stand it, when he would retreat again.

So he advanced and retreated several times before the meeting closed.

The girls were not, of course, invited to the ball, after it was known that I was to preach at their home the same night, nor would they have gone if they had been and no meeting in the way. This their father was well aware of, but wished to make the matter doubly sure, and also to secure a visit from me. He insisted upon my making another appointment for the next round on the circuit, and to this I agreed upon condition that he would keep his seat and not be kicking up the fire, nor running out of the door in time of preaching, to which he assented.

At the second meeting I saw his agitation and uneasiness. Before I left him I said to him, "You will have me here, and one of three things must be the consequence: you must get religion, forbid me your house, or have a hard time of it." "Well," said he, "I'll take the hard time of it, for I will do neither of the others."

The next morning I discovered the same restless uneasiness while at family prayer. The fact was, he knew his duty, and having these services under his own roof reminded him of it, and his conscience disturbed him. In his office I said to him, "'Squire, I suppose you like to be respected in your official capacity?" "Yes," he replied.

"Well, so do I. You invite me to your house as a minister of the Gospel, and as such I esteem it to be my duty to pray with the family, and due respect implies proper attention to the service. Now I will come once more, but if you continue this restlessness and running out-of-doors in prayer-time, I shall not come again." This I said between ourselves, intending it to remain there.

But at breakfast, before his family, he told them he

had a promise of one more visit from me; but that if he did not behave better at prayer-time I would come no more. He would make no promises, but would make sure of the visit, and then he would see about it. He never troubled me again on that score; but continued in other ways to try my patience, to see if I would get out of humor, as he said some preachers had.

At one time I went there sick and under the influence of medicine, so that I could not pray at night. He said he was glad of it, and hoped I would always be sick when I came there. But the next morning the ladies gave me the hint, when breakfast was ready, for prayers, and I went to his office-door, being one room in his house, and said, "'Squire, please come to prayers, as breakfast is ready."

"O," said he, "I was in hopes you were sick again this morning."

"No," said I, "thank God, I am well enough to pray," and returned to the room where the family were, and he came too.

In June, 1826, I was directed by Swayze, my presiding elder, to meet him at Franklin, on the Alleghany River, and accompany him and some others to a camp-meeting some distance east of that river, on the slope of the mountains. The Saturday previous being the 24th, the anniversary of the birth of St. John the Baptist, I preached for the Masons in Mercer; preached there again on Sunday, and on Monday, after preaching at New Ireland, where Stokely met me in the rain, I went home with him to rest over till Wednesday.

As I was about leaving on Wednesday morning, he said he dreamed the night before that he gave me a silver dollar; and to do so he took this method: He presented me with an account, in which he gave me credit for his ratio of the Masonic sermon, of a sermon on Sunday on moral ethics, and the sermon on Mon-

day; and for my visit to his house, my good company, and for four family prayers, and for five blessings asked at his table, with each a price affixed, corresponding with his taste; all amounting to *three* dollars, twelve and a half cents.

On the opposite side of the paper were his charges for going to hear me, for five meals, two nights' lodging, and sixty ears of corn for my horse, all amounting to *two* dollars and twelve and a half cents; and cash to balance one dollar, which he handed over.

Wednesday night found me at Franklin, in company with W. Swayze, presiding elder, Joseph Barris, Robert C. Hatton, and I. H. Tacket, preachers, with a new convert at a recent camp-meeting, who wanted more of the good religion, enough to travel one hundred miles or more to obtain it, and on the way we passed for six preachers.

The June rains had been falling for a week, and were still falling heavily. The river was overflowing its banks. The crossing of the river in an old-fashioned flat-boat was rather dangerous with six horses in. But reaching the landing on the east shore, we took the Bellefontaine turnpike. The ground was so covered with water that it overflowed the pike in many places, and in some instances had cut sluices through it, being clay, the crossing of which sometimes was troublesome, if not dangerous.

The people along the road, who were "few and far between," who saw us, supposed that we were all preachers, and circulated a report that *six* preachers were on their way to the camp-meeting. They had never seen over three preachers at once in that country before, and the idea of six of the cloth, at one time and place, roused up every body to attend the meeting who could possibly get there, expecting wonders, if not miracles.

We stopped at Shippenville for refreshments, wet, cold, and hungry. The landlord showed every disposition to render us comfortable, and kindled a fire in the bar-room, which was also the sitting-room, and we spread our overcoats on chairs around it, while waiting for dinner, to dry them.

The novelty of seeing six preachers in one company brought both men and boys from the farm-house and mechanics'-shop, some with their aprons on, to see the sight. Some of them contented themselves by looking in at the door or window; but others, more bold, made some errand into the room, so that they could enjoy a better sight.

We reached a Dutch farm-house that night, where, between bugs and fleas, we had but little sleep. The fare, except for our horses, was also of the coarsest kind, but being the best they knew how to prepare, and seeming to be done with pleasure, we were thankful for it.

The next day, Friday, we reached the camp-ground before noon. Every thing was drenched with rain, the ground, the tents, and their contents; but, as the rain had held up for some hours, and the sun shone clear, the prospect of good weather was cheering. We accordingly went to work with good-will and zealous hearts.

The people came to the meeting by all manner and modes of conveyance; some in wagons, some on sleds, which slid along over the mud and wet leaves of the dense forest with more ease than would have been supposed by "outsiders;" and some came on horseback, and not a few on foot, and barefoot at that, having their shoes and stockings in their hands, to put on when upon the ground.

There was preaching that afternoon and night, and on Saturday. We four strangers preached in turn, Tacket being the preacher of the circuit. On Sunday

we did the same way, only that Tacket preached, making five sermons on that day.

I had tried several times, on both days, to start prayer-meetings, without success; for while any of us strangers were in the exercise, either in the circle, the tents, or the altar, the most of the membership seemed to be shy and fearful, and kept aloof; but as soon as we left they would go in and work like men and women of God. This was to me a mystery that I could not solve.

On Sunday afternoon, when there appeared to be a good state of feeling upon the ground, I made another attempt to get up a prayer-meeting, but with the same results. I left and went into the preachers' tent, and spoke of it as very singular, and wondered what was the matter, when some one said, more playfully than otherwise, as I thought, "Perhaps they are afraid of us, because we are Yankees."

This started Hatton, who could crack a joke with an apparent good conscience, which would cause me to blush and mar my peace of mind. Sallying out in quest of game, he approached the first sensible, good-natured looking man he saw, and entered into a friendly and sociable chat. This freedom and familiarity seemed to inspire the man with confidence enough to speak freely, who inquired, with apparent amazement:

"Where in the world did you all come from? We never heard such preaching in all our lives!"

"Why," said Hatton, "we are a set of Yankees."

"Good God!" exclaimed the man, "are *you* a Yankee?"

"Yes; I am right from the Yankee land, in Erie county, at North-East, and have a Yankee wife."

"Well, the elder, Swayze, is he a Yankee?"

"Yes; he came from New England, and has a Yankee wife, and lives among Yankees in Ohio."

"And that big fellow, Brunson, is he a Yankee?"

"Yes; he was Yankee-born, and lives out in Ohio, among the Yankees, also."

"And that little fellow, Barris, is he a Yankee?"

"Yes; he came from among the Yankees in Chautauqua county, and he came down on the Alleghany River with his horse."

Upon this the man started back, in apparent horror, and exclaimed, "My God, we never saw so many Yankees together before!" and drew off, as if afraid of being contaminated by the contact.

Hatton could stand it no longer, but broke for the tent, and throwing himself upon the bed, took a hearty laugh, and then told us of his adventure.

That night while Swayze was seating the congregation, being nearly as jocose as Hatton, he said, "I understand that there is some inquiry and anxiety on the ground to know what countrymen we are. I'll tell you—we are a set of Yankees. But you need n't be afraid; we do n't want you or your property, but we may show the devil a Yankee trick before we leave."

This aroused the curiosity of the people to its highest pitch, and from that time till we left the ground every eye and ear seemed to be open to see and hear it. There was no sensible diminution of the congregation on Monday, but as if spell-bound all stayed to the last. Many were being awakened and converted, and believers, not only Methodists but Presbyterians, amid all their curiosity to see the trick upon the devil, seemed to drink deep at the well of salvation.

On Monday night Swayze, to vary the exercises, so arranged as to have four short sermons, from the four parts of the same text, and by four different speakers. I do not suppose that he had thought of the trick after he announced it; all he meant by it was, he hoped to see many souls converted and thereby trick the devil out of his prey, as a trick usually means for one

to take from another by some kind of management. But the people had n't forgotten it, and, therefore, what followed seemed to them to be the trick.

Swayze began from the stand, from Luke xiv, 16, 17, "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper-time, to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready," and preached about fifteen minutes and sat down. His usual time at such meetings was from an hour to an hour and a half, and to see him sit down so soon excited great wonder.

Before they could solve the mystery I was up on a stump on the outside of the men, and announced the next part from the eighteenth to the twentieth verses, inclusive, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse," etc., and talked my fifteen minutes on the excuses. By this time I could see that the people began to penetrate the matter, and to show signs of being pleased. I sat down.

Then Barris sprang up on a log in the rear of the entire audience, and took the twenty-first and twenty-second verses, "So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things. Then the master of the house, being angry," etc., and talked his fifteen minutes. By this time the people had turned principally round to receive the fire from the rear, and showed more signs of gratification.

But Hatton, who was to have taken his stand outside of the women, was not in his place. He said afterward that he could not control his risibles long enough to keep from laughing, and, therefore, kept within the tent, peeking through the cracks to see how the thing went off.

Barris seeing that Hatton was not at his post, after finishing his own task, took up Hatton's part of the text, verses twenty-three and twenty-four, proclaiming,

"For I say unto you, that none of those men that were bidden, shall taste of my supper." In the mean time Swayze, seeing that Hatton was among the missing, rose up on the stand and took up the same part of the text, so that two speakers, one in front and the other in the rear, were preaching to the same audience from the same text, and at the same time. But as Swayze's voice was rather the loudest, and as he had the advantage of the stand, he was heard by more than Barris was.

Barris, in the mean time, was moving round to reach the position assigned to Hatton, talking as he went. A crowd of raw Dutch boys and girls now comprehending the movement, gathered in before him and were retreating backward as he advanced, when a large Dutch boy stepped into a hole from whence the dirt had been taken to cover the fire-stand, and fell against one of the forks forming the stand, and brought down upon him, say, half a bushel of live coals of fire, as he lay upon the ground. Upon this he cried out in his agony and fright, "Hell-fire!" and sprang to his feet and ran for the woods outside of the tents, yelping, "The tuyfel, the tuyfel!" and a host of boys following and laughing to see what they called the fun; but poor Hans thought there was no fun in thus being burned.

At this Barris's risibles gave way, and he could say no more, but sat down and hid his face; though, as soon as he could compose himself enough, he went round to the stand.

This left Swayze in possession of both the subject and the audience, and as but few had seen the catastrophe which befell the boy, all eyes and ears were now turned toward the stand. As Swayze was at home upon this subject, for half an hour or more he poured out the dreadful anathemas of God upon those who refused to come to the feast that was provided for them in the

Gospel, and wound up by inviting mourners in to the altar, for prayers, of whom a large number came, and were soundly converted to God.

This passed for the Yankee trick upon the devil. I had been in several such feats with Swayze before; and though this resulted in much good to the people, yet, as so much of the ludicrous got into this one, by a mishap, I resolved never to undertake the like again, and never have.

The people hung on, on Tuesday morning, as if to watch us, and see us safe out of the country. There was scarcely a tent struck, nor a team started when we left the ground. When we mounted our horses to leave, something like a dozen others mounted theirs, and took the same road and accompanied us several miles.

If nothing had occurred or been said about Yankees, all this attention could have easily been construed into an escort of honor. But under the circumstances of the case, we could but suspect it was a guard of safety, more than an escort of honor; and what follows, will exhibit such a want of intelligence in the people, as will justify such a suspicion.

As we rode along, a Presbyterian elder, who appeared to be a leading man in that region, either from his own curiosity, or being deputed by the others, from his rank in their society, rode by my side to make further inquiries as to the Yankeeism. Why he selected me out of the four, I never knew. Whether he thought me the most honest, or suspected me for the greatest rogue, if rogues we were, I can not tell; but he selected me of whom to inquire.

He began by speaking of the excellent meeting we had had; of the great preaching, such as they never had heard before; and of the great good that had evidently been done; and, if it would not be offensive, he should like to ask me a few questions.

"Very well," said I, "go on, I will answer you, if I can."

"Well," said he, "we have reason to believe that you are good men, have come here to do us good, and have done us much good. But there is one great mystery in this matter which we can not understand. It was stated on the ground that you were Yankees, and we in this country do not know how to reconcile the idea of goodness with that of a Yankee; all we know of Yankees in this country, is from peddlers, counterfeiters, horse jockeys and horse-thieves, and the like. How such men can be good we do n't know, and we would like to know, if, indeed, you are Yankees."

I began to think by this time, that if they had such an opinion of "the universal Yankee nation," it was no wonder they were in reality guarding us out of their country. But viewing their prejudices to be the result of ignorance, or—to select a softer term, but of the same import—from the want of better information, I endeavored to explain, and I assured him that to form an idea of the general character of the Yankees from the conduct of those renegades he mentioned, was doing us great injustice. "You have rogues in Pennsylvania," said I, "but it would be doing the community at large great injustice to suppose that all were rogues, because some few had proved to be such."

This he admitted was good reasoning. I went on further to say, "The class of Yankees of whom you speak, dare not stay at home, they would soon be arrested and imprisoned; and, hence, they go to other and distant countries to commit their depredations."

I was aware of what Hatton and Swayze had said, which was not strictly and literally true in the commonly accepted meaning of that term, and I did not wish to conflict with them; so I had to tell him that they had used the term in rather a joke, on discov-

ering the apparent fears of the people that we were Yankees, against whom they were, as we judged, and, indeed, knew, unreasonably prejudiced.

I told him that "Swayze was born in New Jersey, raised and converted in Maryland, and commenced to preach there, but was soon sent into New England and New York, where he married and traveled till he came to Ohio, and for this he was called a Yankee."

"As for myself," I went on, "I was born in Connecticut, converted in Pennsylvania, have lived in Ohio several years, but the most of my traveling has been in Pennsylvania, and am, therefore, a Yankee, but pretty well westernized. Hatton was born in North Carolina, raised in Kentucky, converted and commenced traveling there, but was sent to North-East, in Pennsylvania, to travel, where he married a Yankee wife, and, therefore, calls himself a Yankee. Barris was born and converted in Pennsylvania, but has traveled mostly among the Yankees, has a Yankee wife, and is, therefore, called a Yankee."

"But," said the elder, "we understood that he came down from Chautauqua county on the Alleghany River, with his horse."

"Yes," said I, "he got on to a raft at Warren, and floated down to near Franklin."

"O, that is it! we thought he rode on the water, and if so, that he must be a wizard, or some such character; but now the matter is plain;" and after a pause, and a long breath, he said, "Well, I suppose we must admit that there are *some* good folks among all sorts of people." Upon this we parted. But the trick is probably remembered in that country to this day.

We had an appointment at the outlet of Conneaut Lake, where was a log meeting-house, built for every body who might chance to occupy it, and we availed ourselves of the common privilege. But we could not

induce the people to come to meeting. Universalism had the predominance, and they felt, or rather tried to feel, that they were safe anyhow. I resorted, as I did once before, to a harmless stratagem to excite their curiosity, and gave out that at the next round I would preach from the words of the devil.

This drew out quite a crowd, to whom I preached from Job i, 9; and at the close, said, "You appear to be more anxious to hear from the words of the devil than from the Word of God. The next time I come round I will preach the devil's funeral sermon. I do not say that he is dead, but criminals sometimes have their funeral sermons preached before they are executed; and so, I will tell you what will become of him."

This roused up the imps of Satan, who attempted to turn it into fun and frolic. But they changed their tone before it was finished. An old backslider went to a cabinet-maker to induce him to make a coffin and carry it to the meeting-house.

"I will make it," said he, "if you will carry it to the house. If you do n't carry it you shall pay me for making it." But this he declined, and the scheme fell through; but the word went out through the community that he had spoken for a coffin, and he was frequently jeered on account of it.

At the time a large crowd filled the house, and I preached from Rev. xx, 1, 2, 3, and 10. I gave such a biography of Satan as the Bible furnished materials for; how and what he was created for; how he fell, and by that fall became a devil; where he was sent to, and his final and everlasting doom; and that all who followed or served him would have their part with him in the lake of fire and brimstone.

I said, further, that it was common for children to mourn at the funeral of their father, and so it would be

in this case, but with this difference; here children mourned for the *loss* of their father in being separated from him, but there the lamentation would be because they must go with him; and referred to Revelation xviii, 9–19, the lamentation of those who were interested in Babylon, as a specimen.

I said, further, it is common for children and friends to provide coffins for their deceased father and friend, and so it was in this case. This turned all eyes to the man who had spoken for the coffin, and before he got out of the house he was jeered by others of his class, and it was a long time before he heard the last of it.

But the stratagem had its desired effect, for the people, either from shame, curiosity, or from an awakened interest, gave a better attendance to the meetings afterward, and from the proofs given of the existence of a personal devil, the dogmas of Universalism waned considerably.

We had a camp-meeting on our circuit, at Sharon, at which some eight thousand people were in attendance. Some of the most respectable people in the county came with their tents, not only for religious privileges, but on account of the advantage to health, to have a little rural enjoyment, and relaxation from the pressing and burdensome cares of business life. About one hundred souls were converted to God.

Early in this meeting a woman was awakened and went into a prayer-circle to seek for mercy and pardon. Her husband, a large, athletic man, supposing that we had some kind of a charm over the people, thought if he could get her out of the prayer-meeting, and break the charm, that her bad feelings would all vanish, and he took her out. When out, and, as he supposed, the charm broken, he told her if she chose she could go back again, but that he was going home, about four miles. She, of course, had to go with him, or go home afoot.

But he could not rest, and returned the next day, and was himself converted to God. He then wanted his wife to go into the prayer-meeting and be converted also; but he could never after that persuade her to save her soul. He joined the Church and became a leader and steward, but she proved to be a perfect thorn in the flesh. She persecuted him in all ways she could contrive. If he invited a preacher to his house, and did not happen to be at the house himself when he came, she would insult and send him away, saying she wanted no such men about her house, and would not have them.

She would seldom allow him to have family worship in peace, and she taught her children to disrespect their father in almost every thing, but especially in religious matters. In short, she appeared to be a perfect demoniac, and lived and died so.

But the poor man bore it with examplary patience. He never murmured, but received it as a just judgment upon him for dragging her out of the prayer-meeting, and he often held it up as a warning to other men, never to oppose or stand in the way of wife or children who desired to serve God and save their souls.

We closed up the Conference year with a respectable increase in the membership, and left the circuit in a healthful condition.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Pittsburg Conference for 1826 met in Washington, Pennsylvania. I was appointed this year to Newcastle circuit, one part of which was half a day's ride from my home.

This circuit then embraced parts of Mercer, Butler,

Beaver, and Alleghany counties, and reached within three miles of Pittsburg city. Many of the people within its limits were emigrants from the eastern declivities of the Alleghany Mountains, and were born and raised at a time when that was the outskirt settlement of the State, and brought with them no higher views of civilization, education, and architecture than their fathers had arrived at in what was then the backwoods; that is, a hewed log-house and barn, with shingle-roofs, the shingles being made of split and shaved oak.

The most of them had settled upon lands owned by speculators and land-jobbers, on a lease for five years, free of rent, but were bound to build such a house and barn, plant a certain number of apple and other fruit trees within the thirty acres they were bound to clear and fence into fields of not more than five acres each. If they renewed the lease, it was upon condition of paying rent, or clearing, fencing, and breaking up another specified quantity of land. They seemed not to know the advantage of cellars, but buried their vegetables and apples, if they had any, in the ground. Some had been long enough on their farms to buy them and pay for them from their produce, but yet seemed not to advance in the arts of living, or know how to use what they had, in what was called refined, or the better mode of living. In short, they lived coarse, while with the same kind of materials others lived in much better state. But they were generally a peaceable and industrious people, and as more refined people mingled in their settlements, they made advances in their modes of living.

The Shenango River lay between my home and my circuit. I visited my family once in four weeks, and to do so had to ford this river, as there was then neither bridge nor ferry at or near Newcastle. On one occasion, in crossing a ford one hundred and fifty or two hundred

yards wide, the water being up to my saddle-skirts, and very swift, my horse slipped on a smooth rock and fell, and the current was so strong that he could not rise with me on him, so I had to dismount to let him up; and then I could not rise to the saddle out of the water, and had to lead the beast some ten rods to the shore before I could remount him, and then had to ride eighteen miles in my wet clothes to reach home before I could change.

At another time I was crossing in the Winter at a narrower place, where the ice had made out from each shore, but the water was open in the middle. At the edge of the ice the water was about two or two and a half feet deep. Off this I must go at a jump, and rise the same height on the opposite side. I was there and must cross, or not reach home on that round. If I did not my wife would think me drowned in attempting to cross that river, for she knew it was between us. I went to this place expecting to find it frozen entirely over. As it was, I forced my horse off the ice, and he plunged so deep that the water came over the tops of my boots and filled them. In this plight I had to ride three miles to reach the first house, where I could change. By that time it was dark, and the water on me was frozen, and my boots were much stiffened, the water in them being nearly congealed; but I succeeded in thawing out, changing my socks, and reached home before midnight.

At another time I had an extra appointment, which required me to cross, by a ford, another branch of the Beaver River, which was one hundred and fifty yards wide at that place. The water was up to my saddle-skirts. Just below the ford the water was compressed between two rocks, not over fifty yards apart, and then tumbled down a hundred or more feet, over broken rocks, in a perfect foam. If my horse had stumbled and fallen, nothing could have saved both him

and his rider from going down the awful chasm; but the bottom proved to be smooth, and we reached the shore in safety. The congregation proved to be very small; indeed, the people, knowing that the water was high, did not expect me.

We had an appointment at Zellenople, in a Baptist church, which we occupied alternately with them, in consideration of three hundred dollars, paid by our friends toward the building of it, to be refunded when they required the whole occupancy of it.

I preached one day on a subject which led me to speak of the *third* heaven, and of the first and second, as necessarily preceding it. The first I described as being the Gospel dispensation, as in the command to "repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" the second I described as being the grace of God in a regenerated soul, as "the kingdom of God is within you;" and the third, as being the paradise of God, the abode "of the spirits of just men made perfect."

On my way from the church to the house where I lodged, I overheard the good sister say to her husband, "Brother Brunson's views of the first and second heaven are different from what I ever heard before." At this I inquired wherein. She stated; and we referred the question to the authorities, as she had a large collection of our books.

They had invited the Baptist preacher, and several other intelligent gentlemen, to dine with us on that day, and while waiting for dinner the subject came up for discussion, and the books were examined. All of them agreed in saying that the first heaven, among the Jews, meant the atmosphere, the elements of which would be melted at the burning up of the world. The second means the starry heavens; and the third the paradise of God. "Well," said I, "I must stand corrected, and am glad to be so, for I had rather be put right, if in

error, than to triumph in argument for it." In this I expressed just what were my sentiments and feelings, and what has governed me through life; and dropped the subject to converse on something else, and, probably, should never have thought more of it than simply the correction, had it not been for what followed. But the good man of the house, brother B., showed uncommon agitation of mind, and walked back and forth on the floor, as if something fearful had occurred, and I inquired for the cause of it.

"Why," said he, "I did n't expect *you* to acknowledge an error."

"Why not? Is it not better to be corrected, if in error, than to triumph in it?"

"Yes; but from what I had heard of you I did not expect it; but I honor you the more for doing so."

The explanation amounted to this: The preachers generally stopped with him in passing through the place, and frequently I was the topic of conversation, from all of which he had imbibed the idea that I was "a hard case;" that I ruled with a rod of iron; that I asked no advice, but formed my own opinions, and when formed, I was as immovable as the hills; but of this he had now the best of evidence that I was exactly the contrary, and he thought the better of me for it. He further said that they all agreed that I could preach, and for that he had asked the presiding elder to send me to the circuit, concluding to avoid any occasion for the application of the iron rod. I could but feel afflicted, but let it pass as a part of my sorrows in this world.

On the whole it was a pleasant year; and we had a respectable increase in the membership, and left the circuit in good order.

Our Conference for 1827 was held in Steubenville, Ohio. Here our difficulties from Radicalism began to make trouble, as some of our prominent preachers had

become involved in it. One of them, George Brown, had assailed Bishop Hedding, in the "Mutual Rights," a paper printed in Baltimore, in the interest of that heresy. With this there was great dissatisfaction, but how deep or wide we had then no means of deciding. Bishop George and the preachers were afraid to touch it, lest in plucking out the tares, the wheat would also be disturbed. It had been represented that a large majority of the Conference had become disaffected toward the government of the Church, hence those fears.

Owing to these fears, the Bishop, without the action of the Conference, convened a committee, who compromised the matter, and when Brown's name was called, in the examination of character, it was reported that the matter had been amicably settled. I was not satisfied, for one, and rose to ask *how* it was settled; whether he had recanted, etc.; but the frowns of the Bishop and some of the fathers induced me to desist, not knowing the strength of his party. I afterward learned that if I had proceeded the majority would have sustained me, though a storm would probably have been raised. But Bishop Hedding was not satisfied, and at the ensuing General Conference had Brown before the Episcopal Committee, where he was compelled to back-water in the case.

At this Conference delegates were elected to the General Conference, to meet at Pittsburg in 1828, in which the weakness of human nature was seen, even in ministers of the Gospel. Those who desired an election were careful to do or say nothing that would tend to losing a vote. Some who were loyal to the Church, were, nevertheless, afraid to bear upon Radicalism, though it was clearly ecclesiastical treason; and those who were tinctured with the moral disease became very loyal; hence the matter of Radicalism was lightly passed over, and some of its champions were elected to *mis-*

represent the Conference in the great sanhedrim of the Church. In another year it would not have been so; for by that time the lines had been drawn, and many who were on the fence got off upon the safe side, and when the secession took place which grew out of it, but two—Shinn and Brown—went with and headed the Radicals.

My appointment this year was in Beaver station. I met with a cold reception, owing to the old stories about my ruling with a rod of iron; but before a quarter had passed away, all those fears had subsided, and we had a gracious revival, and a pleasant and prosperous year.

In the course of the year a very singular little revival occurred near the Falls of Beaver. Two families lived near each other; in one both parents were pious; in the other the mother was, but the father was not, a professor, though friendly to religion. Each family had three girls, ranging from six to ten years of age; these six girls were in the habit of playing together, as children are wont to do. On one occasion they were assembled in a stack-yard, and a proposition was made to "play prayer-meeting," to which all assented, and the oldest in the family who had family worship, led in the devotions, and some others prayed, using such words as they had heard in the family and in prayer-meetings. The remarkable part of this adventure was, that the Good Spirit fell upon them, and all, at the same time, began to feel that they were sinners, and to weep and pray in earnest for mercy and salvation. Their cries soon reached the ears of the mothers, who, fearing that some sad accident had befallen them, ran to the place to see what was the matter. Finding their children in earnest prayer for pardoning mercy, they joined with them, and instructed them to believe that God, for the sake of Christ, would pardon them.

The result was, the whole six were happily converted

to God, and became as happy as little angels, and dinner was forgotten for some time. At length each mother took her happy children home, with streaming eyes and glad hearts, clapping their little hands and praising God.

The non-praying father, fearing the children might not understand what they were about, or might be mocking such meetings, and not liking the idea, if it was so, took his little six-year old on his knees, and asked if they were sincere in what they were doing?

"What is that, pa? What does sincere mean?"

"Why, were you in earnest? Did you *mean* it, or were you making mock of religion?"

"O, no, pa; we were not making mock of it; we would n't do such a thing. We are sincere, and in great earnest, to be sure;" and, throwing her arm about his neck, said, "O, pa, it was a *good* time; I am so happy. Pa, won't you get religion, too?"

This reached the father's heart. He could stand it no longer. The little preacher in his arms did more, under God, for him than all the divines he had ever heard; and he bowed before God in prayer, and soon after found peace, and set up the family altar. It did my soul good to receive this father and these six children into the Church, and meet them in class.

Seeing the prevalence of heresy in the garb of *Reform*, alias, Radicalism, I wrote and published "A Check to Disaffection in the Methodist Episcopal Church." But it was so mangled in the press that, whatever else it might be worth, it fell, almost still-born, into forgetfulness.

Our Conference (in 1828) met at the camp-ground, in Salem, Mercer county, Penn., in the same society out of which Bishop Roberts went into the itinerancy, and he presided in the Conference. The sessions were held in the new church near the camp-ground; the

gallery of which was filled with beds for lodging the preachers. Most of the preachers boarded in the tents, though some of them went to neighboring houses.

The regular services on the ground were kept up day and night for a week, a portion of the preachers being detailed daily to conduct them; and when not in session, or on committee, all the preachers were present.

The encampment and concourse of people were very large. To Bishop Roberts more than to any other one, this was an interesting scene. Here was the society from which he started out to preach the Gospel twenty-six years before. Here were many of his old class-mates, his brothers, sisters, and old neighbors, and their children and grandchildren, all of whom loved and respected him when among them, and honored him in his office, and felt honored by his having gone out from among them to bless the Church and the world with his distinguished services. It was in the same grove, and but a few rods from the spot where he, with others, spent their first night in the country, and, as Elliott says, supperless, because young Roberts fell asleep and suffered the squirrel to burn up. Now to see and preside over an Annual Conference on that ground, and see and meet the thousands of our Israel, and worship God together, was most grateful to his heart, and not less so to the pioneers who came to the country with him. Nor did the outsiders escape the excitement and exultation that seemed to be contagious among the people, to meet and see so distinguished a Bishop whom God had raised and taken from among them.

Holding a Conference in the woods was an experiment; and though many souls were converted, and the whole scene made a very favorable impression on the public mind, yet, both preachers and people seemed to

get weary of a week's encampment. The attention of all was so divided between the camp and the Conference, as to mar the enjoyment of both. The opinion seemed to prevail that the two together did not work so well as either would in a separate form.

At this Conference my name was placed at the head of a district, and so stood till the last night of the council, when it was changed to gratify one man. He was older than myself, but younger in the ministry; and said that he would not ride under me, but would ride over me. His object was to get the office himself. But no one except himself deemed him qualified for it; yet, to avoid a muss with him the change was made.

It struck me forcibly that such a spirit was not that of Christ nor his Gospel, and that probably he would not be long in the way; and so it turned out, for in less than four years he was in his grave, having died under circumstances which cast a shade of doubt over his future prospects. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his."

At the moment of the change, the appointments had all been made, and to change any one, almost, would start a change generally, or over a considerable extent of the Conference. There was, however, one important place yet to be supplied, the second station in the Conference, Washington, Penn., and to that my name was affixed, though it was ninety miles from home, with no prospect of moving my family to it; and thus it was read out.

This station had been filled for two years previous by Asa Shinn, the Bartimeus or champion of Radicalism. But as he was deranged, by or in consequence of his Radicalism, and sent to an Asylum, the place had been vacant for several months. It was supposed that he had affected the Church in the place by the poison of his heresy, and one object, and probably the chief

one, in my appointment, was to save the Church from secession. Shinn had labored harder to divide or carry off part or all of the Church than he had to save souls. I learned that not one solitary conversion had occurred in the two years of his ministry in the place; and he had succeeded so that one-half of the leaders, and about half of the one hundred and fifty members I found there, were tinctured more or less with the *ism*.

The place was ninety miles from home, and I should not probably remain here more than one year, and this year was one of only eleven months. To break up and move my family, therefore, would cost more than I should probably receive, and especially if a secession occurred. On consultation with my wife, it was agreed that she and the family should remain on the farm, and I would visit them as often as I could, which proved to be only three times till after the next Conference.

When I reached Washington, all things looked cool and forbidding. I learned that the reason for this was, the old stories of the iron rod. When the preachers returned from Conference, to and through that region, of course they were asked who was to be their preacher.

"Why, Brunson."

"What is he? old side or new?"

"Stiff old side."

"Well, what kind of a man is he?"

"Why, whatever don't bend before him must break. He rules with a rod of iron."

"Then," said the Radicals, "we are done for." And one of them was said to have run himself out of breath to inform the others, all of whom were said to have had a general lamentation. One of them informed me afterward, that he wept at the gloomy prospects before them.

On the other hand the loyal men, called the old

side, felt about as bad, expecting, from what they had heard, that I would tear every thing to pieces, by attempting to coerce the Radicals into quietude and obedience. Thus between the two I met with a cool reception. But being used to such things, now, after years of experience, and having invariably seen a change and cure, I began by this time to care less about it, expecting the reaction would operate in my favor.

I reached town on Saturday, preached on Sunday, twice, and called the leaders and stewards together on Monday night. After the usual business of the leaders' meeting was through, I said, "Brethren, I have understood that there is considerable uneasiness among you, as to the course I shall pursue. You have heard what is not true of me, and after proving to the contrary in every charge I have ever been in, I can but feel afflicted that my brethren in the ministry should still believe and reiterate that old slander, to my prejudice, and to the injury of my usefulness.

"I shall do by you as I have by all others over whom I have had charge. I never quarrel with any one about his private opinion. If you, or any of you, think a change in our economy would be for the better, you can think so, only that while you claim the right to think for yourselves, you allow others the same right.

"I take the Bible and the Discipline for my guide; and while you remain in the Church, though you may think some things amendable, yet I shall expect you to abide by the rules as they are, till they are amended, if that should ever be. When you think you can't do this any longer, why, just peaceably retire, and we shall not quarrel about it."

"O," said they, "if that is all, we are content; we intend to abide by the rules while we remain in the

Church, and we have no desire or design to leave it, at present, if we ever do."

I further stated to them that it was my business to save souls, and I had asked the Lord to give me one hundred this year, and I hoped they would co-operate with me in the work.

At this their countenances brightened up; they looked much more cheerful and hopeful, and agreed to board me and my horse, and pay me $200, which they did, besides making me several respectable presents. But with regard to a revival they had no faith. They had not been thus favored in seven years. They had had, they thought, more talented and popular preachers than I was, and without revivals, and were incredulous as to one now. I reminded them that God had not chosen the great and mighty, but the weak things of this world to confound the wise; and that it was "not by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," that I expected success. I was aware that a good revival was the best cure for Radicalism that could be found, and sought this as the only remedy in this case. Thank God, I was not disappointed.

In October I attended a camp-meeting at Castleman's Run, near Wellsburg, Virginia. The days were very cool, and the nights frosty. The cold seemed to affect the soul through its influence on the body. We preachers finding our weapons dull, put to the more strength, but with no effect. We effected nothing in the way of revival on the ground; but I went back to my station with a burden and travail of soul upon me, that I seldom ever felt before or since. I commenced a series of awakening discourses, which followed each other, link after link, each one apparently a little harder than its predecessor, and I perceived a yielding in the moral atmosphere, indicative of good.

There was a negro in the jail under sentence of

death for killing his master, on his way from Maryland to New Orleans, while within this county. His story was that he was a free man, and had been kidnapped, and he sought his liberty, the gift of nature. The two happened to be alone on the National road when the deed was done, and they were sufficiently distant from any house, it being before day, in the morning, for him to have hid his victim, and made his escape; but instead of that he foolishly exposed himself, and was detected and convicted.

I visited him repeatedly in his prison, but could do nothing with him. I became satisfied that he had done worse than the killing of his kidnapper. Until I made this discovery I felt a sympathy for him; but on this discovery I left him to his doom. He was impenitent, hardened, and refused to confess the killing, alleging that he had taken an oath *not* to confess, and if he should confess he had more that was worse to confess, and therefore would not begin.

On the scaffold, after prayer, he desired me to state to the thousands of people present what I thought of his case, and I could do no less than reiterate the above sentiments. I abhorred slavery, yet, while the law recognized it, we must submit to it. The taking of life, though it was to obtain freedom, was punishable by the laws, and must be submitted to, however reluctantly.

The day of the execution was early in November. It was very rainy, and the streets, though paved, were very muddy, yet thousands of women and children were tramping through it to see a poor ignorant sinner *hung*. Perhaps all had seen people die, but the novelty of seeing one hung, or die in this way, drew out, it was supposed, ten thousand people, and at least one thousand of them were the worse for liquor.

This evidence of the depravity of human nature seemed to have a powerful effect upon the moral sensi-

bilities of the community, and taking advantage of this in the pulpit, it was made by the providence of God subservient to the awakening of sinners.

The night after the execution we had a prayer-meeting in a large private room, which was crowded to inconvenience. I discovered that some were penitent; but there had not been a mourner invited up for prayers in the town for seven years, and it was doubtful whether it would succeed, if attempted. The room was so crowded that they could not pass from one part of it to another without going over the heads of others. In this state of the case, the next best thing I could do was to invite those who were resolved to seek salvation, to kneel by their seats, and the brethren and sisters next to them would talk to and pray for them. Eight arose and kneeled for prayers.

This moved our old members something as an earthquake would. The brethren and sisters talked and prayed with unwonted power. But this was in a private house. It was feared that the incubus of respectability would prevent the like operation in the Church, but we soon broke over that, and the altar was crowded with penitents.

At the first Church meeting after the revival commenced, I received two into membership, when a humorous old brother said, "Now you have got ninety-eight to get." The next Sabbath I received nine. "Now," said he, "you have got eighty-nine to get." The following Sabbath I received twenty-nine, when they stopped counting for me. In six weeks I received one hundred and thirty, and after all the deaths, removals, and sifting we had one hundred and two net increase. Two of them being emigrants to the place, left me just one hundred increase.

We had no extra meetings. On Sabbath I preached twice, following the evening services with a prayer-

meeting; Tuesday night a prayer-meeting, and Thursday night preaching and prayer-meeting. These two weekly meetings were the regular appointments of years' standing. The classes met at their regular stated times, mostly on week-days or evenings.

The work was unlike any I ever saw before. It did not begin *in* the Church, but outside of it, and bringing in the young converts, all ablaze of divine love, it set fire to the old members as a fresh fire would to old extinguished or half-extinguished fire-brands. I found the Church, when I came to it, doting upon their respectability, to which they were justly entitled, for no Church in the town could boast of a more orderly and respectable membership. But this, of itself, was not enough; they needed the holy fire in their souls to promote revivals.

Those who were tinctured with Radicalism stood aloof for a while, and said I was getting up an excitement to kill off Radicalism, tacitly acknowledging that that *ism* and revivals did not harmonize. It was true that I knew a good revival would be death to that ism; and while, in part, that was my aim, yet I had a higher object in view, which was to save souls; but if I could kill two birds with one stone so much the better.

The work was mostly among young people, having a large share of young men, all of whom I advised from the pulpit to attend class, even before they joined the Church, and told them where and when the classes met. We had one class of young men which was led by a Radical, and met at sunrise on Sunday mornings. The leader, on going to his class-room one morning, found it crowded with young converts, who were all on fire. They knew nothing of Radicalism, nor of its coldness and dead formality; nor yet of the leader's previous views and remarks about the excitement, but supposed that all who professed religion must feel as

happy and lively as they did, and related their state of mind as young converts are wont to do. Under this unexpected fire the leader caught the flame, and ran home to tell his venerable mother what he had seen, and how he felt, assuring her it was in reality the work of God. This started the old lady, who was rebaptized from above, and became as active in the meetings as a girl of sixteen. Both were effectually cured of their notions of reform in the Church. This was but a specimen of other cases, so that when the Radical preachers came to organize, as they supposed, fully one-half of the Church under their standard, they could find only six who would go with them, of two hundred and fifty members.

One wicked rum-seller told a pious sister that "they are making Methodists down at the Church as fast as you could run bullets." Another, whose apprentice was among the converts, said to a leader, "If you will keep him in the good way six months I'll give you five dollars." At the end of six months "Andy" was still on his way to heaven, and the boss paid the five dollars.

In the midst of the work Asa Shinn had recovered his reason, and came out of the Asylum, whither Radicalism had driven him, and came to visit his friends in Washington. To gratify them in part, and partly from the courtesy due to him as an old minister, I invited him to preach. He declined doing so in the morning, but consented to do so at night.

In the time of his insanity he was said to have been both profane and obscene, all of which he remembered, singular as it might seem, after recovering his reason, and thought he was responsible to God for it. Under this view he was very penitent, and was praying for pardon. His text was, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people re-

covered?" This he applied to himself, for he said he had entirely backslid in his radical movements, and if he got restored to the peace and favor of God, he would have no more to do with that ism.

After he preached I exhorted and invited the penitents to come forward for prayers, and the altar was soon filled. I asked him to pray for them, but he only prayed for himself, as if he was the greatest, if not the only sinner at the altar. He professed to find peace, but strange to tell, in two weeks from that time he was on his way to Cincinnati to preach for the seceding Radicals.

Early in the revival we had a love-feast, and I issued one hundred and thirty-two notes of admittance to persons who professed to be seeking religion, many of whom were converted, but not all.

Near the close of the revival we had another love-feast, which exceeded any thing I ever witnessed for the manifestations of the Divine presence and power. After the usual time spent in speaking, I invited penitents to the altar. Some came. I then invited all the young converts who desired a renewal of the evidence of their acceptance with God, and a general rush ensued; the altar being full, and the front seats being full, I told them to occupy the seats next, when half of the seats in the body of the house were thus appropriated.

I then directed all to kneel and pray in secret for a few minutes. In a moment a general whispering was heard, which soon rose to a general murmuring noise, unlike any thing I ever heard, when I called on a brother who was in the midst of them to pray. He raised up his head and began, but he had not uttered a dozen words before the noise amounted to a roar, very much resembling "a mighty rushing wind," and he stopped, as he could not be heard five feet from him.

The noise grew louder and louder till it became deafening, and one after another rose, not with boisterous shouts, for no one spoke above his or her natural voice, but all had the same to tell, and that was, "O, I am so happy; O, I am so happy!" and without any direction or design, the young men drew out from the seats into the aisle on their side of the house, and gathered round each other, the tallest in the center, then the next tallest, and so on till the shortest were on the outside, forming a human pyramid, and swinging back and forth, all saying, "O, I 'm so happy; O, I 'm so happy!"

In the mean time the young sisters got into a similar pyramid on their side of the house, their bonnets and combs being piled up in the windows by the elder sisters—the house being built of brick the window-sills were wide—their long hair was flowing and swinging with their gentle swinging motion, and all were exclaiming, "O, I 'm so happy; O, I 'm so happy!"

The old members stood amazed, though they felt exceedingly happy in themselves, yet not having ever seen any thing like it before, they stood amazed. One, an Irish leader, came to me as I stood in the altar drinking deep in the joy and happiness of the occasion, and said to me, "O, brother, won 't they hurt themselves?"

"No; it is God's work, and he never hurt any one. I never knew one to be hurt by such exercises."

"O, but I never see the like of it in my life, neither here nor in my own country. I 'm afraid they 'll hurt themselves."

"There is no danger, brother, the Spirit of God is at work, the Holy Ghost has descended and fallen upon us like a rushing mighty wind."

"Well, it seems to be so. But I 'm afraid they 'll hurt themselves."

To please him and allay his fears, I attempted to speak from the altar, and requested them, if they could, without marring their own enjoyment, or grieving the Spirit, to hold in a little. But though I could cover ten thousand people with my voice, in the open air, I could not be heard twenty feet from me, and I desisted.

I then went to the young men and said, "I am glad to see you so happy, but if you can, without grieving the Spirit, I would rather not have quite so much noise." Those next to me threw their arms round me, and I had to swing with them. I could no more stop or check their motion than I could that of the wind. I was as powerless when clasped by them, and thus attached to the pyramid, as an infant, and they appeared not to hear me, but continued their exclamation, "O, I 'm so happy!"

Finding I could do nothing there, I by hard pulling got clear of their grasp, and went to the young sisters with the same request. But with no other result; they, also, reiterating the same words, "O, I 'm so happy!" From this I returned to the altar, and taking my seat, contemplated the scene before me. I was as certain as of my existence that there was more noise in the house than was made by the voices of the people. For no one spoke loud; there was no shouting, no jumping, nor ranting. Every motion was gentle and slow, and I could see nothing in the gestures or voices of those present, to cause such a deafening roar, so much resembling that of a very high wind, or the roaring of mighty waters over a cataract.

My Irish leader could not keep his school the next day, he was so amazed and so fearful that the young converts, and especially the young sisters, had injured their health by their exercises the night before, and he went from house to house where any of them lived, and found all in good health and spirits, never so well,

and never so happy in all their lives. He then came to me to report the result of his inquiries, and express his gratitude to God for the wonderful display of his saving power and grace.

As the revival was slackening, and mourners ceased to come forward, though the same means were still in use, some who were faithless when I first spoke of the hundred souls for which I had asked the good Lord, now began to wonder why I did not ask for two hundred, or five hundred. I replied that I asked for as many as I had faith for. The fact was, when at prayer for success in my new charge, I felt an impression from the Divine Spirit that God would give me one hundred souls that year, and I asked him to do so.

In February, 1829, General Andrew Jackson, who had been elected President of the United States, on his way from Tennessee to Washington City, to take his seat on the 4th of March ensuing, came through Washington, Penn., and spent a Sabbath there. The Presbyterians and the Methodists were the two most prominent denominations in the place, and in each Church the President-elect had admirers and opponents. His admirers, of course, paid their respects to him, and invited him to attend worship at their respective churches. To gratify both as much as possible, he attended worship at the Presbyterian church in the morning, and at the Methodist at night.

The great parade, and cavalcade escort he received into town, on Saturday, made me think of man-worship. Nor was it less visible at church, for when he came to the door some of our prominent brethren, who had voted for him, met him, and escorted him to the altar, and seated him in an easy chair inside of the railing, with Judge Baldwin, who accompanied him, by his side. The house was crowded, of course, by many who never attended at other times.

I had engaged a visiting brother to preach for me that night, but he declined when he found the old General was to attend, and left it to me. My text was, "Now then we are embassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." I made no allusions to him, nor any apologies, but preached as if he had not been there; indeed, I preached to him as I would to any other sinner. As I came down out of the pulpit, after the benediction, Judge Baldwin tendered me the General's thanks "for my excellent and appropriate discourse." Such thanks are matters of course, whether he liked it or not.

The next day, being the 23d, I started to visit my family. The weather was soft, the snow melting, and the roads bad. About noon the weather suddenly changed to severe cold, and the wet snow and mud that splashed on to my horse's legs froze thereto. In a short time they were so incumbered and benumbed that it was difficult for him to travel, and he stumbled and fell, throwing me off on the down-hill side.

In the fall my saddle-bags fell over on to me, and the loop through which the stirrup-leather passed caught over my spur, and held my foot fast in the stirrup. The horse struggled, and attempted to rise; if he had done so I should have been heels upward, and if he had struggled and floundered, or taken fright and run, I should have been killed; but he obeyed my gentle and soothing "whoa," and lay still till I got my foot clear from the stirrup, when, at my bidding, he rose, and I again mounted him.

I reached the Ohio River at Georgetown, forty miles, but at too late an hour to cross that night, and the next morning the river, up which General Jackson and suite sailed but three days before, was now full of running ice. It was late in the day, and at the risk of life at

that, before I could reach the other shore; but once over I reached home in safety, to stay a week, after an absence of three months.

In the course of this year I married W. Long, one of my leaders, to his amiable and pious wife, the oldest issue of which marriage was afterward a missionary in Bulgaria. The father has, for many years, been a worthy member of the Pittsburg Conference. Out of that revival, I have been informed, some six or eight preachers, traveling and local, have honored the Church and blessed the world.

The year, on the whole, was a very pleasant one, except the long absence from home. When, as is usual at the close of the year, the question came up as to my return for a second term, those who were so frightened at my coming now desired my return. They said if I was the hardest "old side" case in the Conference, they saw no necessity for a "reform," to get rid of *tyranny* in the government of the Church.

While in Washington, as I have stated, I succeeded Asa Shinn, the champion of Radicalism. In the General Conference of 1828, when the able and unanswerable report of Doctor (afterward Bishop) Emory was presented, in which Radicalism received a quietus, Shinn moved for its adoption, and the printing of five thousand copies for gratuitous circulation. This motion was regarded a most singular one, and bore that cognomen as long as it was remembered.

After Shinn went to Cincinnati, as heretofore stated, and took charge of the secessionists there, he came out with a pamphlet defense of his "singular motion," in which he attempted to justify it, by saying that he wanted to get it into print that he might refute it, and attempted its refutation.

This defense I reviewed in the "Itinerant," a semi-monthly journal, edited, in part, by Dr. T. E. Bond, in

Baltimore, over the signature of "Silas Hopewell." I also wrote several other articles for the same paper, in opposition to Radicalism.

The "Itinerant" came to Washington, of course, and those tinctured with Radicalism read the review, and the other articles, but could not imagine who "Silas Hopewell" was. At length one article contained an allusion to some facts having a local bearing, when a suspicion rose that the veritable "Silas Hopewell" must live in or near that place. Charles (now Dr.) Cook, of the Pittsburg (now Philadelphia) Conference, who had been upon the fence on this Radical question, undertook to ferret out the writer. He came to my room, and so questioned me that I was obliged to "own up," or deny the truth; the latter I would not do, and, of course, confessed the authorship. He made no objections, nor attempted any reply to my arguments; but as soon as the mail could convey the intelligence, either from him or some one to whom he told the wonderful discovery, to George Brown, he published it in the "Mutual Rights," with, apparently, as much rejoicing as if he had discovered a rich mine, or great fortune; just as if the name of the writer made any difference in the force of the argument.

The Pittsburg Conference for 1829 met in Wheeling, Va. For some years the sitting of Conference with closed doors had been laid aside, and friend and foe had been permitted to listen to our discussions. But an occurrence at this Conference brought up the question of returning to the ancient usage in the matter, and admit none but members, not even probationers, local preachers, or lay members. The case alluded to was this: A boatman on the Ohio River who made a short stop at the landing, and hearing that the Methodist Conference was in session, thought he would take a look at the black coats.

The subject upon the tapis when he came, and to which he listened perhaps five or ten minutes, was an objection to a preacher who was a great horse-trader, as being derogatory to the character of a minister of the Gospel. The boatman, on returning to his boat, was asked what they were doing at the Conference.

"O," said he, "they are trying a preacher."

"What is the charge against him?"

"O, I don't know, I believe it's a woman scrape."

This reaching the ear of some sensitive old brother, he moved to sit with closed doors. The motion met with strong opposition, and was modified so as to admit probationers, local preachers, and lay members, but to exclude all who were not members of the Church, of some grade. This carried, and for one day was observed, when it was discovered that we had *friends* who were not members, and yet took great interest in our affairs, who, under the rule, must be excluded. This was doing a greater evil to guard against a less one, which would probably not occur once in an age—a misrepresentation of such a foolish and glaring character, as to refute itself, and the rule was dropped, and became a dead letter on the record.

On the Sunday of this Conference, it fell to me to preach in the Protestant Episcopal Church, the pastor of which was what is called Low Church, or who believed and taught experimental religion; and to aid him, I preached upon, and explained the doctrine of justification by faith and the witness of the Spirit, which seemed to be relished much by both the pastor and his flock.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT the Wheeling Conference (1829) I was appointed to New Lisbon circuit, to follow George Brown, who was another champion of Radicalism, and had tried to carry off the whole circuit, containing seven or eight hundred members with him, when he seceded. W. C. Henderson, a valuable brother, was my colleague, and truly a helpmate.

Our circuit lay in Columbiana county, Ohio, having one or two appointments in the edge of Pennsylvania, near Greensburg, now Darlington. Brown had, at one time, got the whole circuit to secede with him and join the Radicals. But the women were said to be the first to awake, and roused up the men to inquire what they had been doing. The result was they disannulled what they had done, and remained in the Church. Brown then tried his skill on the principal society which was in New Lisbon, seventy or eighty strong, and succeeded in getting them to agree to go, and left the circuit in this plight.

The same old and stale stories of "the rod of iron" preceded me here, and the people expected a regular war, a hand-to-hand combat; and if the Radical preachers had just then come on, probably they would have succeeded in getting the most if not all of this large society. But instead of its being an injury to me and our cause, the reaction worked for our good; for they got to see that if I was the hardest case in the Conference, they had nothing to fear from the oppressions or tyrannies of the preachers.

In their agreement to go, they had forgotten to withdraw from the Church, and I found their names

on the Church records as yet in the membership. I reminded them of this forgetfulness, and told them that I should throw my arms around them, and act as their pastor, till such times as they regularly withdrew; but advised them to look before they took a leap in the dark. If they really wished to go from us, they could do so; there was no compulsion; they came in voluntarily, and they remained in on the same principle. And they concluded to remain awhile and see how things would work.

There is and can be nothing meaner and more contemptible, than for men to eat the bread of the Church, and be clothed by her generosity, and then use the strength derived therefrom, and also the influence of the position she gave them to corrupt, pervert, and ruin the very Church that did this. It is exactly in keeping with the course pursued by the leaders in the present pro-slavery rebellion in the Southern States. But bad, nay, as horrible as it is, the charge justly lies at the door of the said George Brown in this circuit.

The Church in New Lisbon was properly secured to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of course could not be taken if they went from us. The seating had not yet been done; only loose boards to sit upon. I proposed to have it finished, and called a meeting of the trustees to make arrangements for it. This brought matters to a crisis. They must now go, or stay. If they went, they could not be trustees nor act as such, and would not give their money to finish the house, and then leave it.

They gave me no decisive or positive answer, and I left them to consider. After I left they consulted together. One said, "I have always understood that Brunson is the hardest case in the Conference; the stiffest 'old-side' stickler, and that he rules with a rod of iron, and whatever do n't bend before him must break;

but if his course among us so far is a specimen of the tyranny we have heard so much about—and we know that he was sent here to cure us of Radicalism, or put us out of the Church—I for one am not going to leave." "Nor I, nor I," went round the meeting, and before I got round again they had commenced to finish the church.

And when C. Springer came on to take charge of what he supposed, from the representations made by Brown, was one of their best stations, they promptly told him they should not leave their mother to go with strangers of whom they knew nothing; and he succeeded in getting only three on the whole circuit, of near eight hundred members, and they had neither money nor influence, and were never more looked after, at least while I was in that region, which was several years, off and on.

In New Lisbon were then about twenty-five hundred souls, and a Campbellite preacher by the name of Scott, commonly called "Campbell's recruiting Sergeant," from his activity and success in proselyting people to a water mode of salvation. He taught school for a living, and preached on Sundays. He was one of those harum-scarum kind of men, who are reckless, daring, and browbeating in manner and habit, and a kind of dare-devil.

He was in the habit of challenging all who dissented from his views, and doing it, too, in such a braggadocio style that no one had dared to accept his challenge. It was said that one Methodist preacher had determined to accept the challenge and meet him, and went to his meeting to do so; but on the way met a Presbyterian minister, who persuaded him not to do it. Both, however, went to hear Scott, who challenged them both, or either of them, before the audience, but neither accepted it. This course of events seemed to impress the public mind with the idea that Scott must

have the best of the argument, or surely some one would meet and refute him.

I had never come in contact with the Campbellites directly, though they were flourishing considerably within the range of my travels, and I had met Campbell himself once or twice. My views were to live and let live; to allow others the same rights and privileges of worship that I claimed for myself. So, in reference to that people, I adopted the advice of Gamaliel to the Jewish Sanhedrim, to let them alone. If the work was of God, I knew that I could not overthrow it, and if it was of man—which I believed to be the case—it would come to naught of itself.

But a local preacher of my charge, who was raised a Quaker, had no definite ideas of baptism. He received that ordinance by effusion on coming into the Church, because it was our rule; but had never inquired into the subject, as to its nature, design, mode, or the subjects of it, and hearing so much said about it by the Campbellites, as if it was the only way to heaven, he became somewhat interested in the matter, and desired Scott to preach on the subject; which he did on a Sunday night when I was in town. He gave notice at his morning service of the intended discourse, and that it was at the request of a Methodist preacher, whom he expected to baptize—meaning by immersion—that night.

This, of course, drew out a crowd, and I among the rest, for I thought if he was thus encroaching upon my charge, it was time for me to stand on the defensive. I took notes of the discourse, and gave out that I would reply to it when I came round again in four weeks. He did not, however, baptize the preacher that night.

There were but very few who took any notice of me or my appointment. The fact was Scott had bragged

and browbeat every body so unmercifully upon the subject, that not only the public, but our membership generally, thought it would be dangerous for a man to fall into his hands. And my principal steward was so sure that I should fall before this Goliah, that he objected to my replying to him, alleging that there had been as able, and, as he thought, abler men of our and other Churches there, than I was, who dared not grapple with him, and he thought it temerity in me to do so; and when the time came for me to preach it, he found an excuse to stay at home, rather than suffer the mortification of seeing me floored by my antagonist.

When the time came round, I gave out at the morning service that I should reply to Scott at three o'clock that afternoon. But the congregation was small. The Methodists were not all out, nor many outsiders, and but few Campbellites.

The common burden of discourse with the immersionists is, "one faith, one *baptism*," and I began by declaring that the Scriptures taught and recognized *seven* kinds of baptism, and said, "If I do not prove it, book, chapter, and verse, you may brand me for a novice." Their strong ground lay in the idea of there being but *one* baptism, which they applied to the *mode;* and if I could prove more than one, it would knock their foundation out, and their building must fall. As a consequence all eyes were fixed upon me, and every ear was open to hear what I said.

By the time I had proved *three* of them, I could feel in the moral atmosphere of the house that the congregation, generally, yielded assent to my position; that the Campbellites who were present, cowered and sunk before the truths presented, and what few people were present seemed to me to be like so many blocks of wood upon a calm pond, ready to go which ever way the wind blew; and by the time I had proved the seven

kinds of baptism, all eyes, except the Campbellites, whose heads were down, seemed to dance in their sockets for joy; and all that followed in a discourse of near two hours in length, seemed to be readily received and believed.

When I had closed and dismissed the congregation the local preacher, and what few members were present, came around me as they never had before. The preacher said if they had had such preaching before, the Campbellites would never have got the foothold they had.

When my frightened steward heard how I came out, he regretted exceedingly that he had not been present. A Doctor of Medicine, not a professor of religion, but of Presbyterian proclivities, went through the streets swearing that the discourse was as strong as the everlasting hills, and he would give twenty dollars for a copy of it. All except the Campbellites were so excited with joy that they could neither sit nor stand still. The brother with whom I lodged, when he got home, walked the floor back and forth, and wondered why they had never had such preaching before. If this had been done, the immersionists would not have overridden every thing and every body as they had. And it would seem, from what followed, that the news of the discourse was all over the town that night, for the next morning, as I rode out of town, most of the people who saw me, including the boys in their shop-doors, looked good-naturedly at me.

I left word that as we had had turn about, if he would quit I would; but if he preached again on the subject I would blow him sky-high, and engaged an intelligent brother to take notes if he did preach.

I was informed that Scott's members who were present to hear me, told him that he must reply, and do something too, or his cause was prostrate in that place;

and to save that, he gave out the next Sunday morning that at night he would answer my discourse. The excitement was now up to such a pitch that he had a crowded house; but he made a perfect failure, so much so that his friends hung their heads, and others were disgusted. He did not answer a single argument of mine, nor attempt to do so, but pleaded for peace and a cessation of the controversy. He said that the Methodists and the Baptists were the nearest alike of any of the Christian denominations, and they should not quarrel; they had but little religion, but more than any other professors in the town. As for the Presbyterians, he said, they "were hooted at. The lawyers," he continued, "were the best Christians in town, and as a proof of it, he said they would, though pitted against each other, assist each other at the bar in hunting up their authorities." A wonderful sign of piety!

At the time of my next round my quarterly-meeting came off, and I had to preach the Friday night before. As our church was being finished, and could not be occupied, and if it could, it was not deemed to be large enough to hold the expected congregation, as the whole town was now on tiptoe to hear the controversy, so our friends secured the court-house for the occasion.

When I entered the house, it was through a dense crowd, and hundreds were standing about the doors and open windows. A dozen or so of lawyers and doctors were seated round the counsel table, with lights, pens, ink, and paper to take notes, and Scott, with a pile of books, occupied one end of the table. I saw at a glance the responsibility that rested upon me. If I fell before this Goliah of Campbellism, our cause was gone for that place; if he fell, the salvation of the world by grace instead of water, would be more hopeful. But believing that our cause was the cause of God,

I raised my heart to him for help, and I trust had it. The responsibility that I felt resting upon me produced a kind of inward fever, and I called for some water, which was at once produced.

I opened by reading and singing the hymn beginning with,

"Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For, O, the wolf is nigh."

As I read the last line I looked down upon Scott, and a wag afterward said that he was so scared that his ears lopped, under the withering allusion.

I took up the same subject as before, only greatly enlarged. I had written out over one hundred texts, at full length, with book, chapter, and verse, so as to make no mistake. I replied to his plea for charity by remarking that his system had no charity for others, for he preached that baptism by immersion, for the remission of sin, was essential to salvation. If it was so, then all infants must be lost, for them he would not baptize; and all Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Quakers, and, indeed, the old-fashioned Baptists, (who, by the way, were a respectable people compared with these Campbellites,) and were baptized on profession of faith, not to wash away their sins; all, all, must go, head and heels, into hell, because they had not been put, head and heels, into the water by a Campbellite preacher, for the remission of their sins; and if this is a specimen of the gentleman's charity, I say, with the Churchman, "from such, good Lord, deliver us."

His commendation of the lawyer's religion reminded me of the unjust steward, in the parable, who expected to be ousted from his office, and defrauded his employer to secure the friendship of his debtors; and so, it seemed to me, this champion of error, fearing his old friends

and adherents would cast him off, wished to make friends somewhere, but I had too high a respect for the gentlemen of the bar to think for a moment that such a bait would take with them.

I said, further, that I had been informed that the gentleman had been baptized three times; first, when an infant, in the Presbyterian Church; second, by the Baptist, on profession of faith, and that his sins had been pardoned; and third, after he had fallen into this Campbellite delusion of washing away sin by water. A lady in this town—she was then present—suggested to him that baptism was *for* the remission of sins, and that his former baptism, meaning among the old Baptists, was on profession of faith, and not for the remission of sin, and, therefore, was not valid, and asked him if it was. He saw at once that if his present doctrine was true his former baptism on profession of faith was not good; and so he said he would go at once and be baptized *for* the remission of sin. Away he and sixteen others went, down to the Little Beaver Creek, one cold night in February, and one of them first put our hero under the water *for* the remission of *his* sins, and then he turned round and did the same service for the sixteen others, all of whom had been previously immersed on their profession of having obtained from God the remission of their sins, but by this act denying it.

Now, said I, this man had been preaching to you before this as a minister of Christ, professing to have obtained pardon from God; but by this act he virtually acknowledged that he had lied when he made that profession; and what evidence have you that he tells you the truth now? Once guilty, twice suspected, is the old adage. If he never obtained pardon except in his baptism that cold night, I will assure you that he is yet in his sins; and if he came to you before with false professions, what assurance have you that he is not false now?

Further, it is a part of their creed that the baptizer must have been first baptized for the remission of *his* sins, before he can confer, or impart, remission to others. To say nothing of the question as to who baptized the first one for this purpose, or where this tirade had its beginning, in this case the person who baptized our hero was not so baptized till after he performed the office for him; and if the remission depended upon the right baptism of the baptizer, then our hero's sins were not remitted, after all, nor were the sins of those he baptized.

I occupied about two and a half hours, and the people were very attentive and patient. I then gave him an opportunity to reply, if he chose to do so, and the first thing he attempted was to get rid of my remarks upon his charity. He demanded of me my authority for saying that he preached that baptism was essential to salvation?

I replied, "By common report, and from your books."

"That is not sufficient. I must have better evidence than that. Is there any gentleman here who *dares* witness that he ever heard me preach it? If there is, I 'll make him prove it to-morrow morning before the magistrate."

At this more than twenty spoke out, and said that they had heard him preach it. One of them rose to his feet and said, "Sir, I heard you preach it; and you said, further, that if the angel Gabriel were to preach any other doctrine you would spit in his face."

At this he quailed; but said nothing more about making them prove it before the magistrate.

"Now, sir," said I, "to settle this question, will you *now* say that baptism *is not* essential to salvation? Will you admit that persons may obtain pardon for sin, and be saved, without being baptized?"

"No," he said he would not; and went on, in his way, to prove that it *was* essential.

At this half or two-thirds of the congregation left the house; though he kept hobbling along for half an hour, the people were constantly dropping off and leaving, and he sat down; whereupon I arose and said, that as he had said nothing to require a rejoinder, I should dismiss the audience with the benediction, and did so.

It was amusing and interesting, the next morning, to see the groups of men in the streets discussing the question in debate; but it was a death-blow to Campbellism in that place, for at least two years. I was informed that its adherents wrote to Campbell himself to come and save his cause, but he declined; and it was two years before they could make any show for a big meeting there.

I was now in for the war, and was called on to preach the same discourse all round the country where Campbellism had gained any foothold, and with the same effect. The call for this discourse was not confined to my circuit for this year, but for three years after, and on as many different circuits, where the fame of it had gone, I was called on to preach it, and invariably, as I was informed, with a similar effect. Nothing but my removal to fields of labor beyond the reach and influence of the *ism*, seemed to limit the call.

They are a people who use much sarcasm; indeed, this seems to be their chief weapon. They talk flippantly about baby sprinkling, etc., and, in accordance with the direction of Solomon, to "answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit," and also, with "the mete that ye measure it shall be measured to you again," so I dealt them blows of their own coining. I told them that "it was a strange coincidence that when the devil got into the hogs they ran violently down the mountain into the sea; and when

Campbellism got into the people, they ran down the hill into a brook, or mill-pond. I do not say that the devil is in them, but I say it is a wonderful coincidence."

At one of our quarterly-meetings, this year, held in the Quaker meeting-house in Salem, while I was preaching, at three o'clock, P. M., on the general judgment, it so happened that a tremendous thunder-storm came over the place. The house was crowded and warm, the doors and windows having to be kept shut, to keep out the storm, and the noise of the thunder outside required loud speaking inside to be heard; but the scene outside tended to make the scene inside of the house the more impressive, and though it was not equal to the similar scene with Benjamin Abbott, yet several were said to have been awakened under the discourse, who sought and found pardoning mercy; one of whom recently died not far from my residence, in the triumphs of faith.

In the course of this year, myself and colleague gathered money, and distributed twenty-five thousand pages of tracts among our people. We had no general revivals, but now and then a conversion, so that, in the end, we had not only made up for the loss by deaths, expulsions, and removals, but had a respectable increase in the membership, besides saving them from the delusions of Radicalism.

I also continued my communications to the "Itinerant," so as to have one on hand for each number, once in two weeks, most of the year. The circuit had thirty-three appointments, which were filled once in four weeks by each of us. They were so arranged as to be filled in three weeks and one day, leaving me one week out of the four, between Sundays, to visit my family, by going home on Monday, thirty-three miles, and returning on Saturday, twenty-seven miles.

I read and wrote so much this year that, notwithstanding the amount of travel and preaching I had to

do, the dyspepsia bore down upon me with a heavy hand, and I became so enfeebled that I could not sit up all day. I would get off the bed or lounge, and ride to my appointment and preach, and then take to my bed again. At last, coming near New Lisbon, on Friday, after preaching, I rode five miles, into town, and consulted Dr. M'Cook, the most celebrated physician in that place. He said there was no use in taking large doses of medicine; they would give temporary relief by stimulating the digestive organs to excess, and then the reaction would leave them worse than before. The disease consisted entirely of weakness in the digestive organs, and the only remedy of any use, permanently, was gentle tonics, thrown into the stomach in small doses, just enough to assist Nature in performing her natural functions. If necessary, he said to chew a little rhubarb and swallow it, and chew and swallow gentian-root, and take small doses of quinine in substance.

I said, "Doctor, my spirits get low; can 't you give me something to keep them up?"

"O, that belongs to your complaint; for a temporary relief, use a little brandy."

"I do n't like that; is there nothing else that will do as well?"

"Why, your creed will let you use it for medicine."

"Yes, but if there is any thing else that will do as well, I would rather use it."

"Well, use horse-radish, then."

I went to my lodgings and called for some horse-radish, and the good brother soon procured a supply, and when grated and mixed with vinegar, a table-spoonful, if there was acid on my stomach, would neutralize it, and it operated like so much epsom salts; but if there was no acid, such effect would not occur. I used it at supper on Friday, and three times at meals on Saturday, and on Sunday. I improved so

fast that on Sunday I preached twice, and met class; and on Monday rode home, thirty-three miles. I found that this was the remedy for me, and when the radish could not be had, the vinegar, diluted with water, answered nearly as well. I soon could eat any farmer's food, and by observing what I could eat without bad effects, and eating that only, abstaining from that which injured me, by this mode of living I have kept the disease at bay till this time.

Sugar in tea and coffee, and the fat of pork did not and does not yet agree with me; other meats relish and set well. If I use sweet things, I must take vinegar to neutralize it.

I had used the pipe for thirteen years, by direction of a physician, for my throat, to promote expectoration, but my doctor now told me I must quit it. If I would smoke only three or four times a day, I might continue. "But you will do more, and, therefore, you must quit it altogether." I did so, and for seven years did not taste of tobacco. But after I came to Wisconsin, my throat complaint returned on me with more violence than before. For three weeks I could not speak above a whisper. At length my wife, who smoked, brought me a pipe lighted, and said I *should* smoke. I did so, and was soon relieved; and except at a few intervals of a few months each, I have continued to use the pipe till this day from necessity.

In 1830 our Conference met at Uniontown, Penn. At that session we had some trouble about Madison College, located in that town. Henry B. Bascom had been its President, but was so unpopular in the office that it became necessary for a change. He had mingled largely with the Radicals, and was said to be the author of their declaration of independence. He was certainly a scholar, but not being a graduate of a college, a feeling among graduates, similar to the "Red

Tape" system of the army, which excludes any but West-Pointers from promotion or special favor, if possible, seemed to prevail. But above all a lack of financial skill, in his own or in public affairs, by which the concern was hopelessly in debt, and owing to the state of things named, there were serious objections among our people to contribute to sustain the College.

The matter was discussed and debated for two days in the Board of Trustees, when Bascom, seeing that he was in the way, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and the debate ceased. This year the Conference met there, and in the college building, with a view, if possible, to save it. But the backset it had received continued its downward motion, and the College passed out of our hands.

The College was got up by our Conference to supply a growing demand of our people for the means of education under our own influences. Many of our people were in circumstances, and had the taste and inclination to give their sons and daughters liberal educations. Having seen many of the children of Methodist parents, who were educated under other doctrinal influences than our own, and come from college or the academy alienated from the Church of their parents, our people called for schools and colleges under our own patronage and control, and to meet this demand this College was got up; and though it failed, yet we were on the lookout for another, in which we succeeded a few years after.

My appointment this year (1830) was to Youngstown circuit, with Thomas Carr for a colleague. This circuit included my home, and I being well known among the people, none of the iron-rod stories were afloat. Radicalism was rampant in some parts of it, which, I suppose, was the principal reason for my appointment, though accommodation, after three years

of distant appointments, probably had something to do with it.

In the village of Youngstown, where the Radicals had the greatest foothold, we had two churches. The old one of some years standing becoming too small, a new one was built. The Radicals were working their machinery to get the old one, if not the new one, but I headed them off by getting up a petition to the Legislature for an act to authorize the trustees to sell the old one, and put the avails of it into the new, and the bill was passed and became a law before the Radicals had any knowledge of what was going on. When they heard of it, they tried to raise a fuss and got up a remonstrance to the Legislature; but they were too late for one thing, the bill had become a law. Another thing was, they had withdrawn from the Church, and, of course, had no interest in or claim on the property, so that no action was had upon it. When they found their failure, they turned upon me with their maledictions; but as our rights were secured, and nothing more, I had done them no harm. By leaving the Church they had surrendered all the rights they ever had in it. This question settled, we attended to our own business and let them wax and wane, as is natural for such wild vagaries.

In Canfield, Radicalism had got some foothold, though it had not yet ripened into secession, but, as a natural consequence, religion was at a very low ebb. Half, or more, of our young folks had backslid, though they yet retained the form of religion.

An aged and venerable brother, a local preacher, who gave the ground on which the church was built, had, as he thought, foreseen the possible secession, and feeling a little inclined to go with the seceders, if a respectable number went off, had varied the form of the deed from that of the Discipline, by inserting "the Methodist Episcopal Church on Youngstown circuit,"

instead of "the United States." He supposed that his personal influence would carry the circuit with him. When he found that the circuit, as a whole, would not go off with the Radicals, he would not go, as he could not take the Church with him. But his low state of religion seemed to affect the whole society.

At a quarterly-meeting in the church on Sunday night, I was put up to exhort after the sermon. I never rose in a pulpit with such a sense of the responsibilities of my charge resting upon me, and the worth of souls. A power from the eternal world rested upon me, and seemed like fire in my bones, and in my soul; what I said was the outflowing of such feelings. Being accompanied by the Divine blessing, a solemn and powerful sense of the Divine presence pervaded the assembly. Many trembled and wept. Some broke out in sobs and cries, and a sensible movement was visible in the congregation. When I invited penitents to the altar, about thirty came forward, the most of whom were our backslidden young folks, and about twenty were reclaimed and several converted that night, and a good work continued in the place for some time. This was death to Radicalism in that place, and we had no more trouble from that source.

The next day our local brother went to a good sister whose daughter was among the reclaimed, and said something against the revival as being only an excitement got up to kill off "reform;" thus tacitly admitting that "reform," improperly so called, and revivals of religion, did not harmonize. But the good sister, who had been leaning that way, seeing this, broke out, "If your new scheme is opposed to revivals and the saving of souls, I will have nothing more to do with it." This was a quietus, and the mistaken brother said no more about his favorite hobby, for he soon found the society generally agreed with the good sister.

The usual routine of duties, meetings, etc., went on with good success throughout the year. Just before Conference we held a camp-meeting in Ellsworth of the higher order. No rowdies disturbed us, and the religious exercises were of a highly devotional character. A large number of respectable outsiders attended with their converted friends, for a little pleasant pastime, and a social interview with friends and acquaintances. Times had greatly changed in a few years. So many of the higher classes of society had become Methodists, that their unconverted friends, if they formerly felt a spirit of opposition, were now disarmed; and out of respect to friends, if from no higher motives, behaved respectfully at our meetings, and rather sided with us.

Among the outsiders were five professed infidels. As "birds of a feather flock together," so with them. They watched the motion of things. They saw some of their friends converted, and heard them tell of their happiness from the change that had occurred, the evidence of which was so clear and strong, even aside of their own word for it, that they could not question it. They also saw and heard the professions of happiness from their friends who had been some time professors of the religion we preached, and in whom they had confidence at home or abroad.

On Saturday evening, while a powerful and good work was in progress, they, as usual, were sitting together trying to philosophize upon this change in man's moral nature, which was so frequently occurring before their eyes, and which they could no more deny than they could deny their senses, but they could come to no satisfactory conclusion. One of them was an eminent physician of my own name, though not near enough related to claim any kinship; he knew of no law of our physical nature upon which to account for it.

This left it on supernatural grounds, and no other; but this they had so long indulged in reasoning against, that they were unwilling to yield the point without some reasons more potent in their view than those they had been in the habit of hearing. What should they do? Facts, which are "stubborn things," were against them. Their former reasonings could not solve the mystery. If it was *natural*, they knew of no law by which to explain it, and if it was really supernatural, they were in a dangerous error.

In this extremity one of them said, "Those people are evidently happier than we are, and enjoy themselves better than we do. If it *is* delusion, as we have supposed, yet they have decidedly the advantage of us, for they are happier than we are. If they are right, we are wrong, and the sooner we know it the better; and I propose to submit to the preachers some points that stand in our way, with a request that one of their ablest men preach on them."

To this they all agreed. After consultation, they drew up the following five points:

1. The divinity of Christ.
2. The immortality of the soul.
3. The resurrection of the dead.
4. Faith without reason for it.
5. The real nature of the Christian religion.

They placed this paper in the hands of a preacher, who handed it to me in the tent. Silence kept request. me, as if spell-

I inquired who they were; but hard they wondered to give their names then, thor in the west, not being afterward. watched my four friends,

"Are they respectable pe limb, but looked as if light, or are they captious r upon them, for life or their smartness, by what erward that the sun

"They are of the mc aw that it was time

country, and some of them are connected with families of our Church. They seem to be badly staggered by what they have seen and heard on the ground, but their old views and reasonings on these points stand in their way, and if they can be so explained as to satisfy them, they will probably embrace religion and be saved."

Upon this report of the case, I concluded that they ought to be gratified, and directed that they be so informed; that a sermon upon these points would be preached the next day, Sunday, at some hour to be fixed upon, and that they should be informed.

As brother Eddy was the presiding elder, I submitted the matter to him to preach it; but he utterly refused, saying, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they believe though one rose from the dead."

"But I understand that these are respectable men, are half convinced now, and if we can remove the difficulties that are in their way, we may save them."

"Well, if you have a mind to do so, you can, but I won't." This, perhaps, was for the best; for though brother Eddy was an able preacher, he had no taste or tact for such controversy. His forte was in explaining and enforcing the precepts of the Gospel and advocating experimental religion.

As the meeting was on my own charge, I felt some work was preaching the discourse myself, when there together try distinguished visiting brethren present. man's moral nat I to do it, but all declined. Brother before their eyes, a hen rather young, but his contro- than they could deny t somewhat developed; but he to no satisfactory co each at three o'clock and I at eminent physician of m was deemed the most suit- enough related to claim a exchange hours with me. law of our physical nature u his preaching myself. I

must confess that I felt nothing loth, for I had no misgivings as to the result.

At the close of the morning service it was announced, and all were invited to be present who had any doubts on these subjects. This probably detained hundreds who usually leave the ground at or before the hour of three o'clock, P. M. There was no sensible diminution of the congregation from that of the morning service. Brother Eddy having no taste for such controversy took his Bible and went to the woods to read and pray, and did not hear the discourse.

At the hour all the other preachers were on the stand or about it. Just back of the congregation sat, on a seat by themselves, four gentlemanly-looking young men—the fifth, the physician, had been called away to set a broken arm for a passenger in a *Sunday*-going stage, which had upset. I took them to be the inquirers, and pitched my voice just loud enough for them to hear distinctly. I afterward learned that there were some dozen or twenty of similar skeptical views on the ground, who remained to hear the discourse. I found, too, that our most intelligent members felt a deep interest in the subject, in hopes of being furnished with arguments and illustrations with which to meet such, when they should happen to be pitted with them in argument, or when they might be under temptation on these points.

It took me about three hours. The audience kept their seats, with eyes and ears fixed on me, as if spell-bound, and some of them said afterward they wondered how the sun settled down so fast in the west, not being aware of the flight of time. I watched my four friends, who hardly moved a muscle or a limb, but looked as if they felt that a critical moment was upon them, for life or death. Some of the women said afterward that the sun went down uncommonly fast; they saw that it was time

for the tea-kettle to be over the fire, but could not leave to attend to it; but some sent their children who were not so much interested, to do this work.

After the preaching at night one of these gentlemen came into the preachers' tent to see me. Like Nicodemus he chose the night to make his inquiries. He said he was one of the company who sent in the request, was well pleased with the discourse, but wished to ask a few questions on points not fully cleared up to his satisfaction. If they were cleared up he should be perfectly satisfied.

I told him to proceed with his questions, and he did so; and I answered to his entire satisfaction. He said, also, that the others were as well satisfied as he was. The result was, the four were soon after converted to God. I found afterward that this discourse was of great use to our membership, especially those who had skeptical friends, or had been tempted to infidelity.

I treated the inquirers with due respect and courtesy. I admitted their honesty of intention, but lamented their errors. I used no offensive language, nor opprobrious epithets, nor called them or their class by any hard names. I had learned long before that "soft words go far," and never resort to harsh terms, except on those on whom no other will be appreciated. I use hard arguments, but not hard words.

One of these inquirers lived on Cleveland circuit, and had come about sixty miles to see his friends and attend the meeting, and the next year, when on that circuit, I found his house was one of our lodging-places. At a quarterly-meeting in that place we, the preachers, lodged with him. As brother Eddy, the presiding elder, seemed to be much pleased with this new preachers' home, I reminded him that our host was one of the men who sent in that request at the Ellsworth camp-meeting.

"O, well," said he, "I will never say another word against preaching controversial sermons. If this is the fruit of it, in God's name go on, and preach such as much as you please." In truth he should not have objected at all, to be consistent; for before the year was out, he intimated that he should have me sent to Cleveland purposely to preach against infidelity and Campbellism.

In the course of this year, by direction of my presiding elder, I held a four-days' meeting in Rootstown, in a barn, three miles from Ravenna. The object was, if possible, to make an impression on Ravenna. We had no suitable house in that village; the court-house was shut against all such holy purposes; the school-house was not large enough, and the next best thing we could do was to occupy an empty barn. The two preachers on the circuit, with some others, were assigned to help me. The roads were good, and the people for six or eight miles around came in their wagons, ten or a dozen at a load. They came after breakfast, bringing their dinners; went home to tea and back for night-meeting, and home after it.

I preached in Ravenna on Thursday night. On Friday at ten, two, and night, there was preaching in the barn, and so on Saturday and Sunday, the other brethren taking their turns. On Monday morning we had a love-feast, at two the Lord's-Supper, and at night the closing sermon. Between each morning and afternoon service we had prayer-meetings for penitents, and also after the night preaching, till ten o'clock, except Monday night, when it continued till two o'clock next morning. At the noon lunch a part of the people ate while others prayed, and then those that had eaten took their places at the mourners' bench, and let the others eat. Between the afternoon service and night, all went to tea and returned. Thus from ten, A. M., till four or five, P. M., the barn was kept vocal with

preaching, praying, or singing; and the same from seven to ten, P. M. The bay, the floor, the stable, and loft over the stable, all being well cleaned out and strewed with straw, were well seated, and well filled, and then hundreds occupied seats on the green sward in front, the large doors being swung open.

The numerous wagon loads going to and from the meetings made the air melodious with the songs of Zion. Not the least interruption occurred. If any came with such intent, they were awed into reverence by the holiness of the place, and its surrounding influences.

About midnight, Monday, I retired to the house and sought rest; but about two, A. M., the brethren from the barn came in, shouting and praising God, and one said, "We have worked up all the timber; the last penitent was converted." After the last one at the bench had found peace, they searched the barn, and found one who was hid in the manger. Him they lifted on to the barn floor, and prayed with and for him till he also found peace.

The result of this meeting was glorious. Fully one hundred were converted in the barn, among whom was Cyrus Prentice, of Ravenna, who honored God, the Church, and the world, for many years, and died in triumph. The revival influence that spread from the meeting, I was told, brought in at least one hundred more; making, in all, about two hundred converted, as the fruit of this meeting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR Conference for 1831 met in Pittsburg. The Radicals had now got fairly under way, and called themselves "Protestant Methodists." They went out from us with a declaration of independence, imitating the Revolution of these United States. This was understood to be for effect. In their appeals to the Church and the world, in favor of what they called "reform," their "harp of a thousand strings" was borrowed from the political arena. They sought favor by working upon the political passions and prejudices of the people; and to carry out the farce, they must have a declaration of rights, grievances, and (false) charges against the Church to which they owed all the prominence they had in the world, and the Church, which, under God, had taken them from sin, ignorance, and folly, and had raised them to some degree of prominence, in which their heads became dizzy, and the result was, their secession.

It was reported by the Radicals that their famous, or *in*famous (as the reader may choose to have it) declaration was from the pen of Henry B. Bascom, then a member of the Pittsburg Conference, who, though after favoring them and giving them aid and comfort, did not think best to go with them.

The lines being now fairly drawn, it seemed but right to know who was for us and who against us. While they remained with us, there was some hope that they might see their error and remain, if borne with awhile. And there was some fear that if the malcontents should be excluded, it might disturb some wheat, that might, by forbearance, be saved. But now

we were in different circumstances, which required a different course of treatment.

I therefore took Bascom to one side and told him the report, and whence it came, and that when his name was called, in the examination of character, he would be required to avow or disavow the authorship of that document.

This threw him into a great nervous excitement. His fingers and his snuff-box came into frequent contact. He admitted the fact, but desired an interview with several of the leading members of Conference, to whom he would explain the circumstances, before the matter came before the Conference.

This interview was had, and the explanation was this: At the time the Radical leaders were preparing their declaration, he happened to be present, and when they read what was written, he laughed at the composition, and said, jocosely, that he could write a better one himself. They then desired him to do so. But he declined, because he should not go with them, and would not burn his fingers with it. They then bantered him; and finally threw out innuendoes, or intimations, that he *could n't* write a better one. This he said he was foolish enough to let excite him; he felt his pride sprung a little, and took up the pen and embodied the sentiments of *their* document, merely to show them that in point of composition he could write a better declaration than they had done.

They admitted that he had beaten them in the composition, and desired it for adoption. This he said he peremptorily refused, and reached his hand to take and destroy it, but one caught it away, and prevented his doing so, but they promised not to publish it, if he would leave it with them merely to refer to. Under this solemn promise not to give it publicity, he left it with them.

As they had violated their pledge and deceived him, he regretted that he had left it with them, and averred solemnly that he was done with them, and would have no more intercourse with them. From the earnestness of his manner, and apparent sincerity, we thought he must be pretty well cured of the *ism*, and agreed to let him pass. So when his name was called, he rose and alluded to the matter, and referred to me, and others, to explain to the Conference how he became involved in the affair. This was done, and his character was allowed to pass. But we had to regret the frailty of poor human nature in him; for his subsequent acts give ground to suspect that all his explanation and professions of loyalty were a ruse to get through at that time. He took a transfer from us to Kentucky Conference, where he remained till he went off with a greater secession, and from worse motives, to favor slavery.

At this Conference, delegates were elected to the General Conference, to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1832, of whom I was one. I was appointed to Cleveland circuit, with Dennis Goddard and John J. Stedman. This was Stedman's first year. The circuit was large, and required six weeks to go round. It extended to Euclid, on Lake Erie, on the east, and to Hudson, Stowe, and Franklin on the south.

It will be noticed that I had not, up to this time, been appointed to any charge for two years in succession; though I had been on the same charges the second and third time, with one, two, or three years intervening. I was not aware that a re-appointment would not have been acceptable to the people; for when I went back to any circuit that I had traveled before, I always met with a cordial reception, and never had to meet the "iron-rod" stories a second time.

But the reason given for my annual changes was, that the appointing power always had some special job or difficult task for me to attend to, when "old ironsides," as the preachers called me, must do it.

In those days, a re-appointment, or to be returned to a charge for a second year in succession, was not favorably received. It was said of such that they had but half done their work the first year, and were returned to finish it. There being but few parsonages, and not as much moving of families as there is now, most of the preachers preferred an annual change, and so did the people, for the sake of variety.

For the three preceding years, my appointments were made with special reference to Radicalism; this year it was made with special reference to infidelity, though Campbellism was to be attended to. Infidelity had reigned rampant in Cleveland for a long time. They boasted that they had no church in the place. But about the year 1830, when the tide of immigration was rolling up the lake by both land and water, the immigrants frequently stopped and looked at the place, with a view to settlement if all things suited. Of course, religious and moral people had some respect to the society of a place; and of this they judged from the schools and churches, and seeing no churches here, they inquired for them.

"O, we have no churches; we do n't want them; we are not priest-ridden, and do n't mean to be."

"Well, have you no Sabbaths here?"

"No; we care no more about Sunday than any other day."

"Then we will not stop here. We won't raise a family where there are no Sabbaths nor churches. We will go further up the lake. We shall find them somewhere."

This opened the eyes of the infidels. They saw that

they were losing the best class of immigrants on account of their infidelity, and said among themselves, "We must have a church." A subscription of some two thousand dollars was raised, and offered to the first denomination that would build a church. It so happened that a Churchman was the first who came along, and he accepted the offer, and it was said, returned to New York and raised two thousand dollars more, and a church was built. As the ministers of that Church were not revivalists, of course they never disturbed the consciences of men of the world. The latter were suited, and a few of them attended the services.

This, when I went there, was the only church edifice in the place. It was small, but built with some taste, and in that respect suited the eye of those who knew or cared little about *spiritual* things. The Presbyterians occupied a chamber over a store or warehouse of some kind. There might have been a few Baptists in the town, but if so, they occupied a private dwelling as a place of worship. We met in a private house through the Fall and Winter, but in the Spring were obliged to give up this, and go to the woods bordering upon the town. If the weather was fair we had a small congregation, but if it rained we had none. The society was small and poor, and could not build. I secured a donation of a lot in an eligible situation, but had to leave it unoccupied, though I was informed that the first Methodist church in the place was built upon it.

There was a splendidly finished court-house in the town, but the reigning infidelity excluded all kinds of religious worship from it, and so, too, from the school-rooms—as if courts of justice and school-rooms had no connection nor harmony with the enlightening Gospel of Christ!

At one time, within this year, a report was circulated

in town, that the celebrated Mr. Finney, the Presbyterian revivalist, was about to visit the place. At this the infidels took alarm, and held a public meeting, and passed resolutions deprecating such a visit, and requesting that neither he nor any other revivalist should visit the town. Whether Mr. Finney heard of the request or not, I do not know, but he did not come.

At my next appointment in the place, after the dreadful (!) resolutions were passed, I published myself as a revivalist, in hopes that they would take notice enough of it to get up some excitement, which I knew would draw out hearers, in which case some sinners might be awakened and converted. Whether they deemed me to be too "small potatoes" for them to notice, or whether they feared the consequences, I know not; but I was passed by in silence, and the obdurate hardness of the people continued undisturbed.

In Euclid, on this circuit, I found my old friends, Wakeman and Deborah Penfield, whom I had not seen since I left Bridgeport, Connecticut. He was now a respectable local preacher. My visits and our reminiscences of olden times were pleasant and interesting. The scenes of our youthful days were rehearsed, and almost re-acted over, like old soldiers do their battles.

On my first round on the circuit, while at Hudson, and my appointment out for preaching, brother Stedman, one of my colleagues, came to me and said that I must go and fill his appointment, three miles distant, and he would fill mine. He said that on reaching the place where his appointment had been previously made, he found the Campbellites in full blast of a protracted meeting. They agreed that he might preach, but intended to use him up afterward, and he would rather preach to a disappointed congregation than to his own, under such circumstances.

On reaching the place about dark, I found that brother Goddard, my other colleague, had heard of the intended attack on our boy, and had come to the rescue, having traveled several miles. The house was crowded. When we walked into the stand, their preachers having seen and heard me before, saw that they had lost their game, and soon passed the nod, wink, and whisper of alarm round among their own class.

I preached my old anti-Campbellite sermon. It took me nearly three hours. I had the best of attention and many favorable responses, while the Campbellites hung their heads in gloom and despair. Brother Goddard closed the meeting, when one of their preachers rose and desired to speak. I told him that they had been there several days preaching their views upon the subject, and would have some days yet to come if they chose; that I had not heard them while they had heard me, which gave them an advantage over me, and as *this* was *my* meeting, I should not consent for him to keep the people there any longer that night, but should dismiss them. If after that any chose to hear him they were at liberty to do so. Pronouncing the apostolic benediction, we started for the door, and all the congregation with us, except, perhaps, a dozen of the Campbellites. They announced that they would reply to me the next night, but I was told that their audience was so small that they closed up at once, instead of holding on for several days, as they had intended.

I found several other places on the circuit where these deluded people were trying to prevent others from the truth, and persuade them to go, or rather attempt to go, to heaven by *water*, instead of depending entirely upon the grace of God. But the light of truth which I was enabled to present to the people caused this *ism* to wither away, and it was some years before

they made any progress toward creeks, rivers, and mill-ponds again.

In December I had the misfortune, while facing a cold north-wester, to have both ears and both thighs frozen while on horseback. The next morning after freezing my thighs I found myself scarcely able to walk. I was many miles from a physician, and no one knew any remedy where I was. I knew that Young Hyson tea, just softened by hot water so as to open the leaves, but not extract the strength, placed upon a corn-meal poultice, was an infallible remedy for a *burn*. On reasoning upon the subject, I came to the conclusion that a freeze and a burn were alike, in that they obstructed the circulation of the fluids in the muscle, which produced inflammation, and as tea was a stimulant that would promote this circulation, in case of a burn, I concluded it would do so in case of a freeze, and resolved to try it.

But I could not use a poultice and ride to my next appointment. I therefore took a tea-spoonful of tea, put it into a tea-cup with water, and then on the fire, and made a very strong decoction of it, and with this bathed both ears and thighs three times before leaving for the saddle. The result was that the soreness left my thighs, and my ears which had become running sores, were soon healed up and became sound.

In February, 1832, we had one of the mammoth floods of the country. A large body of snow was carried off by a protracted and heavy rain, and every river in the country was swollen to a degree not known for many years, if ever before. I visited my family once in three weeks, but if by any means I missed one visit, it run to six weeks.

The Cuyahoga River lay between me and my home, the bridges over which, for forty miles, were said to be gone, except in one place. At that place the water was

over the embankments at each end of it, as high as my saddle-skirts. I made my way to the bridge, the water being up to the stringers of it, and crossed to the east end of it, where I found the puncheons, which formed the floor of it, were all afloat. I dared not ride on to them, lest my horse should get his legs between them, and both of us get thrown off into the river, where it was twelve or fifteen feet deep. Some men, standing on the outer bank, beyond the overflowed bottom land, said that I could not cross, and there was no use in trying. I then returned to the shore from whence I had come, and hired two men to take a wide board, in a canoe, to the bridge, and lay it across the floating puncheons; and the weight of my horse on the board pressed them down to their place, and riding him on the board, I reached the embankment, which was covered with water; by following that I reached the dry ground where the men stood who said that I could not cross at all. They looked astonished. I said to them, "Gentlemen, you should never say to a Methodist preacher that he can't do a thing till you see him try and fail."

One of my appointments on this circuit was at Franklin, at the head of the Great Fall of the Cuyahoga River. For several miles above the river was nearly on a level, and wended its way slowly through marshes and swamps, spreading out to great width. Here, above the falls, it was probably three hundred feet wide, but was suddenly compressed into a gorge in the rocks, and went pitching and tumbling down over broken rocks for a mile or two, in which the water was said to fall two hundred and fifty feet. At the head of this gorge the rocks hung over from each shore to within twenty-four feet of each other, the west side being a few feet lower than the other. The width of the channel under the overhanging rocks was not known, but presumed to be from fifty to seventy feet. This narrow spot

became famous in the Indian wars in this country by an Indian jumping it, to escape from the celebrated Bradys, of Beaver, Penn.

The tradition of the Bradys was this: They were famous Indian hunters, about the time of Wayne's campaign among them. Their camp for trapping, fishing, and hunting was on a branch of Beaver River, called "Brady's Run," in the village of Sharon, from which they made excursions out toward Lake Erie, in quest of Indians. Finding a camp of five between two little lakes or ponds, a few miles east of this fall, they attacked them, and killed three, the other two running for this almost natural bridge, as their only means of escape from what they thought to be human devils.

The Indians, having dropped their guns, blankets, and tomahawks, sped their way with great speed, but the Bradys were close at their heels. On reaching the chasm one made the fearful leap of twenty-four feet, and reached the opposite rock in safety; but the other just touched the rock with his toes, and fell into the foaming waters below, and, of course, went down over the falls, and was never heard of more. The Bradys were near enough to see the result.

Of these Bradys the most wonderful tales were told of their skill in hunting Indians, of their courage, desperation, and dare-devil bravery. They professed to be able to scent the track of an Indian. They knew all the signs by which to trace them, which they always did, unless the signs indicated too large a number for them to attack. They killed so many that the Indians called them devils, and feared them more than they did the evil one himself. But the Indians succeeded, finally, in capturing, first one and then the other, of these daring, and, to them, dangerous enemies; but to their own sorrow in both cases.

The first one, when captured and in their power,

assumed the bravado, and, imitating the Indians in it, said to them, "I have killed enough of your people, and am willing to die; just kill me at once!" But this did not suit their ideas of revenge; they must burn him by inches, and kindled a fire to do it. He saw their design, and knew the result, unless he could escape by some stratagem. He could talk in their own language, and laughed at them as a set of old women, to burn a man whom they dared not kill at once.

At length he told them that he saw he must die, and the secret of his success in killing so many of them would be of no more use to him, and if they would take a rifle-barrel out of the stock, and heat it red-hot, he would eat it, and show them the secret.

This took their curiosity, and the rifle-barrel was soon in the fire. They had stacked their loaded rifles against a tree, and formed a ring around him, having first divested him of all his clothing, intending to crowd him, by inches, into the fire, till he became so roasted as to be unable to stand, and then throw him bodily into the fire, where he would be consumed.

As soon as the rifle-barrel began to be red-hot at one end he caught hold of the other, and commenced clubbing them over the head. If they caught hold of the heated end it burnt their hands to a crisp. He thus fought his way to the loaded rifles, when he seized them, one after another, and at every shot a panic-stricken Indian fell, till they recovered from the shock enough to run from him; he then took the best one, with some ammunition, and started for home. They were so sure now that he was a devil, and not to be killed, that they dared not follow him.

The other brother being taken, they thought they would try him and burn him in the way they intended to do the first. They stripped him naked, and began the pow-wow round him, pushing him nearer and nearer

the fire, when, seeing a young Indian in the ring, he seized him by the arm, and with one herculean spring threw him into the fire. At the sight of this the ring was broken by every Indian springing to the rescue, when Brady made his escape.

As soon as they recovered from the shock of this catastrophe, some of their fleetest men gave chase; but Brady distanced all of them but one chief, who overhauled him, and he surrendered, and wanted the chief to kill him at once. "No," said he, "you must go back;" and they started at a slow gait, both being wearied by the race. Brady watched his opportunity, and jerked the rifle from the chief and shot him down, and went on for home, with the rifle and ammunition of the chief. As the other pursuers came to their dead chief they very naturally came to the conclusion that this Brady, as well as the other, was a devil, and that it was not safe to pursue him further.

These Bradys, if I was correctly informed, after all, died natural deaths, though those who fell by their hands were numbered by the hundred. The incidents above related I received from persons personally acquainted with the Bradys, and believed by them to be facts.

In the village of Stowe, on this circuit, lived one of the men who was converted from infidelity at the Ellsworth camp-meeting, the year before, as has been already stated. He had a brother of skeptical proclivities, who was thrown into an unsettled state of mind, relative to his views, by the conversion of this brother, and he sent me word that, as I had preached his brother out of infidelity, he wished I would, if I could, preach him out of it too.

In reply, I requested him to furnish me, on paper, the points on which he desired light, expecting some few only. Instead of this he filled two sheets of letter-

paper, making fourteen questions, the most intricate, subtle, and ingenious that could be framed. The appointment had been made for me to answer them, and they were quite widely known before I saw them, and I had but a few hours to prepare for the task, after receiving them. Some who saw them thought them to be unanswerable, and a respectable local brother said it would take a god to answer some of them.

The noise of the appointment had drawn some people from eight miles distance, and all lesser distances. The church was not large, but crowded almost to suffocation, above and below. The weather was cold, and the house had been warmed to a comfortable temperature before any one, except the sexton, entered it; but when it was filled with human beings the animal heat so increased the warmth of the room as to render it quite uncomfortable; yet the crowded mass remained for three hours and five minutes, listening to the discourse.

I began by stating that it was usual in preaching to take a text from the Bible, and prove or illustrate its doctrines from books, newspapers, etc. But I should, for this time, take my text from the two sheets of paper which I held in hand, and prove my doctrine from the Bible. I was, as I said, three hours and five minutes in answering the questions. The heat of the house was such that I perspired till my under-clothing was completely saturated with moisture. After meeting I drank at least half a gallon of water, tea, etc., before retiring to rest, and such was the exhausted state of my body, that my system absorbed the whole of it without any apparent increase of the secretions.

The next morning I met the gentleman who sent me the questions, who desired me to give them back to him, "for," said he, "I did not know how they would look in the pulpit. And," he continued, "if I get them

back, no man will ever get the like from me again to take into the pulpit."

I told him that I should like to keep them as a curiosity, but I would not use them to his disadvantage.

"O, well," said he, "if you don't use them in connection with my name, I don't care about them. But," he continued, "I must give it up, and shall advocate my former sentiments no more."

In April, 1832, I went by stage to Baltimore, Maryland, on my way to General Conference. From Pittsburg we traveled in the night, and reached Bedford, Pennsylvania, for breakfast. As I was getting into the stage the landlord, knowing me to be a minister, placed a lady passenger, who was then in the stage, under my protection, without asking me or giving me an introduction. It was, perhaps, etiquette to impose such a charge upon a clergyman, *nolens volens*. There were two of them sitting upon the back or best seat in the stage, dressed so nearly alike that I could not tell which the *lady* was, nor which the waiting-maid; but being placed on the same seat—there being nine of us and a baby inside the coach—and the one next to me having the baby, I made the sad mistake of taking *her* to be the lady.

I had from early youth resolved to keep myself at a respectful distance from females, except my own wife and family; so that if any of the slanderous stories told on Methodist preachers were told on me, they should be made out of whole cloth. I would, by undue familiarity, give no grounds for suspicion. Owing to this caution I was never what some people call sufficiently polite or attentive to the ladies. If I had been, perhaps I should have distinguished between the lady and her maid, and not have committed so grave a blunder.

The one sitting next to me held the babe, from

which I inferred that she was its mother, and to be as polite as possible, I opened, or attempted to open a conversation with her by some commonplace remarks. But I soon found my mistake. I saw the lady's frown, and in attempting to correct the error and make myself agreeable to her, as she was placed under my special protection, I met with a cold scowl. There was, however, a gentleman, a bachelor, on the middle seat who understood the thing better than I did, and soon made himself agreeable to her. He noticed, chirruped, and even took the baby in his lap. When we dined, the lady handed *him* the money to pay for her and the maid's dinner, instead of me, though I was standing nearer to her than he was; and when we reached Chambersburg, the lady's brother being in waiting for her, she neither introduced me to him nor thanked me for my *nominal* care and protection.

The thing of itself was of no consequence, further than it exhibits human nature. She was, as I learned, the wife of a Pittsburg merchant, and felt the dignity of her position in society; and to be placed under the protection of such an awkward clown, that did not know the difference between a lady and her waiting-maid, was not to be tolerated.

On reaching Baltimore we met several of the preachers of that city, who were waiting the arrival of delegates to direct them to their lodgings for the Saturday and Sabbath of our stay. The late Stephen G. Roszel took me to his home, and introduced me to his family as the veritable "Silas Hopewell" of the "Itinerant." And they expressed a high degree of satisfaction at seeing me.

The next day being Saturday, and there being a large number of delegates in the city from the South and West, the strangers, of course, must do the preaching on the ensuing Sabbath, and slips were printed and circulated, containing the several appointments. Some

of the Radicals, in looking over the list saw my name, and exclaimed, as if alarmed, "O, that's Silas Hopewell!" showing, as I was told, a disposition to keep out of my way.

After filling my appointment at three o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, at the old Eutaw Church, brother S. L. Douglass, of Tennessee, said he had a special message for me to take tea at his lodgings, and I must go. I did so, and as we entered the house he introduced me to the good sister as "brother Brunson." She received me courteously and respectfully, but no ways warmly. But when the good brother came in from meeting his class I was introduced to him as "Silas Hopewell."

At this the good sister sprang to her feet and exclaimed, "Why did n't you tell me it was Silas Hopewell? I do n't know any thing about brother Brunson, it is Silas Hopewell that I wanted to see;" and came forward and clasping my hand, gave it a hearty shaking. The Radical controversy was yet fresh in their minds, and the part I had taken in it was the cause of these attentions.

Among the delegates from Tennessee was an odd genius, since then widely known in the world by the cognomen of "Parson Brownlow." He was comparatively a young man to be a delegate, but his future has proved that his brethren did not misjudge of his talents in electing him. His appointment on this Sabbath, in Baltimore, was in the State-Prison, at three o'clock, P. M., to preach to the prisoners and such citizens as should attend.

The warden was a Methodist, and provided this service on his own account, there being then no statutory provision for it. After preaching he invited Brownlow to stay to tea. He did so, and while waiting, as he told me the next day, he wrote to a friend in Tennessee, as follows:

"MARYLAND PENITENTIARY,
Baltimore, April 29, 1832.

"DEAR BROTHER,—You see by the date of this where I am. I need not tell you how it happened, or by what means I got here. It is enough, at present, for you to know that I am here. You will, no doubt, be surprised to learn it, but so it is. It is hard telling what a man is coming to," etc. And then gave some directions as to his affairs, as if he were to stay there.

"Why," said I, "did n't you explain yourself?"

"Not a word; but I put one of the printed slips containing our appointments into the letter, and he may find out by that, or wait till I get home."

On Monday we all went by steam-boat to the head of the Chesapeake Bay, or near it, and then by a horse-railroad to the Delaware. In the cars were twenty-four passengers, each, the cars being drawn by one horse, at the rate of ten miles an hour, the horse being changed about every four or five miles. The rails appeared to be on a dead level, and the cars moved very easily; indeed, at that early date of railroads it was not known that even an engine could ascend a slight grade with a train of cars behind it; but now they ascend grades from eighty to one hundred feet in the mile.

On reaching the Delaware we were hustled into another steamer, and were soon off for the "City of Brotherly Love." Dinner was soon announced, and then a rush to get to the table. Some of the preachers attempted to ask a blessing from God on the food, but no one could hear it five feet off. Unlike our Western steamers, where the passage includes eating and sleeping, we had to pay half a dollar for our dinners, besides the passage.

On reaching the wharf at Philadelphia, we found it crowded with preachers, expecting the delegates; there were also crowds upon crowds of hackmen, idlers, and

lookers-on. On this account Rev. B. Weed's stentorian voice directed the delegates to remain on board, to be directed to their lodgings; and before I was aware of it, his large arm was around my neck, with an affectionate salutation. His wife was my sister. I had not seen them in sixteen years. Our meeting, of course, was pleasant, and my stay with them very agreeable.

At this period the Methodist Episcopal Church extended over the whole of the United States. There were two hundred delegates elected, very few of whom failed to attend. The wisest and best of the ministry are generally presumed to be elected to such Church councils, though, like other elections, it is not always the case. It is the most popular men who get the most votes, whether they are the wisest or not. This body of ministers, as a whole, commanded a high degree of respect for talent and the powers of debate. An eminent statesman, resident in the city, attended in the gallery, day after day, and was heard to say he never heard abler debating in Congress, and was never more interested. Yet the frailties of human nature were visible, even here.

Stephen G. Roszel, of Baltimore Conference, and who lived in a slave State, introduced a resolution of inquiry whether any thing more could be done for our colored membership, in the way of promoting their spiritual and mental interests. The resolution said nothing about the abstract question of slavery, nor did it even hint at it, but contemplated only their improvement, morally, religiously, and intellectually.

At this some of the more Southern delegates took fire, and a debate upon the abstract question of slavery ensued, and lasted, off and on, about a week, when the subject was dropped just where it began. The delegates from Virginia, coming as they did from the country where Nat. Turner, and about forty unarmed negroes,

had panic-struck tens of thousands by what was magnified into an insurrection, at Southampton, rather favored the abolition of slavery. It was the men of South Carolina and Georgia who were so afraid of giving spiritual and mental culture to the slave. Such was the sensitiveness of the public mind upon this subject, and especially those in the slave regions, that the slightest allusion to the race held in bondage, whether it be in Church or State, was like the spark thrown upon powder—an explosion was sure to follow. This, of itself, shows the evil of the system *per se*. Any thing that is not evil, and only evil, and that continually, can not oppose the spiritual and mental elevation of any part of the human race.

Another question came up about pews and free seats in our churches. The Eastern men wanted the rule of Discipline on this subject to be so amended as to allow those who built churches to control this matter, and have pews or free seats, or both, as they saw fit, so that the deed of settlement secured to the itinerant the right to the pulpit. They alleged that they could build pewed houses where they could build no other, and that it was better to have such houses than none at all.

This roused up the South and the West to a perfect storm. Letters were sent to Baltimore, and some other places, and public meetings were called, and remonstrances and protests were largely signed against this "fearful innovation" upon our time-honored usages in this matter. This was also ably debated for about a week, and then indefinitely postponed, upon the ground that the rule was only advisory, and had not the authority or force of a law.

On *this* question our Baltimore brethren thought that the New England *minority* should bow in submission to the will of the majority, which should pervade the whole Church, so as to preserve its unity in usage,

as well as in faith. But in 1860 and '61 the sons of those men, and some of the same men, thought and acted very differently upon the slavery question. Instead of doing as they wished their New England brethren to do, in reference to the *pew* question, they did exactly the opposite, on a question involving interests of infinitely more importance than that of pews or free seats in our churches. But such was the genius of slavery; the minority must rule, or ruin all.

Another question came up on the presentation of petitions for a rule to prevent any and all of our ministry from receiving doctorates from any literary institutions. We had then but few D. D.'s among us; but the petitions, and the motion based upon them, made quite a fuss. Able speeches were made, pro and con, and continued for several days.

At length James B. Finley said that "he believed it to be a foolish waste of time to debate such a question; the colleges and universities would do as they pleased, and would honor such ministers as they thought worthy of it, and the ministers would do as they pleased about accepting the honors, and no rule that we could make would prevent it. For himself he cared nothing about it, whether the colleges thus recognized our ability to teach divinity or not. If they did so, it was well; if they did not, it did no harm; for the fact was that we were all doctors of divinity, and the world knew it. We have been doctoring the divinity of the country for half a century or more, and have got it into a convalescent state, and if people would let us alone we should cure it entirely."

Some wanted a rule, if we had any upon the subject, to make every preacher who graduated to elders' orders a D. D., which would be virtually indorsing him as being capable of teaching divinity, which the doctorate implied.

Finally, Dr. M. Ruter said, that "he was the first Methodist minister that received that honor from a literary institution in America. It was conferred on him, unsought, by the Transylvania University of Kentucky, but he was not aware that it had made him any wiser or better, nor had it done him any harm. He did not know that he preached any better, or any worse, nor did it confer on him any special gifts or talents. It had its influence with a certain class of the community, and gave him an access to that class that he could not otherwise have, while he was not aware that those who opposed the reception of such honors heard him with any the less profit on account of it. It served to shut the mouths of that class who treated us, as a body, with contempt, because we had no such honors. It was a matter of taste with the colleges, the preachers and the people, and we could make no rule that could prevent it or control it. The Scriptures recognized the doctorate in the ministry, and for us to say that it should not be so, would be in conflict with the Word of God. He, therefore, moved the indefinite postponement of the whole subject;" which carried by a large majority, and thus ended another debate and discussion that amounted to nothing.

The temperance cause received due attention, but we could not obtain a two-thirds vote to change the General Rule, by restoring Mr. Wesley's original rule, on the use of spirituous liquors. This was not because any one favored intemperance; but they thought the rule, as it stood, was sufficiently stringent, as it prohibited the use of such liquors, unless in *cases of necessity*.

At this Conference were elected and ordained two new Bishops, Andrew and Emory. It was by common consent agreed that one should be from the North and one from the South, and that the delegations from each section should select their own candidate.

In the North Dr. Fisk was *the* man to fill the place, in the estimation of a majority, but he peremptorily refused to accept of it. His reasons were good and sound, and showed not only the purity of his heart, but the correctness of his judgment in such cases. He said that *his* place was in the college, or in educating the youth of the Church. Others could fill the Bishop's chair as well or better than he could, who could not *teach* as well. But if he left the Wesleyan University, there was none to fill his place. Educators were not as plenty among us then as they are now.

Dr. N. Bangs was talked of, and talked to, for the office, but he also utterly refused, on account of family afflictions, which were of a nature that demanded his special attention and presence. So the choice fell upon Dr. John Emory.

In the South, Dr. William Capers being then the most prominent man in that region, was first thought of. But he declined the honor, because he was an unwilling slave-holder. It was understood and agreed, even in the South at that time, that no slave-holder should fill the Episcopal office. Mr. Capers inherited slaves, but the laws of the State in which he lived would not allow of emancipation. He wished to send them to Africa, but they were so intermarried with other slave families, that he could not send away *his* slaves without breaking up family relations. He was not able to buy the wives and children, nor the husbands owned by others, so as to emancipate the family, and therefore had to submit to a disagreeable necessity in remaining the *legal* owner of slaves. But he did the next best thing he could to emancipation; that is, he appointed a trustee, to whom he gave the charge of his slaves, to hire them out to as good employers as could be found, allowing the slaves to have the wages they earned. As he could not change his legal rela-

tion to slaves, he utterly refused the use of his name for the Episcopacy; but he recommended James O. Andrew, who he said did not own a slave, nor did his father, so that there was no ground to fear that he would become a slave-holder by inheritance. Under these circumstances, and with a view to keep the Episcopacy pure from this dark stain, Mr. Andrew was elected.

But what a change came over the spirit of their dreams in twelve short years! Andrew had lost his wife, and married another who was a slave-holder, which led to the Southern secession from the Church. Capers became a Bishop, and it was said that even Bishop Soule, who went with them, was compelled to accept of a slave or two, from some benevolent friends, to do his menial service! So that all their Bishops, including Bascom, who formerly thundered so eloquently against the "sum of all villainies," were, or became slave-holders, and contended that the system had divine authority.

But this is not the end of that awful change. It is said by those who have the means of knowing, such as "Parson Brownlow," that those Southern Methodist preachers, by advocating the system, and its direful effects, did more to bring about the late Southern rebellion—under pretense of secession of States, as they had of Conferences from the Church—than any other class of men on that polluted soil. They did more because there were more of them, and because of their greater influence, which grew out of their numerical strength and superior talents. No well-informed person doubts that if those Southern Methodist preachers had not fomented the rebellion, it would not have occurred. The statesmen who led in it could not have carried the mass of the people with them, if those preachers had been against them, nor if they had been neutral. It

was only through the influence of these fallen ministers that Jefferson Davis and company could control the masses in their favor.

In all this we see the fearful consequences of taking one false step. They screened Andrew and then seceded, that Bishops and preachers might be slave-holders. Then they must justify their course, by advocating and defending the system, on account of which they went off from among us, and when from the course of things it became manifest that the domain of slavery must be curtailed instead of enlarged, they counseled a secession of States, alias rebellion and treason, which led to all the horrors and expenses of civil war.

At that Conference, also, we had a long debate on the Canada question. Our brethren in that Province were under the necessity of becoming independent of the Church in the States, or they would have to suffer many inconveniences from their civil rulers, who feared that political evils, to them, would grow out of a connection of the Conference with those of the States. In 1828 the General Conference consented to the separation; and in 1832 a delegation from the Canada Conference claimed a pro-rata share of the Book Concern. Dr. Emory opposed the claim on the ground that if granted it would be a precedent, of which even a secession might take advantage. He also raised technical and legal objections under the Restrictive Rules, and the claim was rejected. But though this Conference refused it as a right, yet a plan was adopted by which they received an equal if not greater benefit in the sale to them of books at a price below what it would have cost them to print.

On this Canada question, I believe the Southern delegates were unanimously against it, notwithstanding that Conference acted in accordance with the consent

of the General Conference. But they feared the precedent; yet, strange to tell, these very Southern men, twelve years after, went out from us violently, and then claimed the very thing they refused to grant to the Canada Conference! And they obtained it in a Court under pro-slavery influences, on the very ground on which Canada claimed it, that is, a plan of separation agreed upon, though that plan afterward was disannulled!

CHAPTER XIX.

AT the General Conference of 1832 I saw and heard Bishop M'Kendree for the last time. At the request of the Conference the Bishop preached the funeral sermon of Bishop George, who had died in the interval of the General Conference. He was very infirm, not able to ascend the pulpit stairs in the "Academy," afterward called the "Union Church," and Bishops Soule and Hedding assisted him in ascending to the desk, one under each arm, as Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses.

The discourse was characteristic of the Bishop, and made a lasting impression. The scene was a very affecting one. One beloved and respected Bishop had died; another, trembling over the grave, and not expected to see another General Conference, was performing the last sad office for the dead. Thus our fathers were going, one after another; many, if not all, wept.

The closing scene of the Conference was much like that of other deliberative bodies in a great hurry to get away. The last day had come. The unfinished business required a full day more, but such was the anxiety of the delegates to leave for home, that a *night* session was

called for. Then the question came up, whether the Bishops, either of them, could occupy the chair. Not one of the older ones felt able, after four weeks of close attention to business all day, to sit there half or more of the night. This brought the matter to a stand, till Bishop Emory signified his willingness to take the chair, when the night session was determined on. As usual, in such cases, business was hurried through without much thought or consideration; but as most of it had been some time on hand, and, of course, been thought of, perhaps it was well done. About midnight we gave the parting hand and scattered to the four winds, never all to meet again till the general judgment.

For sixteen years previous to this visit to the sea-board, I had not tasted of sea-food. Having been raised within its reach, it was very acceptable and agreeable—fresh shad and other sea-fish; oysters, clams, etc., of which my good sister gave me an ample supply.

After the Conference adjourned, I remained one day to rest and visit, and at two o'clock the next morning took the fast line of stages for Pittsburg. In twenty-four hours we reached Chambersburg, one hundred and fifty miles from Philadelphia, not having stopped to rest a moment. Our eating, three meals, had to be done in fifteen minutes, each. The remaining one hundred and fifty miles to Pittsburg, being over the mountains, required thirty hours, making fifty-four hours in getting through, then the quickest trip ever made. The only sleep we got in this fifty-four hours, which was but little, was taken in the stage. Of course, at Pittsburg I needed some rest, and went to the house of my old friend, brother Verner, father-in-law to Bishop Simpson, and slept a good part of the twenty hours I had to spare before leaving for home, which I reached the night following, being seventy miles from Pittsburg.

This was before the inauguration of railroads, and for that time was the fastest traveling by land that could be had; as much of the road was rough, it was not very comfortable; and if railroads and cushioned coaches were now to be struck out of being, and the traveling public were to be thrown back upon the old stages of that day, it would be deemed hard fare.

On my way home in the stage, I fell in company with a gentleman from Utica, New York, of whom I inquired, and from whom I learned of the death of my uncle, Ezra Starr Cozier, who was or had been Mayor of that city. He was the second victim of the cholera, which reached that city that season. Up to that time and place, the contagion had fallen mostly upon the intemperate, but here, it was said, the temperate were taken first.

He was fearful of death, if the contagion should reach that place, and had his trunks packed to leave for higher and healthier ground on the first appearance of the disease. But he was taken with it before he had heard of the attack upon his friend, of like position in society, and who died but a few minutes before he did. How important to be always ready, "for the Son of man cometh in an hour when ye think not!"

On reaching my circuit—Cleveland—the news that the cholera was making rapid strides westward, and was expected along the lake, gave rise to universal alarm. Emigration up the lake was then by the thousand. Every vessel was crowded with passengers, a large portion of whom were from foreign countries, and great fears prevailed of the approach of the disease by this means. Every precaution was taken in Cleveland and other lake towns to ward off the calamity. But as the disease seemed to move in the atmosphere, and overleap all quarantines, guards, and sanitary defenses, none of these things prevented its onward motion.

One night as I was lodging in Euclid, the family was aroused and alarmed about two o'clock, A. M., by a neighbor who reported that a large brig was landing foreign emigrants on the point, supposed to have the cholera among them, and that the town authorities had ordered a guard to be so placed as to prevent them from coming into the settlements and thus spread the disease, at the same time doing all that could be done for their comfort and health. The good brother and his neighbors started for this service, and before they returned I left for Cleveland.

I found that a messenger had also been sent to Cleveland to give the alarm, for I met, about half-way, say four miles, a doctor and several others, who inquired about the story. They continued on their journey, but were soon back with the report that there was no landing of sick emigrants. The brig was out of wood, and sent the boat ashore to pick up some drift-wood along the beach. Some one seeing this imagined all the rest, and raised the alarm.

In July, 1832, we held a camp-meeting about four miles from Cleveland, in hopes to reach somebody from that wicked city. It was deemed prudent not to include a Sabbath day in the time of holding it, lest the rowdy part of the population should avail themselves of it to annoy us. But the result showed that there was very little difference in the days; for when the sons of God present themselves before the Lord, Satan is most likely to be there also, and if he or his children can't have the Sabbath for it, they will take some other day.

Wednesday seemed to be the general holiday for that class, and we were fairly overrun with them. As they must spend one night, at least, upon the ground, that night was selected for their *sight-seeing.*

To attempt to close public worship and retire to

the tent for rest was a hopeless idea, for our visitors had no tents nor friends who had, and they were entirely too numerous to be accommodated by the tent-holders. Our only remedy, therefore, was to keep their attention toward the stand as long as possible, say, till midnight or after, when we supposed that most likely they would leave for their homes.

To accomplish this we had a long sermon from the longest-winded man on the ground, which was followed by some half a dozen exhortations—interspersed with singing—by the loudest son of thunder we had among us. It fell to my lot to give the last of these exhortations in which I talked about an hour, and told all the fearful and alarming anecdotes I could call to mind, many of which were enough to raise the hair upon a sinner's head, and make the blood chill in his veins.

About two o'clock, A. M., we closed and dismissed the congregation, requesting the people to retire to their tents, if they had any, and if not, to their homes. But after all who had tents had retired, the ground was still overrun with stragglers, to watch whom required all the membership of the male sex present.

To learn how things went on outside of the camp, and especially in the public highway, which was some twenty rods from the tents, I took a brother preacher with me, and we mingled with the crowd in the dark, unnoticed by them, as they left the ground. In passing to the road, through the woods, we heard their remarks, at some of which we could but smile, however much we mourned over their obdurate sinfulness.

One gang of sailors were just behind us discussing the merits of the preaching and exhortations. One of them said, using a profane word, "Those Methodist preachers are the greatest liars I ever heard. They can tell more yarns than any old salt I ever saw, and that last one beats all the rest. If I owed the devil twenty

liars, and he would n't take him for it, I would cheat him out of the debt."

We, on the whole, succeeded in preserving pretty good order. The rowdy part of the people present did not seem to be *vicious*, but they wished to see and hear what was going on, and to have some amusement.

The meeting, however, was the means of doing considerable good. There were probably fifty conversions, and a general quickening of the membership. One occurrence is well worth recording. At the sacrament of the Lord's-Supper it was stated that this was not a *Methodist* table, but the *Lord's* table; and all the Lord's people were invited to partake with us. It was a Christian duty to whittle down the differences between Christians to as narrow a point as possible, and to unite on all points on which we do agree. Here was one on which all orthodox Christians agreed, and on this we could and ought to meet.

There was upon the ground a man of fourscore or more years, who had enjoyed the meeting very well, having several children among us happy in the Lord. The old pilgrim came forward, leaning upon his staff, and said, "I am a regular Baptist, and I suppose my brethren will chide, but I can't help it. I see my Lord's table spread before me, and am invited to eat, and I must do it." Conforming his actions to his words, he kneeled down and received the consecrated elements much to his comfort. I was told that his brethren *did* chide him, but finding that public sentiment was in his favor, and as he was an old man, just verging over the grave, they concluded to let him pass with a simple admonition.

We had some increase this year, and the circuit was divided, and out of it was formed two four-weeks' circuits.

Our Conference this year (1832) met in Wellsburg,

Virginia, on the Ohio River. In going to it I attended a camp-meeting at Castleman's Run, eight miles back of that city, and two and a half from Bethany, the residence of Alexander Campbell. Mr. Campbell was in attendance, to whom I had an introduction, and with whom I had a long conversation on the debate then pending between him and Owen, who was called "the grand Turk," on account of his hostility to the Christian religion.

He said that Owen paid him a visit on his way to Europe, in which he felt of him a little to try his caliber. In one of their walks in the field they passed the family cemetery, when Mr. Owen, pointing to it, said, "There is one point in which we infidels have the advantage of you Christians; we have no *fear* in death." Mr. Campbell asked him if he had any hope in death. Owen hesitated a moment, when he said, "No." "Well, then," responded Campbell, "you are just on a level with that ox. He stands in the shade whisking off the flies, and he has neither hope nor fear in death."

At my hour to preach I invited him to a seat on the stand, intending to get upon his toes in my discourse on the subject of experimental religion, and to show him that grace was not necessarily connected with Gospel ordinances, however important those ordinances might be as *means* of grace. I argued this from Scripture and from the facts of experience.

Among the facts related was that of a young lawyer, a son of General Moore, of Beaver, Pennsylvania, who was known to Campbell and many others upon the ground. Young Moore was skeptical when in health, but when death stared him in the face, he became anxious for his soul's salvation. His mother was pious; his father was not at that time a professor of religion, but a believer in it, and afterward a partaker of it. A pious sister was lying under the same fatal disease,

the consumption, at the same time, and in the same house or room, but was happy in God's love, and in the prospect of a better world. It was this, probably, that led him to serious reflection.

One morning his father came into his room and inquired after his health. "I am no better, father, in body, but I am better in soul."

"How is that, my son?"

"Why, God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned all my sins."

"But, my son, you are about to change worlds, and it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Almighty. Give me a reason of the hope that is in you."

"Well, father, I was lying here last night thinking of my approach to the grave, and to the judgment-seat of Christ, and that I was not prepared for it. I saw myself a sinner, and lost forever, unless God, in mercy, should pardon me. While thus meditating and querying what to do, this text struck my mind, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And I thought that *I* was of the character to whom that promise was made; I was laboring and heavy laden. I thought also of the condition upon which he promised the rest, 'Come unto me.' I thought that I *had* come unto him in prayer, in the best way I knew how. Then I thought of his immutability, that he could not lie. He had said to such a character, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest,' and I believed he would, and he did."

"Now," said I, "here is a case generally known throughout this part of the country. No one who is acquainted with the circumstances can for a moment doubt the genuineness of the young man's conversion, and that, too, without the intervention of an ordinance of the Gospel. To have taken him from his bed and

immersed him in water, when he was not able to sit up, would have been to kill him. But he obtained pardon without it, and died happy. Therefore immersion, or baptism in *any* mode or form, or by *any* hands, can not be essential or necessary to the forgiveness of sins."

I was told that Campbell, who sat behind me, and, of course, not in my sight, was very restless under the discourse, and kept hitching about as if on nettles. He went home in company with his wife and one of our brethren, who lived a little beyond him. Mrs. Campbell and the brother conversed together all the way, but Mr. Campbell spoke only twice in going the two and a half miles, and then all that he said was, "I don't know about that young man." From this it was evident that he saw and felt the force of the argument based upon the fact related.

In two days after our Conference began its session in Wellsburg, eight miles from Campbell's residence. He came into the place and invited the Conference to hear him, alleging that he perceived that some of our ministers did not rightly understand his doctrines, and he wished to have an opportunity to explain himself. Though it came to us in Conference, in his own handwriting, and in the name of an invitation, yet at the same time he had posters stuck up all around town in the nature of a challenge to the Conference.

He went to his father-in-law, who was the sole trustee of the Campbellite Church in the place, for the use of it for the expected discussion; but his father-in-law refused to let him have it, saying, "I have given it up to the Methodists during the Conference, who have come here to do business, and you have no right to interfere with them." Upon this he appointed his meeting in the court-house.

When his invitation challenge was presented to the Conference, I felt a desire to hear him and reply to

him; but Bishop Emory, who presided, objected to having any debates or controversy at the Conference. He said we had come there to do business; many of the preachers were entertained by the Baptists, and he thought it to be improper for us to controvert their doctrines while enjoying their hospitalities. He advised that we have a session that afternoon, at the hour of the meeting or time appointed for it, two o'clock. This suggestion was adopted, and I afterward saw clearly that it was the better way, for the citizens, and even his own people, did not go to the court-house to hear him; and not having the hearers he expected, he did not deliver the discourse he had intended, and left the town at once, evidently disappointed and deeply chagrined.

This was regarded as a greater victory, and he seemed to feel more sensibly whipped than he probably would if he had been met, and thoroughly cleaned out, by argument.

In his movements in this matter, Mr. Campbell evinced that he possessed one trait of character, at least, known in Western parlance as the "big-head." He, or any other man, must think he is of great consequence, to suppose that a Conference of seventy or eighty ministers, who had met to transact their annual business, would leave it to listen to *his* explanation of *his* doctrines, because the arguments of one of the humblest of the body had upset the theory upon which he was misleading his followers!

At this Conference (1832) I was appointed to Alleghany City, which had been a part of Pittsburg station till that year. Dr. Martin Ruter and Thomas Drummond were appointed to Pittsburg, and by an agreement between the two stations, in dividing, a plan was so arranged that we three interchanged, as if we were all in one charge. The people desired this, so that in the setting off of Alleghany City into a separate charge,

they should lose nothing in the variety of preaching. This brought me into one of the pulpits in Pittsburg once every Sabbath, and brought one of them to my pulpit at the same time.

There were so many appointments in the two charges that most of the time we had three apiece on Sunday, besides the week-night preachings, and prayer-meetings, and class-meetings. This, with our necessary studies, and visiting, kept us pretty well employed. God blessed our united labors, and a gracious revival continued most of the Winter, so that at least one hundred and fifty were added to the two charges. On some Sundays, when I filled a three-o'clock appointment in a suburban village, I had to travel about ten miles on foot, and preach three times. This was tiresome to the flesh, but produced a comfortable conscience.

Our head-quarters for the preachers' meetings were at Dr. Ruter's. In discussing one subject, on an incident in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of England, I said that it occurred in such a year. "No," said the Doctor, "it was at such a time," naming another date. I was very certain that I was correct; but he gave a significant nod of the head, as much as to say, I am a D. D., and have been president of a college, and wrote the history of the event in question, and *I* know. This ended the contest for that time. But at home I examined his Church History, and found it as I had said. At my next visit to his house I asked him if he had looked up that date? "No," he said, "I am satisfied that I am right." At this I stepped up to his book-case, and taking out his edition of Gregory asked if he would admit *that* to be good authority? "Yes, if you find it there I will give it up." I then opened at the page, and showed it to him. "Well," said he, "this is not the first time I have been mistaken."

There was so much humor and good sense in his

reply that it took all the feathers out of my cap for the victory I had obtained.

In the Spring and Summer of 1832 the cholera had visited Pittsburg and its vicinity, and the clergy of the place held a meeting, and agreed not only to pray that the destroying angel might pass lightly over the place, but, also, to recommend a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to be observed by all the people in the two cities and their suburbs. Under this recommendation all the factories were stopped, and all the stores were closed, except one; and all the shops, except one, a saddler's, were shut, and the people generally attended church. While other cities, no more exposed, but of less praying, were visited heavily by the disease, Pittsburg had but few cases, and much fewer deaths.

After the contagion had passed the same course was taken, and a day of thanksgiving was as religiously observed.

In 1833, when the same disease appeared again, a similar course was pursued with a similar result, there being but twenty-five cases, out of which five only died. This was also followed by a day of thanksgiving to God for his mercy in sparing the people. But on this second day of fasting the merchant who had refused, the year before, to close his store, was a broken merchant, and had no store to close or keep open; and the saddler who refused to keep the first day was now in the penitentiary, and compelled to observe the second fast and thanksgiving, because the warden of the prison kept the prisoners in their cells, without labor.

After the failure of Madison College, in Uniontown, our Conference had been on the lookout for another. Alleghany College, at Meadville, being dead, or having no school, the trustees of it invited our Conference to take the patronage of that institution. In 1831 I was chairman of a committee appointed by the Conference

to visit Meadville, and confer with the trustees upon the subject. The terms of their proposal were, that we should patronize it, but let them have the running of it. This, we told them, would not answer our purpose; if we patronized it we must have the control of it, lest, if we got it under way, from some freak we might be ousted from it.

They then concluded to invite the Conference to hold its session there in 1833, which was done, and a better result was effected. I was again appointed on the committee to confer with the trustees. I informed them that the only terms upon which the Conference would consent to take the college were those by which Dickinson College, in Carlisle, had been placed under the patronage of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences. They were, that we must have a majority of the Board of Trustees, by their appointing our friends to fill the vacancies then existing, and those caused by resignations of persons who took no action in its concerns. We did not ask for an entire change in the board; we preferred to retain all the old members of it who lived in the place, and were active in the concerns of the College; but by filling vacancies, enough of our friends could be appointed to give us a majority.

The President and Secretary of the Board were Presbyterians, with whom we were satisfied; they filled vacancies with such names as we suggested. Some few, who lived at a distance, were induced to resign, and our men elected, till we had a working majority in the board. I told them, also, that if we could not succeed in running the institution we would resign, and give it back to them, and in as good condition, at least, as we found it.

This College was chartered in 1816, through the influence, principally, of the Rev. Mr. Alden, the Presbyterian minister of the place. He had procured sub-

scriptions from the friends of education, and donations from the State, sufficient to erect a fine, large, four-story building, including the basement, with sufficient rooms for library, chapel, and recitations of two hundred students, to which were added a three-story wing on each side, for the residences of professors and teachers; he had also procured a library of eight thousand volumes of rare and excellent books. The whole property, including fifteen acres of land, half a mile from the village, on the slope of a hill facing the south, was valued at fifty thousand dollars.

Two or three times Mr. Alden, as President, with some professors to assist, had attempted to open the school, but I was told that only *seven* students could be procured at any one time. This, of course, could not sustain the concern, and each time it came to a dead stand.

Why he could not obtain students in a country with a full average supply of men of education, and the means to educate their children, was an unsolved mystery. He was said to be a good scholar; he was certainly a good financier, and he excelled in raising contributions of books, etc., but that seemed to be the end of his mission.

The old board strove hard to have Mr. Alden continued in the Presidency, or at least to have a professorship, in view of his interest and services in favor of the institution; but we told them that, however much we respected Mr. Alden in the premises, the history of literary institutions showed clearly that no one had succeeded with a mixed faculty. They must be under the patronage and control, through the faculty, of some one denomination, or divisions and parties would be formed which would end in disruption, discord, and prostration.

I referred to Dickinson College, at Carlisle, which being a State institution, and to please all, or as many

as possible, had been three times started with a mixed faculty, and had as many times failed. After lying idle, like this College, for some years, it had fallen into the hands of the Methodists, and was now prospering.

I also referred to the two State Universities of Ohio, Athens and Oxford, both of which, it was said, had run down under the weight of mixed faculties, and the Legislature had to arrange the matter so that both institutions should be controlled by the Presbyterians, and were, at that time, both prospering.

By the Charter of Alleghany College, the Governor, the Attorney-General, and the Chief Justice of the State, were ex-officio members of the Board of Trustees. Judge Gibson, the Chief Justice, who resided in Carlisle, and who was on his way to Erie to hold Court, being advised of the question pending, spent one or two days in Meadville, while this subject was under consideration, and having known the state of things in Carlisle, and the happy prospects now looming up before old Dickinson, advised the Board to accept of our proposition, affirming that mixed faculties had not succeeded, and that all colleges of which he had any knowledge did better in the hands of one denomination than when a mixed interest was involved.

The idea of our Conference holding a session in this part of the State, a thing which had never occurred before, drew together many of the most respectable citizens of the surrounding country, not only Methodists, but others, and especially those friendly to education, who wished the College to be successfully opened. Learning that this question was pending, it was an additional inducement for them to attend, and some of them "lobbied" in favor of the change of hands.

It was finally arranged to accept of our proposition. In making out a list of names to fill vacancies, Bishop Roberts and myself were inserted. As soon as the

reorganization was effected—the Board having power to fill all vacancies—we proceeded to elect a Faculty. Dr. M. Ruter was elected President of the Faculty, and Professor of Moral Science. Homer J. Clark was elected Vice-President and Professor of Mathematics, and Augustus Ruter, son of the Doctor, was elected Professor of Languages. Measures were also taken to open the school in the Fall, I think about September. The school opened at the time with about fifty students, and soon run up to one hundred. This, with the pleasing prospects of further increase in the number, was very gratifying to the old members of the Board.

The presidency of Bishop Roberts at this Conference was a cause of gratulation both to the Church and to outsiders. The latter seemed to show it even more than the former. The reason for it, particularly, was, that the Bishop's former residence was only about twenty miles from Meadville, and some of the citizens of the town were once his neighbors. The Bishop's personal appearance was grand, it was apostolic, and commanded respect, and the manner of his presiding showed his superior executive talents; all which made the people, generally, feel proud that such a noble specimen of humanity had gone from among them to bless the Church and the world. One man in remarking upon the difference in the fortunes of men, said, that "he had often hunted squirrels and 'coons with Mr. Roberts, but now he is a Bishop, and I am only a butcher."

At this Conference (1833) I was appointed to Meadville district, as presiding elder. This district then included eleven circuits and stations, all of which, except one, had grown out of the old Erie circuit, which I had traveled thirteen years before.

A new presiding elder has nothing to do in fixing the appointments of the preachers in the district for

his first year, he must take it as presented. The Bishop, however, was in the habit—at least, he did so twice, in appointing me to new districts—of calling the new presiding elder into the cabinet council at their last meeting and allowing him to suggest any change in it that he might desire. In this case I objected to one of the preachers, he being the most troublesome man in the Conference, on account of stubborn eccentricities. I requested his change, but no one of the presiding elders would receive him. I asked why they put their most troublesome men on to me, in entering upon the duties and responsibilities of the office for the first time? The answer was, "because we think you can manage him better than any of us can." This was probably satisfactory to them, but not very agreeable to me. I had to remove him twice in the course of the year, to gratify the people who remonstrated against him. He worried on a few years in this troublesome way, but was finally located without his consent. He was evidently a good and pious man, and he had superior preaching talents, but his intolerable eccentricities and stubborn, set way in them, rendered him very unacceptable to the people.

In entering upon this office I felt deeply my responsibilities, and trembled before God lest I should fail to fill it with usefulness to the Church and credit to myself. My views were, and still are, that an office gives no honor to the incumbent, unless he honors it himself.

My appointment to the district, and my connection now with the College, induced me to move my family to Meadville, which I did at once, and my two sons were placed in the school.

The great Temperance movement was now in full blast, into which I entered with all my force. In my quarterly-meetings I usually spent *four* days each. I commenced on Thursday night, holding a temperance

meeting, and preaching or lecturing on the subject, and organizing a Temperance Society, if none existed before. Almost invariably, if we succeeded in the temperance movement, a revival of religion followed; for when the *evil* spirit was cast out the good spirit usually took possession of the heart, and we had from ten to twenty conversions at every quarterly-meeting.

At one quarterly-meeting held in New Castle, we greatly exceeded this. Our own church, a log one, was the first one built in the place, and had frequently been *lent* to the Presbyterians for their sacramental occasions. Now they had a fine large brick one, and ours being too small for our meeting, they could do no less than *lend* us theirs to hold our quarterly-meeting in, though but very few of their people attended our services.

We commenced here on Friday night, after a day of fasting and a prayer-meeting in our old church, and on Saturday went to the other and wound up on Monday night after midnight, having had about sixty conversions. We had preaching on Friday night; on Saturday at eleven o'clock, A. M., holding quarterly conference after it, and at night; on Sunday, at nine o'clock, A. M., prayer-meeting at eleven o'clock, A. M., preaching, and taking up the public collection, and preaching at night. We held love-feast and a speaking meeting on Monday from nine o'clock, A. M., to twelve, M., the Lord's-Supper at two o'clock, preceded by a discourse on the nature, design, and obligations of it, and preaching on Monday night.

Each night service was preceded by a prayer-meeting of an hour, and succeeded by a prayer-meeting for penitents till ten o'clock, P. M., except on Monday night, when I told the brethren to continue as long as there was a penitent to pray for.

In footing up the numbers at the close of the year,

we found that after deducting deaths, expulsions, and removals, we had a net increase of about one thousand in the district. I could but regard this success as an intimation of the Divine approval of my appointment to this work.

As a Trustee of the College, and having been the principal agent on behalf of the Conference in negotiating for it, much of the business outside of the teaching fell upon me. Most of the applications of students and patrons for information relative to the concerns, were made to me. This, in addition to the calls of the district, kept me busy.

The question of the Manual Labor System came before the Board, and a committee, of which I was Chairman, was appointed to examine and report upon its practicability. Of course, the chief labor of this fell upon me, and the thorough examination given to the subject satisfied me of its utility, though some eminent men thought otherwise. I drew up a report, which was submitted to the Board, approved, adopted, and ordered to be printed in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution; it was also printed in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, New York, Dr. J. P. Durbin then being its editor. A dormitory was soon built on the College grounds, cheap, but with convenient rooms for self-boarding students, who were supplied with provisions and bedding from home, preparing it themselves as they needed it.

This brought us a large increase of students. The dormitory being filled, others took rooms in town, boarding themselves, while some took board with mechanics, and worked three hours every week-day to pay their board. Dr. Cyrus Nutt, now President of Indiana State University, was one of the last class, and his present distinction as a scholar and a minister is what I expected; for a student of such

indomitable perseverance in obtaining an education under such difficulties, is almost certain to make his mark in the world, and leave it better for his having been in it. But these self-supporting students were not all who attended the College; there was a respectable number who, having the means, paid for their board at private houses.

I have found from my own experience, as well as observation, that the necessary exercise of a student must draw upon the muscles of the whole frame, more than mere walking, and be more natural and uniform than gymnastic violence affords. The latter is often too severe, and injuriously wrenching, while walking and running, though they may exercise the limbs, do not reach and strengthen the *chest*, upon which constant study operates so disadvantageously. The chest incases the vitals of life, and usually gives way first in the student. But chopping, hoeing, planing, sawing, or using the draw-shave, and such kind of labor, not only exercise the limbs, but the whole frame, and gives it healthy action. If a student is able to pay his bills, it is no reason why he should not take some healthy exercise, the want of which has led to thousands of premature graves, and deprived the world of promised usefulness.

We held a camp-meeting this year in Erie county, Pennsylvania, near the Ohio State line, at which we had some rowdyism. I went out to endeavor to pacify and still it. But one of the rowdies threw a brand of fire into my face, the only instance of an assault and battery upon my person that ever occurred in such or any other place. The next day, this having occurred in the night, I filed a complaint with a justice of the peace, who had the offender arrested and fined him twenty-five dollars, including the costs. I directed the justice to collect the fine and pay it over to the trustees

of the common school in the neighborhood, to aid in sustaining the school.

It rained hard most of the time of the meeting, so that we could have but little service at the stand. I went round the camp and directed large fires to be built near the doors of the tents, and the curtains to be thrown up so as to let the fire throw heat into them. There was but little good done, and in view of the exposure and the rowdyism, I had my doubts whether a meeting held in a church—where we had one—or a barn, if we had no church, for four days, would not result in more good. In fact, such was the result with us this year.

We held another camp-meeting on French Creek, near Waterford, in the same county, which resulted in considerable good. But the rowdies troubled us here, also. On Saturday night an explosion of gunpowder near the tents, as loud as a three-pound gun, shook the ground and tents. The next morning a ball of twine was found with a burnt goose-quill visible. This we unrolled and found about a half pound of powder in the center. The quill been charged with powder, leading to the mass in the center, and a piece of spunk ignited, had been placed in the outer end, the burning of which had crisped the quill before reaching the powder. This saved us from a second shock. The twine was known by its quality to be such as was used in only one store in the village; and it was ascertained that powder was at the other store only, and we thus traced the mischief to the proper persons, the clerks of the two stores, who had stolen the materials, for which they were discharged. This circumstance strengthened my doubts as to the propriety of holding camp-meetings any longer.

The strongest argument in favor of camp-meetings was the want of churches; but now we had churches enough on each circuit for *Winter* meetings, and for

neighborhoods without churches the barns in Summer, before harvest, made good temporary places of worship. Usually when a barn was to be thus used, the owner, as every good farmer ought to do in the Spring, cleared all the manure and mulch from about it. If the hay and barn-floor, and scaffold over the stabling are all cleaned out and seated, with proper precaution no accident of fire can occur. Every person leaving the barn after meeting at night, except such as sleep in it, an incendiary would have a poor chance to do mischief, if so disposed. I have held many, perhaps scores, of such meetings, and never knew or heard of one being burned in consequence of it.

Such meetings in a church or barn, need but little guarding against rowdies, and consequently but few, if any, called from the altar to guard the ground. The rowdies not having the woods to retreat to, fewer of them attend, or if they do, are under more restraint. Having had from twenty to one hundred conversions in four days, in churches and barns, with less expense and a smaller ministerial force than is required at a camp-meeting, the scale seemed to turn in favor of the former.

While living in Meadville I induced the formation of a literary association, or lyceum, in which I took an active part, delivering numerous lectures, and participating in debates. A lively interest was gotten up, and both citizens and students, as well as professors, enlisted in the cause, much to the edification and social gratification of people generally.

END OF VOLUME I.

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